5: Grinnell Q,T-5 (ca.1888) 1962
NF6 Blackfoot NF6

539 [201] a canoe, that he was a Pend d'Oreille, or River person. For he knew that the Snakes and the Pend d'Oreilles were at peace.

Then they both lay down to sleep, but Mik-a'pi did not sleep. Through the long night he watched for the first dim light, so that he might kill his enemy. The Snake slept soundly; and just at daybreak Mik-a'pi quietly strung his bow, fitted an arrow, and, taking aim, sent the thin shaft through his enemy's heart. The Snake quivered, half rose up, and with a groan fell back dead. Then Mik-a'pi took his scalp and his bow and arrows, and also his bundle of moccasins; and as daylight had come, he went out of the cave and looked all about. No one was in sight. Probably the Snake, like himself, had gone alone to war. But, ever cautious, he travelled only a short distance, and waited for night before going on. The rain had ceased and the day was warm. He took a piece of dried meat and back fat from his pouch and ate them, and, after drinking from the river, he climbed up on a high rock wall and slept.

Now in his dream he fought with a strange people, and was wounded. He felt blood trickling from his wounds, and when he awoke, he knew that he had been warned to
[78] turn back. The signs also were bad. He saw an eagle rising with a snake, which dropped from its claws and escaped. The setting sun, too, was painted,[1] — a sure warning to people that danger is near. But, in spite of all these things, Mik-a'pi determined to go on. He thought of the poor widows mourning and waiting for revenge. He thought of the glad welcome of the people, if he should return with many scalps; and he thought also of two young sisters, whom he wanted to marry. Surely, if he could return and bring the proofs of brave deeds, their parents would be glad to give them to him.

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[1] Sun dogs.

5: Grinnell Q,T-5 (ca.1888) 1962
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THE BUFFALO ROCK

A SMALL stone, which is usually a fossil shell of some kind, 778
is known by the Blackfeet as I-nis'-kim, the buffalo stone. This object is strong medicine, and, as indicated in some of these stories, gives its possessor great power with buffalo. The stone is found on the prairie, and the person who succeeds in obtaining one is regarded as very fortunate. Sometimes a man, who is riding along on the prairie, will [787]
hear a peculiar faint chirp, such as a little bird might utter. The sound he knows is made by a buffalo rock. He stops and searches on the ground for the rock, and if he cannot find it, marks the place and very likely returns next day, either alone or with others from the camp, to look for it again. If it is found, there is great rejoicing. How the first buffalo rock was obtained, and its power made known, is told in the following story.

Long ago, in the winter time, the buffalo suddenly disap- 539
peared. The snow was so deep that the people could not move in search of them, for in those days they had no horses. So the hunters killed deer, elk, and other small game along the river bottoms, and when these were all killed off or driven away, the people began to starve.

One day, a young married man killed a jack-rabbit. He was so hungry that he ran home as fast as he could, and told one of his wives to hurry and get some water to cook it. While the young woman was going along the path to the river, she heard a beautiful song. It sounded close by, but she looked all around and could see no one.

He would say: "There is a good woman. She has built this 867
Medicine Lodge, and is greatly honored and respected by all 861
the people. Once she was a girl just like you; and you, if
you are good and live a pure life, may some day be as great
as she is now. Remember this, and try to live a worthy
life."

At the time of the Medicine Lodge, the boys in the camp [555]
also gathered to see the young men count their *coups*. A
man would get up, holding in one hand a bundle of small
sticks, and, taking one stick from the bundle, he would re-
count some brave deed, throwing away a stick as he com-
pleted the narrative of each *coup*, until the sticks were all
gone, when he sat down, and another man stood up to begin
his recital. As the boys saw and heard all this, and saw
how respected those men were who had done the most and
bravest things, they said to themselves, "That man was once
a boy like us, and we, if we have strong hearts, may do as much
as he has done." So even the very small boys used often to 857
steal off from the camp, and follow war parties. Often they 867
went without the knowledge of their parents, and poorly
provided, without food or extra moccasins. They would
get to the enemy's camp, watch the ways of the young men,
and so learn about going to war, how to act when on the war
trail so as to be successful. Also they came to know the
country.

The Blackfeet men often went off by themselves to fast 787
and dream for power. By no means every one did this, and, 785
of those who attempted it, only a few endured to the end, —
that is, fasted the whole four days, — and obtained the help
sought. The attempt was not usually made by young boys
before they had gone on their first war journey. It was
often undertaken by men who were quite mature. Those
who underwent this suffering were obliged to abstain from
food or drink for four days and four nights, resting for two
nights on the right side, and for two nights on the left. It

● 787 was deemed essential that the place to which a man resorted
785 for this purpose should be unfrequented, where few
or no persons had walked; and it must also be a place that
[776] tried the nerve, where there was some danger. Such situations
were mountain peaks; or narrow ledges on cut cliffs,
where a careless movement might cause a man to fall to his
death on the rocks below; or islands in lakes, which could
only be reached by means of a raft, and where there was
danger that a person might be seized and carried off by the
Sŭ'-yē tŭp'-pi, or Under Water People; or places where the
dead had been buried, and where there was much danger
from ghosts. Or a man might lie in a well-worn buffalo trail,
where the animals were frequently passing, and so he might
be trodden on by a travelling band of buffalo; or he might
choose a locality where bears were abundant and dangerous.
[342] Wherever he went, the man built himself a little lodge of
brush, moss, and leaves, to keep off the rain; and, after
making his prayers to the sun and singing his sacred songs,
he crept into the hut and began his fast. He was not allowed
to take any covering with him, nor to roof over his
[276] shelter with skins. He always had with him a pipe, and
this lay by him, filled, so that, when the spirit, or dream, came,
[776] it could smoke. They did not appeal to any special class
of helpers, but prayed to all alike. Often by the end of the
fourth day, a secret helper — usually, but by no means always,
in the form of some animal — appeared to the man in a dream,
and talked with him, advising him, marking out his course
through life, and giving him its power. There were some,
however, on whom the power would not work, and a much
greater number who gave up the fast, discouraged, before the
prescribed time had been completed, either not being able
to endure the lack of food and water, or being frightened
by the strangeness or loneliness of their surroundings, or by
something that they thought they saw or heard. It was no
disgrace to fail, nor was the failure necessarily known, for

the seeker after power did not always, nor perhaps often, 787
tell any one what he was going to do. 785

Three modes of burial were practised by the Blackfeet. 764
They buried their dead on platforms placed in trees, on
platforms in lodges, and on the ground in lodges. If a man [768]
dies in a lodge, it is never used again. The people would be
afraid of the man's ghost. The lodge is often used to wrap
the body in, or perhaps the man may be buried in it.

As soon as a person is dead, be it man, woman, or child, the body is immediately prepared for burial, by the nearest female relations. Until recently, the corpse was wrapped in a number of robes, then in a lodge covering, laced with rawhide ropes, and placed on a platform of lodge poles, arranged on the branches of some convenient tree. Some times the outer wrapping — the lodge covering — was omitted. If the deceased was a man, his weapons, and often his medicine, were buried with him. With women a few cooking utensils and implements for tanning robes were placed on the scaffolds. When a man was buried on a platform in a lodge, the platform was usually suspended from the lodge poles.

Sometimes, when a great chief or noted warrior died, his 766
lodge would be moved some little distance from the camp, 768
and set up in a patch of brush. It would be carefully pegged
down all around, and stones piled on the edges to make it
additionally firm. For still greater security, a rope fastened
to the lodge poles, where they come together at the smoke
hole, came down, and was securely tied to a peg in the
ground in the centre of the lodge, where the fireplace would
ordinarily be. Then the beds were made up all around the
lodge, and on one of them was placed the corpse, lying as if
asleep. The man's weapons, pipe, war clothing, and medicine
were placed near him, and the door then closed. No
one ever again entered such a lodge. Outside the lodge, a [775]
number of his horses, often twenty or more, were killed, so

555 171 chief of the Cheyennes. After a fight on the Loup River, a Cheyenne warrior claimed to have counted *coup* on Big Eagle by thrusting a lance through his buttocks. On the strength of the claim, this man was made war chief of the Cheyennes. Some years later, during a friendly visit made by the Pawnees to the Cheyennes, this incident was mentioned. Big Eagle was present at the time, and, after inquiring into the matter, he rose in council, denied that he had ever been struck as claimed, and, throwing aside his robe, called on the Cheyennes present to examine his body and to point out the scars left by the lance. None were found. It was seen that Big Eagle spoke the truth; and the lying Cheyenne, from the proud position of war chief, sank to a point where he was an object of contempt to the meanest Indian in his tribe.

721 ●787 Among the Blackfeet a war party usually, or often, had its origin in a dream. Some man who has a dream, after he awakes tells of it. Perhaps he may say: "I dreamed that on a certain stream is a herd of horses that have been given to me, and that I am going away to get. I am going to war. I shall go to that place and get my band of horses." Then the men who know him, who believe that his medicine is strong and that he will have good luck, make up their minds to follow him. As soon as he has stated what he intends to do, his women and his female relations begin to make moccasins for him, and the old men among his relations begin to give him arrows and powder and ball to fit him out for war. The relations of those who are going with him do the same for them.

721 The leader notifies the young men who are going with him on what day and at what hour he intends to start. He determines the time for himself, but does not let the whole camp know it in advance. Of late years, large war parties have not been desirable. They have preferred to go out in small bodies.

given in the earlier pages of this book, many of the attributes 825
of the different animals are clearly set forth. 778

There were various powers and signs connected with these
animals so held in high esteem by the Blackfeet, to which 825
the people gave strict heed. Thus the raven has the power 787 ●
of giving people far sight. It was also useful in another way. 778
Often, in going to war, a man would get a raven's skin and stuff the head and neck, and tie it to the hair of the head behind. If a man wearing such a skin got near the enemy without knowing it, the skin would give him warning by tapping him on the back of the head with its bill. Then he would know that the enemy was near, and would hide. If a raven flew over a lodge, or a number of lodges, and cried, and then was joined by other ravens, all flying over the camp and crying, it was a sure sign that during the day some one would come and tell the news from far off. The ravens often told the people that game was near, calling to the hunter and then flying a little way, and then coming back, and again calling and flying toward the game.

The wolves are the people's great friends; they travel with the wolves. If, as they are travelling along, they pass close to some wolves, these will bark at the people, talking to them. Some man will call to them, "No, I will not give you my body to eat, but I will give you the body of some one else, if you will go along with us." This applies both to wolves and coyotes. If a man goes away from the camp at night, and meets a coyote, and it barks at him, he goes back to the camp, and says to the people: "Look out now; be smart. A coyote barked at me to-night." Then the people look out, and are careful, for it is a sure sign that something bad is going to happen. Perhaps some one will be shot; perhaps the enemy will charge the camp.

If a person is hungry and sings a wolf song, he is likely to 789
find food. Men going on a hunting trip sing these songs, 533
which bring them good luck.

825
777

ring, brass ear-rings, and a little bottle made of two copper 778
cartridge cases. 782

Down on Milk River, east of the Sweet Grass Hills, is 823
another medicine rock. It is shaped something like a
man's body, and looks like a person sitting on top of the
bluff. Whenever the Blackfeet pass this rock, they make
presents to it. Sometimes, when they give it an article of
clothing, they put it on the rock, "and then," as one of
them once said to me, "when you look at it, it seems more
than ever like a person." Down in the big bend of the
Milk River, opposite the eastern end of the Little Rocky
Mountains, lying on the prairie, is a great gray boulder,
which is shaped like a buffalo bull lying down. This is [171]
greatly reverenced by all Plains Indians, Blackfeet included,
and they make presents to it. Many other examples of
similar character might be given.

The Blackfeet make daily prayers to the Sun and to Old 776
Man, and nothing of importance is undertaken without 782
asking for divine assistance. They are firm believers in 787●
dreams. These, they say, are sent by the Sun to enable us
to look ahead, to tell what is going to happen. A dream,
especially if it is a strong one, — that is, if the dream is very
clear and vivid, — is almost always obeyed. As dreams [121]
start them on the war path, so, if a dream threatening bad
luck comes to a member of a war party, even if in the
enemy's country and just about to make an attack on a
camp, the party is likely to turn about and go home without
making any hostile demonstrations. The animal or object [776]
which appears to the boy, or man, who is trying to dream
for power, is, as has been said, regarded thereafter as his
secret helper, his medicine, and is usually called his dream
(*Nits-o'-kan*).

The most important religious occasion of the year is the 796
ceremony of the Medicine Lodge. This is a sacrifice, which, [562]
among the Blackfeet, is offered invariably by women. If a [782]

When they reach the patch, if the crop is good, every one is 249
glad. After the gathering, they all move away again after the 796
buffalo.

Sometimes a man who was lazy, and had planted no to- 249
bacco, would go secretly to the patch, and pull a number of 685
plants belonging to some one else, and hide them for his own
use. Now, in these prayers that they offer, they do not ask [796]
for mercy for thieves. A man who had thus taken what did
not belong to him would have a lizard appear to him in a [784]
dream, and then he would fall sick and die. The medicine [787]
men would know of all this, but they would not do anything.
They would just let him die.

This tobacco was given us by the one who made us. 276 [824]

The Blackfoot cosmology is imperfect and vague, and I 772
have been able to obtain nothing like a complete account of it, for I have found no one who appeared to know the story of the beginning of all things.

Some of the Blackfeet now say that originally there was a 539
great womb, in which were conceived the progenitors of all 773
animals now on earth. Among these was Old Man. As the time for their birth drew near, the animals used to quarrel as to which should be the first to be born, and one day, in a fierce struggle about this, the womb burst, and Old Man jumped first to the ground. For this reason, he named all the animals Nis-kum'-iks, Young Brothers; and they, because he was the first-born, called him Old Man.

There are several different accounts of the creation of the 773
people by Old Man. One is that he married a female dog, and that their progeny were the first people. Others, and the ones most often told, have been given in the Old Man stories already related.

There is an account of the creation which is essentially [171]
an Algonquin myth, and is told by most of the tribes of this stock from the Atlantic to the Rocky Mountains, though the hero is variously named.

627 In the more serious cases of adult disputes, force and physical punishment
were employed if gossip failed. In cases of murder, a revenge killing might take
[682] place if a high payment was not offered in retribution and accepted. A person who
[689] disrupted the summer hunt might be beaten and have his clothing and weapons
destroyed. An adulterous woman might have her nose cut off, or be put to death
[684] by the members of her husband's warrior society (Grinnell 1907:220, Ewers
1958:97–98; Wissler 1911:24–26 discuss specific punishments).

157 These forces contributed to the development of some general personality characteristics of the Blackfeet. Grinnell found them, like other Plains Indians, to be "talkative, merry, and lighthearted," and fond of joking, even though they appeared reserved and quiet when with strangers (Grinnell 1907:181). Wissler commented on their fondness for jest and practical jokes (Wissler 1911:52–53). In addition, I get a picture of a brave, resourceful people, industrious and aggressive, yet much concerned with self, jealous, and easily shamed. These characteristics and their expression were further reinforced by the Blackfeet beliefs.

Religion

869 While learning all these skills and rules, the young people were learning as well the beliefs that gave the practices validity, supported the rights and privileges of age, gave meaning to the Blackfeet world, and added supernatural reinforcement to the moral code.

778 All of the Blackfeet universe was invested with a pervasive supernatural
power that could be met with in the natural environment. A man could seek and
787 avail himself of this power through proper behavior and ritual. He went alone to
a remote place to fast and pray, and to await the dream or vision that would transfer
[785] power to him. If he was successful the supernatural appeared to him, usually in
animate form, and promised aid and success in all or specific endeavors, if the man
in return would observe faithfully a series of taboos and periodically re-enact in
[778] ritual the experience by which he had received the power. The spirit-being in-
structed the petitioner to make a medicine bundle containing the symbols of his
[776] power and taught him the appropriate songs and rituals. The spirit was now his
guardian and could be called upon for protection in times of trouble.

The powers, paraphernalia, and rituals became the personal property of the
owner. He and the spirit dealt with each other as individuals, and any group bene-
fits to be expected from this relationship were dependent on the inclinations of the
778 individual owner. The complete power, bundle, songs, and ritual could be sold,
432 or transferred, by one individual to another for a price. The owners of some bun-
dles could sell short-term benefits of their power, as well, usually by going through
the ceremony of the bundle for the benefit of an individual, the family, band, or
tribe, or through the preparation of a charm to be used by the purchaser. Ewers
relates how Wolf Calf acquired horse medicine power and how he used it, how he
transferred parts of the power and how these parts and the bundle itself were
transferred to a series of men from those days in the early nineteenth century on
778 up into the time of Ewer's informants of the 1940s (Ewers 1955:258–261). The
421

[ca. 1700]

789 Magic also played an important part in Blackfoot religion.
One impressive magical performance known to many Algonkian
tribes of the woodlands in historic times was seen among the
Piegans by a white trader prior to 1795. Doubtless it was observed
among the Blackfeet in dog days. It is the ritual most
commonly known as the shaking tent rite.[14] A small tent was
erected in the center of a lodge. The medicine man permitted
himself to be bound tightly hand and foot with rawhide ropes
and tossed into the tent. Soon the tent began to shake, and sounds
of struggle came from within it, followed by the singing of
787 strange songs. Then this primitive Houdini emerged from his
confinement with his hands and feet free and made one or more
predictions of future events. He told where buffalo would be
found in great numbers, or foretold some sickness or good fortune
which was to come to someone in the camp.

796 Probably lacking in Blackfoot religion in dog days was the
great tribal ceremony of the sun dance, which was held each
622 summer in more recent times. It also is unlikely that the hunting
bands recognized a tribal chief. Certainly the hunting band must
621 have been the primary political unit.

These, then, were the primitive Blackfoot Indians in dog days.
105 They were a hardy, nomadic hunting people. When buffalo were
plentiful, they shared their kill among all the families of the band.
All feasted on choice cuts of meat. When game was scarce, they
all tightened their belts. There were neither rich nor poor among
them. Their limited transportation facilities made the accumulation
of wealth, even in foodstuffs, impossible. They enjoyed
few luxuries. But they were a self-reliant people who wrested a
living from the resources of their own country and depended
upon no alien folk for any of life's necessities.

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[14] James Mackay, Indian Notes, Note 5. Manuscript in the Missouri Historical Society, St. Louis. This early fur trader gives his eye-witness account of this Piegan magical rite.

648 their furs eastward. They confined their trade primarily to the
439 finer furs. It did not pay for them to take heavy buffalo robes of
little value on their long canoe trips. The Americans, on the other
hand, found the broad Missouri River an open highway down
which they could transport large boatloads of bulky buffalo robes
as well as the more precious furs. They knew the Blackfeet were
indifferent beaver hunters but would provide large numbers of
[436] buffalo robes. As the demand for beaver declined markedly after
the invention of the silk hat in the early thirties, trade in buffalo
robes increased, and the buffalo robe became the standard of
value in the Blackfoot trade with the Big Knives. In 1834–35
the winter's trade at Fort McKenzie amounted to 9,000 buffalo
robes and only 1,020 beaver pelts, together with 40 of otter,
2,800 muskrat, 180 wolves, 200 red foxes, 1,500 prairie dogs,
19 bears, and 390 buffalo tongues.[30]

For fourteen years the American Fur Company traded with the Northern Blackfeet and Blood Indians as well as with their old friends, the Piegans, at Fort McKenzie. During this period only four of their men were killed by the Indians, and they may have deserved their fate because of their own misconduct.[31]

131 Establishment of regular trading relationships with the Big
Knives on the Missouri encouraged a southward shift of the
167 Blackfoot tribes, especially the Piegans. According to Alexander
Culbertson, a trader who knew them well, the Piegans usually
summered near the Three Forks of the Missouri and wintered on
Sun River. They ranged over the intervening country, frequently
[162] visiting the Prickly Pear Valley east of present-day Helena. They
numbered 550 lodges. At that time the Blood Indians (some 500
lodges) and the Northern Blackfeet (500 lodges) usually wintered north of the international line on Belly River and summered
on the Saskatchewan.[32]

● 787 In the year 1833 a brilliant display of falling stars and a total
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[30] Larpenteur, *Forty Years a Fur Trader*, I, 79.

[31] Anne McDonnell (ed.), "The Fort Benton Journal, 1854–1855 and Fort Sarpy Journal, 1855–1856," Montana Historical Society *Contributions*, Vol. X, 300. (Hereafter referred to as McDonnell, "Fort Benton Journal," *MHSC*.)

[32] Bradley, "Manuscript," *MHSC*, Vol. VIII, 153.

eclipse of the sun were observed at Fort McKenzie. The Indians 787
viewed these strange phenomena as forerunners of some great 781
catastrophe.[33] Four years later this dire prophecy ^ seemed to 821
come true when the Blackfoot tribes were again humbled by a
devastating smallpox plague. The epidemic originated in infect- 164
ed clothing carelessly placed aboard the American Fur Company's steamer in St. Louis. It spread to some of the passengers and eventually to all of the Upper Missouri tribes north of the Sioux. At the mouth of the Little Missouri a Blackfoot Indian en route home boarded the steamboat. At Fort Union he changed to the company's keelboat bound for Fort McKenzie with supplies and goods for the Blackfoot trade. On the way upriver this man and two other passengers broke out with smallpox. Informed of the approach of this disease-ridden boat, Alexander Culbertson, then in charge at Fort McKenzie, thought it prudent to halt its progress at the mouth of the Judith until the disease abated and cold weather set in. But the large camp of some five hundred lodges of Piegans and Blood Indians awaiting the arrival of the trade goods refused to listen to Culbertson's warning about the fatal disease. They threatened to bring the boat to the fort themselves if he wouldn't do so. So Culbertson ordered the keelboat to proceed to Fort McKenzie, where two of its infected passengers died shortly thereafter.

The Indians insisted on opening trade as usual. When they
finished trading, they departed. Disease swept the fort, killing 164
twenty-six Indian women and a white man. Ten days after they 165
left the fort, smallpox began to break out among the Piegans
and Blood Indians. Terrified at the sight of their healthy kinsmen
wasting away with corruption, some of them committed suicide [162]
at the first symptoms of the disease by stabbing themselves or throwing themselves into streams. That fall Culbertson visited a Piegan camp of about sixty lodges in which two old women, too feeble to travel, were the sole survivors. At the junction of the Belly and St. Mary rivers the mortality was so high among the Bloods and Northern Blackfeet that they named the place

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[33] *Ibid.*, Vol. VIII, 134.

^ [i.e., the prophecy of a catastrophe based on falling stars and a total solar eclipse in 1833—Analyst]

[ca. 1850]

that event were recalled by some of my elderly informants in 224
the 1940's.

The Piegan band called Never Laughs was camped on the 178
Teton River a few miles north of the present town of Choteau, Montana. Their chief announced, "Now we are going to make a buffalo fall." They built a corral below a cliff and piled rocks at intervals in a great V-shape on the slope above the fall. Then they chose a man to lead the buffalo to the fall. But each time he lured them between the lines of rocks, they broke away before they reached the cliff edge. After this had occurred three times, Many Tail Feathers, a young man of that band, became angry. That night he made a fire and burned the corral.

That same night a war party started from the camp. Many Tail Feathers followed it. When he caught up with the warriors, their leader told him, "You go back home. Everyone is against you because you burned the corral."

Many Tail Feathers returned to Harm Hill overlooking the 224
Teton River. He slept on top of the hill that night, seeking a 178
vision. But no dream came. A second night he slept there. In 787
his dream he saw two young boys coming toward him.

They asked, "Are you the man who saved all the women and children?"

He answered, "Yes." As the two boys walked away he saw them turn into buffalo.

On the third night he saw in his dream a group of people—men, women, and children. They were dancing toward him. Their leader wore a handsome red war bonnet. When he came near the leader asked, "Are you the man who saved all the buffalo by burning down the corral?"

Many Tail Feathers replied, "Yes."

Then the leader said, "We are the buffalo. For saving all our
men, women, and children we thank you. I give you my bonnet— [292]
the red war bonnet." The group turned away, but before they disappeared they turned into buffalo. Two old scabby bulls running behind the rest turned back and gave Many Tail Feathers their power too.

[ca. 1850]

224 After Many Tail Feathers returned to camp, he set about col-
lecting materials to make the bonnet given him in his dream.
178 It was a straight-up bonnet of eagle tail feathers, decorated with
787 white weasel-skin pendants, red flannel, and brass tacks. It looked
292 so handsome all the men wanted it, but Many Tail Feathers kept
it for his own. He wore it on many successful war parties.

Doubtless, Piegan interest in the origin of this sacred red
war bonnet helped to preserve this story of the last buffalo drive
224 of their tribe.[5] Northern Blackfoot bands, poorer in horses than
the Piegans, continued to make some use of the traditional buf-
falo pound until the early 1870's.

After their abandonment of the drive the Piegans hunted buf-
falo on horseback in winter when the ground was relatively free
224 of snow. Broad-backed, solidly-built, mature horses were pre-
231 ferred for running buffalo over hard-frozen ground. These win-
ter hunting horses had to be animals that did not mind the strong,
cold wintry blasts, because the hunter's approach was always
224 into the wind. In the winter season small hunting parties com-
posed of several men and one or more women to cook for them
made short excursions on which they located and killed as many
buffalo as they could pack back to their band camp.

When snows were deep and meat was scarce, Blackfoot hunt-
ers reverted to techniques of stalking buffalo on foot which must
have been practiced by their prehistoric ancestors long before
[411] horses were acquired by these tribes. However, these hunters
afoot used firearms as well as bows and arrows.

When buffalo were plentiful, the Blackfeet hunted other
hoofed mammals primarily for their hides and horns. In the
brush along stream valleys footmen patiently stalked deer, ante-
[411] lope, and elk. They preferred noiseless arrows to noisy guns
which would frighten the game away should they miss their first
shot. The bighorn, or mountain sheep, then ranged through the
Sun River badlands east of the Rockies. Indian hunters sur-
rounded them and drove them into narrow defiles where they

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[5] Ewers, "The Last Bison Drives of the Blackfoot Indians," *Journal* Washington Academy of Sciences, Vol. XXXIX, No. 11 (1949), 358-60.

[ca. 1850]

532 386 Blackfoot painters used both native and trade pigments. Their own colors were mostly mineral ones. Several reds were obtained from colored earths or crushed rock. By baking a gray or yellowish clay over ashes, they obtained a reddish brown. The spring buds of pussy willows provided another red. Yellow was a colored earth commonly found in the valley of the Yellowstone River. Buffalo gallstones furnished another yellow. White was an earth, and black was either earth or charcoal. Although the Blackfeet knew how to obtain a blue from dried duck dung and a green from plants growing near lakes, they preferred the blue and green from the trading posts.

Pigments were ground to a powder in small stone mortars, stored in little buckskin sacks, and mixed with hot water or glue extracted from boiled beaver tail or the underscrapings of a hide. 532 413 Paint brushes were pieces of porous bone cut from the edge of a buffalo shoulder blade or hipbone. Their honeycomb composition held the paint and permitted it to flow smoothly onto the surface of rawhide or soft skin. Outlines were drawn with sharp-pointed brushes. Colors were spread over larger areas with the sides of the same brushes or with rounded-edged ones. A separate brush was used for each color.

462 532 As a general rule women painted only geometric designs on rawhide cases, buffalo robes, and lodge linings. Men painted human or animal forms on their shields, drums, and lodge covers, and they recorded their successes at war on the inner surfaces of their buffalo robes.

532 342 The largest and most striking examples of Blackfoot Indian painting were the larger than life-size representations of animals and birds depicted on the outer surfaces of their conical lodge covers. These primitive mural paintings portrayed the creatures which the tipi owners regarded as the sources of their supernatural powers. ●[787] Each was painted in strict accordance with the instructions the owner received in the vision or dream in which he obtained his power. The lodge owner called upon a man who was known to be a skilled painter. He told the artist what creatures to portray and where to locate them on the cover. The

[ca. 1850]

292 to match those on the shirt. The most elaborate outfits were deco-
rated with hairlock or weasel-skin pendants from the neck, and
294 sleeves. Sixteen or more weasel skins were required to decorate
[237] both shirt and leggings. Worth three or more horses, such suits
were generally the property of rich men.

Some men painted black or dark brown horizontal stripes on
532 their shirts and leggings if they were instructed to do so in their
292 dreams. Indeed, many of the finest suits were made in fulfill-
[787] ment of dream instructions. They were regarded as personal
medicines endowing their owners with supernatural power and
[778] were worn only in battle, in ceremonies, in dress parades, and
to be buried in.

The handsome eagle-feather bonnets worn by a few Blackfoot
292 leaders were reserved for the same occasions. These were not
of the familiar flowing type made by the Sioux, but were crowns
of eighteen to thirty upright feathers inserted in a folded raw-
hide headband. The headband was covered with red flannel and
decorated with little brass discs and pendants of white weasel
skin.

291 The woman's basic garment was a long, sleeveless dress reach-
ing almost to the ankles. Ceremonial dresses differed from every-
[292] day ones primarily in their elaborate decoration. Some dresses
were made of calico, some of heavy blue trade cloth, but the
292 finest were of antelope or elkskin. One skin formed the front and
one the back of the garment. They were sewed together at the
292 sides, and both were sewed to a yoke of the same material which
294 covered the shoulders and upper arms. A handsome dress, col-
lected by John James Audubon in 1843, has a narrow band of
trade beads bordering the neck opening, broader bands over the
shoulders, and a still broader meandering band below the border
[232] of the yoke on both front and back. A row of elktooth pendants
hangs from the broadest band of beadwork.[1] Some wives of
wealthy men wore four rows of elkteeth on both front and back
of their best dresses.

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[1] Specimen in Audubon Collection, American Museum of Natural History, New York City.

> the party, do all the camp drudgery, and consider themselves 702
> amply repaid in being permitted to learn the science of horse stealing from such experienced hands.[8]

Sometimes a childless wife, who preferred to share her husband's dangers rather than to stay home anxiously awaiting his return, accompanied a raiding party.

The seasoned Blackfoot raider was a courageous, alert, re- 701
sourceful fighting man. Nevertheless, he did not attribute his
success in war to these qualities. Rather he attributed it to the 714
power of his war medicine. No leader or active member of a war
party took the field without his war medicine. It would both 778
protect him from harm and insure his success in his hazardous
adventure. A young man might obtain war medicine in a dream [787]
in which a kindly spirit appeared, took pity on him, and gave him some of its supernatural power, together with complete instructions for making the sacred symbol of this power and for its use. However, it was more common for a young man to obtain his war medicine from an elderly man who had been a war hero in his youth and whose own war medicine had proved its potency by bringing him safely through many dangerous raids.

Before a young man embarked on a raid, he might take a pipe and other gifts to a noted old veteran and ask him for help. This older man might be his own father. Usually he was a relative. The young fellow made a sweat lodge for the older man, who prayed for him and who transferred to him some of his power and the sacred symbols thereof—a war song, face paints, a sacred object to be worn in action, and instructions for their use.

Of more than fifty Blackfoot war medicines known to me, the great majority were single feathers or bunches of feathers worn in the hair. Perhaps feathers were favored because they were light and compact—practical articles for carrying on long journeys afoot. But there were other war medicines—necklaces, bandoleers, headdresses, shirts, knives, and lances. Running Wolf's war medicine was a moon-shaped brass necklace with pendant

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[8] James Doty to Isaac I. Stevens, December 20, 1854, Indian Office Records.

the place where he was to sleep, to let the rain, snow, or wind 703
in on him. If the war party enjoyed a favorite dish of Crow-guts
(buffalo intestines turned inside out and stuffed with meat), [262]
the cook secretly filled one end of the intestine with a piece of tough rawhide. After the other members were served the delicious meat-filled portion, the unpalatable rawhide end was given to the idle fellow. This treatment might make an indolent man so angry he would leave the party and return home. If the others were successful in their raid, the lazy fellow who went home in advance of the others became an object of ridicule.[*]

Under most circumstances desertion of a raiding party was
considered a cowardly act. Aged veterans of many raiding parties
frankly told me that there were times on the outward journeys
when they grew homesick for their wives or sweethearts and
fearful of the dangers ahead. They were tempted to turn back,
but instead they quietly sang their war songs, which helped
them to regain their courage. However, if a member of a party 726
had a bad dream in which he was warned of disaster ahead, he
was privileged to turn back. So great was Blackfoot respect for 703
the messages received in dreams that they said any man who 781
accused another of cowardice because he heeded his dream
warning and went home would surely be killed on the expedition.

The war lodge not only provided shelter from rain, snow, and 726
cold, but concealed the fire of relatively smokeless willow
branches built inside and served as a fortress in case of enemy attack. It was a base of supplies, where some food could be left to be picked up on the return journey, and a base for scouting operations.

From the war lodge the leader sent several picked men ahead to locate the enemy camp. Thus he avoided the danger that could arise from the entire party's searching for a nomadic foe in enemy country. The scouts moved with utmost caution, fearful of encountering enemy war or hunting parties. Wearing wolfskin disguises, they surveyed the surrounding country from high

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[*] John C. Ewers, "The Blackfoot War Lodge: Its Construction and Use," *American Anthropologist*, Vol. XLVI, No. 2, 184–85.

726 ground to make sure they could proceed with safety. They examined burned-out campfires and horse tracks, as well as tracks made by travois and footmen, to determine their recency and direction of movement. They were alert to any sudden movement of birds or animals that might indicate the nearness of other humans.

Meanwhile, the other members of the raiding party left at the war lodge hunted buffalo, deer, elk, or any other game that might provide dried meat for the remainder of their journey. They butchered the animals, dried the meat, and filled the men's provision bags. Sometimes they prepared an additional meat packet—a small rawhide container that could be fastened to the belt, holding enough concentrated dried meat to provide an occasional mouthful for the raider hastening homeward with captured horses. One of these packets was made for each man. It was called "war lunch."

When the scouts located the enemy camp, they watched it from a concealed position long enough to determine its size, the number of men, and the number and quality of horses. They then returned to the war lodge as rapidly as they could. As they came in sight of their waiting comrades, they approached in a zigzag course, signifying that they had found the enemy. While the leader went to meet them, the others set up a pile of sticks
726 near the lodge. Returning with the scouts the leader kicked over
787 this pile of sticks, and all the men scrambled for them. Each
stick a fellow retrieved was considered a prophecy of a horse
he would take from the enemy.

726 Guided by their scouts, the party then moved toward the enemy village, traveling by night and hiding during the day, until they reached a concealed spot overlooking or in sight of the enemy. The leader closely observed how the enemy picketed their choice horses near their lodges and where they drove their less valuable horses for night pasture. Then he explained his plan of attack.

As the zero hour approached, each party member opened his pack, prayed for success, sang his war song, painted himself, and

[ca. 1850]

9: The Old Time Religion

761 THE BLACKFOOT INDIANS lived in a world of uncertainty. Their lives were plagued by the fear of death from starvation, from sickness, or at the hands of their many human enemies. If they had less cause to fear starvation in the middle of the nineteenth century than had their prehistoric ancestors, they had more reason to fear sickness. Their old men and women could recall the disastrous losses their tribes had suffered in two smallpox epidemics. They were still surrounded by hostile tribes, any of which might send a mobile raiding party against one of their isolated hunting camps without warning.

776 Yet the Blackfeet did not face these dangers alone. They believed they were surrounded by supernatural powers much stronger than human ones which they could call upon for protection from evil influences and to aid them in their own undertakings. These powers resided in the skies and in the waters, as well as on land. Sun and thunder were the most powerful sky spirits. Beaver and otter were potent underwater ones. Buffalo, bears, elk, horses, snakes, eagles, crows, and other animals and birds of the Blackfoot country also could communicate their powers to humans.

• 787 Supernatural power invariably was given to men in dreams. Rarely did a man experience a dream of power while he was sleeping at home in the lodge of his family. Dreams of power did come to some young men when they were alone and separated from fellow members of a war party. But more commonly

[ca. 1950]

a young man actively sought supernatural aid by going out alone 787
on foot to some isolated spot at a distance from camp. There, on a bare hilltop, beside a lake, or in some other rarely frequented place, the young man fasted and called upon all the powers of sky, earth, and water to have pity upon him. "Hear, Sun; hear, Old Man; Above People, listen; Underwater People, listen." There he remained without food or water until he was exhausted and fell asleep. Then, in response to his supplications, an animal, bird, or power of nature (such as thunder) appeared to him. This spirit in human form spoke to him and expressed pity for him and the desire to give him "some of its power." The spirit then showed him certain objects sacred to it and told him how they should be made and cared for, and how they should be manipulated to bring the man success and to protect him from harm. The spirit also gave him the songs, face paint designs, taboos, and the ritual associated with the use of its particular "medicine."

Soon after the young man returned home, he made the articles 778
given him in his dream in accordance with the instructions he received from the spirit. They comprised the contents of his personal medicine bundle. It should be made clear that the Blackfeet regarded these sacred objects as important symbols of power. They were not the power itself. If a medicine bundle was lost or captured by the enemy, the power was not permanently lost. He who was possessed of the power could remake the bundle. Unless he relinquished this power to another through formal transfer, he retained it until his death.

Naturally, some of these medicine bundles came to be more highly respected than others. If a man prospered and obtained outstanding success as a warrior and wealth in horses, his fellow tribesmen came to consider his power to be unusually potent. Others wished to share in its benefits. The Blackfeet believed that just as a man received his power or medicine from a spirit helper, so he could transfer this power to some other human.
When a man wanted to obtain the power represented by the 778
medicine bundle of another Indian, he approached the owner 425

[ca. 1850]

pipe bowls, wooden food bowls, sacred stones, and other accessories 778
in the bundle were employed in the ritual. But they
were secondary in importance to the pipestem. Although the
ritual of the medicine pipe was less complicated than that of [796]
the beaver bundle, it involved the singing of a lengthy series
of songs and prayers as well as dancing with the pipe.

Some medicine pipes were carried by war parties as powerful 778
war medicines. One of these was the "children's pipe," which
originated in the dream of a Blood Indian named Middle Calf 714
while he was on his way home alone from a horse raid. In this
dream an old man appeared who assured Middle Calf he would 778
reach home safely. The old man gave him a pipe to take to his 714
children, saying this pipe would bring them luck and good
health. When he reached home, Middle Calf made the sacred 787
pipe just as he had seen it in his dream. Its stem, less than eighteen
inches in length, was much shorter than that of most other
medicine pipes. It was decorated with pendant feathers, trade
beads, and an obsidian arrowhead.

At the sun dance encampment Middle Calf offered to transfer 778
his sacred pipe to any child who wished to own it. A wealthy
Indian sent word that he wished to purchase it for his eldest son. 425
The transfer ritual was unusually simple, involving the singing 796
of but four songs. First the owner took some balsam needles between
his fingers and raised his hands, while singing, "The above ones gave me this incense which I hold." Then he held up his right hand with the thumb extended and sang, "The holy one above, he is holy." He touched the ground with the same thumb and sang, "The earth persons are holy." Finally he took the pipe stem in both hands, raised it, and sang the fourth song. "My pipe is holy. My pipe hears me." Then he stood up, holding the sacred pipe, and danced to the accompaniment of drums.

This medicine pipe had two functions—to bring health and to 778
foster success in war. The father of a sick child might make a 782
vow to purchase this pipe so that the child might regain his
health. When going into battle or into an enemy camp to capture [755] [726]

was shouting. Then, before I started to dance, I jerked the shield off my back. 796

I leaned back and began dancing, facing the center pole. It felt 785 just like the pole was pulling me toward it. I danced from the west toward the doorway of the lodge and back. Then, when the skewers 796 didn't break loose, the old men realized that the incisions had been 785 made too deep. Red Bead cut the outside of the incisions so they would break loose. 535 As I started dancing again the left side gave way and I continued dancing with only my right side holding. Then an old man, Strangling Wolf, got up from the crowd and called out four war honors, then jumped upon me. The second rope gave way and I fell to the ground.

The three old men cut off the rough pieces of flesh hanging from 796 my breasts. They told me to take these trimmings and the sagebrush from my wrists, ankles, and head and place them at the base of the 785 center pole as my offering to the sun. This I did. 782

Then I took my robe and walked out of the medicine lodge alone. I went to a lonely place and fasted for a night. I wanted to dream. 796 But I couldn't sleep at all because of the pain. At sunrise I prayed 785 to the sun.

When I got back to my lodge my mother gave me some food. I had 787 to stay in the lodge for several days. My breasts were so swollen 796 I could hardly move. Indian doctors used herb medicines to take the 785 swelling away and cure my wounds. » » »[11] [757]

Nevertheless, six decades after this event Heavy Head still bore the scars of his torture.

There is a Blackfoot tradition that the custom of self-torture [177] was introduced from the Arapahoes through the Gros Ventres. It was never as common among the Piegans as among the Blood tribe. Nevertheless, all three Blackfoot tribes made other sac- 782 rifices of flesh and blood to the sun. Sometimes warriors on their 785 way to meet the enemy cut off bits of their skin and gave them to the sun along with their prayers for success in their dangerous mission. Women as well as men chopped off one or more fingers and offered them to the sun. An elderly Piegan woman once showed me the stump of a finger on one of her hands and ex-

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[11] John C. Ewers, "Self Torture in the Blood Indian Sun Dance," *Journal* Washington Academy of Sciences, Vol. XXXVIII, No. 5, 168-70.

726 preparations involving the assembling of necessary sacred and secular equipment for the journey.

WAR MEDICINES

714 Not only the leader but each participant carried his own sacred
war medicine to protect him from harm and bring him luck in his
778 undertaking. These medicines were obtained through the dreams of
the individuals themselves in which they received instructions for
714 the preparation and ritual manipulation of these medicines, or they
778 were received from older men who had been successful in war and
whose medicines were highly respected by their juniors. In my
● 787 informants' youth the first type was uncommon. Weasel Tail alone
of my informants claimed to have used a war medicine originating in
his own dream. He had a vision of a wolf cap and wolf robe and a
song having the words, "I am a wolf. I am going to eat a person." He
always wore the cap and robe and sang this song before he went into
an enemy camp to take horses. He was but 15 years old when he
dreamed this medicine.

714 It was much more common for a young man to go to an old man
before he embarked on his first raid and ask him for some of his power.
778 Usually, but not always, the older man was a relative of the younger
one. The request was preceded by the offering of a pipe and gifts. Usually the young man also made a sweat bath for the older one. Some Blackfoot elders were frequently called upon for assistance because of their known success in war and/or because younger men who had obtained their help had achieved remarkable success. The Piegan elders On-Lucky-Trail and Under Bull were such men. The former was also considered to possess the power to tell young men of the location of fine horses owned by enemy tribes. The latter possessed the Arapaho medicine pipe bundle. Feathers from that bundle brought success to many raiders. The elder man commonly prayed for the young warrior who sought his aid and gave him a war song and a medicine object to carry on his expedition. It was common practice for the recipient of a war medicine to give the donor one or more horses after a safe return from a successful raid. Some young men were eclectic in assembling their war medicines, obtaining sacred objects from two or more older men in whose powers they had great faith.

I have knowledge of some 40 Blackfoot war medicines. Fourteen have been described in the literature: 11 by Wissler (1912 a, pp. 92-95), 2 by McClintock (1930, pp. 12, 29), and 1 by Uhlenbeck (1911, p. 67). From informants I obtained the information on 21 war medicines summarized in table 6. Although in theory there were no limitations upon the types of objects that could be used as war medicines, an analysis of these 40 medicines reveals that variety was limited and the great

787 726

Some men were credited with the power to predict the outcome of horse raids. Weasel Tail said Takes-a-Gun, a Piegan, had a formula for such prediction. When he joined a raiding party he called upon the sun, "Sun, tell us if we are going to get horses." Then he explained to others of the party, "If you see sun dogs on both sides of the sun we shall get many horses. If there are sun dogs on one side only, we shall get only a few." In dreams any member of an outgoing party might be warned of disaster ahead. When he told his fears to the others, some or all of them might turn back. There was no stigma attached to desertion of a raiding party as a result of supernatural warning. Indeed should some of the men persist in the enterprise and meet loss of personnel or failure to capture horses, the medicine of the man who had turned back in response to his warning was recognized as powerful by his fellow tribesmen.[38]

CLOTHING

714 291

During the warmer months members of horse-raiding parties generally wore undecorated, soft-soled moccasins, leggings, breechclouts, and shirts. Shirts were needed even in summer to protect their wearers from sunburn by day and chill by night. In winter, raiders wore Hudson's Bay Company's blanket coats with capotes, as overcoats. These coats were predominantly white, which served as a camouflage against a background of snow and overcast sky. Blankets had black, red, or yellow stripes. Makes-Cold-Weather said he used to prefer red or yellow stripes, as they could be seen less easily from a distance than black ones. Other specialized winter garments were mittens of buffalo hide, hair inside, which were tied together by a skin cord passing from wrist to wrist over the wearer's shoulders and underneath his blanket coat; and a pair of soft-soled, hair-lined, buffalohide moccasins. The moccasins sometimes were stuffed

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[38] The Blackfoot concept of war medicine had its counterpart among other Plains Indian tribes. Larocque (1910, p. 66) wrote of the Crow in 1805: "When they go to war they take their medicine bags, at least the Chief of the party does, when they have found out their enemies and on the point of beginning the attack the bag of medicine is opened, they sing a few airs but very shortly smoke and then attack." Zenas Leonard (1904, p. 256) briefly described Crow war medicines of which he learned during 6 months' residence among that tribe in 1934–35; Boller (1868, p. 324) told of an Hidatsa chief who gave a young Crow warrior half his medicine, after which the young man was very successful in stealing horses. It was common practice among the Plains Cree for a young man to obtain his war medicine with accompanying songs and ritual from an older successful warrior (Mandelbaum, 1940, pp. 258–259). Grinnell (1923, vol. 2, pp. 108–125) stressed the use of bird feathers and skins as war medicines by the Cheyenne. Certain Cheyennes were also credited with the power to prophesy the outcome of war adventures. Enoch Smoky told me of a Kiowa who, by the screeching of owls, could predict the success or failure of horse raids. On one occasion he predicted that several members of his party would be killed, but none wounded. The party suffered just as he said it would. Smoky claimed the Kiowa did not carry war medicines on horse-raiding expeditions, limiting their use to raids for enemy scalps.

726 out fires and tracks made by horses, travois, and footmen and noted their relative recency and direction of movement.

While the scouts were gone members of the party left at the war lodge hunted for buffalo, deer, elk, or other game, killing only enough to provide dried meat for the remainder of their journey. They dried the meat and filled the provision bags. Sometimes they made up additional packets of meat for each member. These were small, skin or rawhide containers that could be carried at the belt holding quantities of meat sufficient only for an occasional quick lunch on horseback while hastening homeward with captured horses.

When the scouts located the enemy camp they watched it from a concealed position long and closely enough to determine its size, and numbers of men, horses, etc. Then they returned to the war lodge as rapidly as possible. As they came in sight of their fellows they approached in a zigzag course, indicating they had found the enemy.
726 While their leader went out to meet the scouts, the other members of
787 the party set up a pile of sticks near the war lodge. Returning with the scouts the leader kicked over the pile of sticks and all party members scrambled for them. Each stick a member retrieved was an augury of a horse he would take from the enemy.

726 Guided by the scouts, the whole party moved cautiously, traveling only by night and hiding out by day, until they reached a well concealed position overlooking or in sight of the enemy camp. After the leader had an opportunity to observe the camp, he outlined his plan of attack to the other members of his party.

THE ATTACK

Shortly before the time of attack arrived, the party members opened their packs, took out their personal war medicines, sang their sacred war songs, prayed for success, painted and donned their medicine gear. Usually the rush for horses was made at daybreak. Generally the leader selected only a few of the bravest and most experienced men to enter the enemy camp with him, and cut loose the picketed horses and lead them out. Usually they carried no weapons other than their knives as they stealthily entered the enemy village. They sought out the picketed horses previously spotted as the most likely looking ones. When each man cut picket lines and led horses away he was careful to stay close to the horse he believed to be the fastest so he could jump on it and make a quick getaway should someone in the camp become aware of the theft and rouse the enemy. Sometimes these men left picketed horses with the younger, inexperienced party members outside the camp and returned again for more of the choice animals. At other times the men outside the camp drove off some of the range herds while the leader and his assistants

794 century Wolf Calf was the leader. In recent years, and until his
778 death, Wallace Night Gun held that position.

ORIGIN AND HISTORY OF THE PIEGAN HORSE MEDICINE CULT

794 Wallace Night Gun and most older informants regarded Wolf Calf,
792 Wallace's maternal grandfather, as the originator of the horse medicine cult among the Piegan. Wolf Calf, also known as Pemmican Maker, died shortly before 1900. He was a friend and informant of George Bird Grinnell, who was inclined to credit Wolf Calf's claim to membership in the Piegan party that met and fought Capt. Meriwether Lewis' small force on or near the present Blackfeet Reservation in 1806. Grinnell reckoned Wolf Calf's age at 102 in 1895 (Wheeler 1904, vol. 2, pp. 311-312; Grinnell's photograph of Wolf Calf, p. 313).

794 Wallace Night Gun said Wolf Calf was a young man when he began to dream of horse medicine. As Night Gun recalled Wolf
● [787] Calf's explanation of the origin of horse medicine, it happened in this way:

> 794 In Wolf Calf's youth the Piegan owned horses and had lost all fear of these
> 231 animals. Nevertheless, they had never been able to capture any of the wild horses with long manes and shaggy tails which they saw in their country. Whenever they got close to the wild horses they ran away. One day, while Wolf Calf's band was moving camp, members saw some wild horses in the distance. A party of men (including Wolf Calf) rode after them and chased them for miles. They caught up with one of the wild ones, roped it and threw it. They put a war bridle on it and led it back to camp. When it was tied, all the people gathered around it. The horse was quiet. It stood still and looked around. Members of the group who had captured the animal agreed to give it to Wolf Calf to keep with his herd. Wolf Calf necked the horse with one of his mares. For 3 days the wild horse was well behaved and remained beside the mare. On the fourth day Wolf Calf decided to let it run with his herd. That night the wild horse disappeared and did not come back.
>
> Later Wolf Calf had a troublesome stallion in his herd named Gone-in-Different-Brush. It had a habit of leaving the herd, mixing with the horses of other owners and biting them. One day a man came to Wolf Calf and told him, "Take that stallion, throw him and cut him, so he won't bother our herds." Wolf Calf asked his boy to get the horse. "We shall halter break him, throw him and I'll castrate him." The boy went after the horse but it got away from him and again bothered the other man's herd. Then that man told his boys, "I'll fix him." He roped the stallion, threw him, and tied bones to his forelock and around his neck. After the stallion was untied he ran away bucking and jumping as fast as he could go. "Now," said the man, "he will never come back." But after a while he saw the horse returning. The bones were gone from its forelock and neck. Again and again the man tried to keep the bothersome bones on the stallion, but without success. Finally, in desperation, the man threw the horse down, roached his mane, cut his tail short, and tied rawhide tightly in his short tail. Again he released the stallion, saying, "Now he will never come back." But next morning the man found Wolf Calf's stallion back in his herd. His tail and mane had grown long. On his head was paint—red and white clay. Then the man told his boys, "Let that horse alone. We can do nothing with him."

All this time Wolf Calf didn't know how his stallion had been treated by his 794
neighbor. One night his stallion, Gone-in-Different-Brush, appeared to him in
his dream, and said, "Father, tell that man to let me alone. Don't let him abuse 787
me any more. Help me and I shall give you great power that you can use all
your life." Wolf Calf then told his neighbor, "Don't harm that horse any more. 231
I'll catch him and break him." Wolf Calf broke the stallion and always was careful to treat him well, petting him and giving him special attention.

About a year later the stallion again appeared to Wolf Calf in a dream. "Father," he said, "I am grateful for your kindness to me. I want to repay you. You will always have a lot of horses. Wherever you are I shall be with you to help you. Now I shall give you the sacred dance of the horses. We dance it. It will be your secret. Let your people keep it from generation to generation."

Each time Wolf Calf caught his stallion after that he saw paint on it. The horse grew old and Wolf Calf continued to dream of it. It became so old grass
dropped from its mouth when it fed. Finally it died. Then Wolf Calf cut some [778]
of the dead horse's mane and the soft chestnut from one leg and kept them in a
bundle in his lodge as a remembrance of his favorite horse.

Wolf Calf felt badly and continued to think of that horse. A few months later 794
he had a dream in which the wild horse he had kept in his herd for 4 days some
years before appeared to him. The wild horse said, "I know you miss your 787
favorite horse. I want you to know I appreciate what you did for me too. You
didn't kill me, but let me go. Father, I am Sitting-on-a-Hill. I shall give you 778
my power. I'll give you all the roots that grow in the ground that we horses like
to eat. They will be your medicine."

Later Wolf Calf, in another dream, saw people dancing the horse dance. They were arguing. One said, "What shall we do?" Another said, "We shall give him secret power to cure the people?" The first one said, "No, we shall give him secret power to cure horses." Finally they agreed, "Let us throw these powers together. Let us give him power to do both."

Then Wolf Calf told his friends of his dreams for the first time. "I have dreamed of this power a long time. Through my horses and these men I was given secret power. I am going to dance the dance just as I saw it. I shall call it the horse dance." The people gathered to watch Wolf Calf dance the horse dance.

Some time later Wolf Calf was watching horses grazing beside a river. 794
As he approached he saw them pawing with their forefeet, digging up roots.
He found a root partly unearthed and picked it up. It was about 6 inches 787
long. When he started home with it the horses followed him. That night he
was told in another dream, "This root you found will be good for many things. 778
If a horse is sick take some of this root, grind it into a powder and mix it 231
with sage. Then give it to the sick horse. Put it in water, throw the horse
down and let him drink it. The horse will be able to eat and you will save it."
Then Wolf Calf gave another dance and gathered the people around. He told [796]
them of his new power. They agreed, "This is a very powerful dance."

Wolf Calf tried all the medicines he was told of in dreams. Some were 794
for sickness. If a man couldn't eat, a certain root would restore his appetite.
If someone felt lazy a little powdered medicine would make him feel energetic 787
again. There was also a medicine to turn a fine day into a raging blizzard or 278
to make rain come on a dry day.

Then Wolf Calf told the people, "If anyone is sick we shall give the secret 794
horse dance. It will pull him through. If a war party is surrounded by the
enemy and one of that party vows to give me a feast and invite me to dance, 796
that man will escape unharmed." [755] [789]

778 medicine men they were wrapped in separate bundles when not in
use. Wallace Night Gun said that men who were not horse medicine
[787] cult members were known to have dreamed of one of these bundles.
If the lay dreamer wished to make a bundle like the one seen in his
778 dream he went to a horse medicine man and asked for help. The latter
then told him to make the bridle just as it appeared in his dream and
791 to bring it to him to give it power. Upon payment the horse medicine
man gave the owner several little packages of horse medicine to tie
to the "horse bridle," together with instructions for the use of these
778 medicines. The owner attached this "horse bridle" to his horse when
he rode to war or rode in the riding big dance. It was believed to
231 make the horse lively, to keep it from falling, and to keep enemy
bullets from hitting it. Night Gun said men who dreamed of these
778 bridles also received songs in their dreams which were added to the
[533] collection of horse medicine cult songs. He claimed there were few
of these bridles among the Piegan in buffalo days. The only one I
saw on the Blackfeet Reservation was owned by a cult member.

796 Wissler (1912 a, p. 111) noted the introduction of horse medicine
ritual into the medicine pipe ceremony of the Blackfoot. Night Gun
said it was common practice for a medicine-pipe owner to ask a horse
medicine man to insure that the horse used to carry the medicine pipe
would not fall or be harmed while camp was on the move. The horse
medicine man used his sacred rope and whip in the ceremony of bless-
778 ing the horse of the medicine pipe man. He sang and transferred
three horse medicine songs to the pipe owner. He also transferred
796 some of his power to the whip and rope of that man. It is noteworthy
437 that a whip and rope are among the objects in the typical Blackfoot
medicine pipe bundle, and that horse medicine songs appear in that
ceremonial ritual. McClintock (1948, pp. 56–60) described a medicine
pipe transfer he witnessed in which not only the whip and rope but
also the saddle, bridle, and horse used to transport the pipe were trans-
ferred. In that transfer ceremony four (three?) horse songs were
sung with great care "lest misfortune befall their horses." There
were restrictions that the horse employed to carry the medicine pipe
must be used only by its owner "lest some of his horse-herd sicken
and die," and that the medicine pipe owner "must not strike a dog or
horse, nor cut a horse's tail." The medicine-pipe owner who had
purchased three horse medicine cult songs was privileged to attend the
horse dance and to sing those three songs during the ceremony.

778 Less certain is the relationship between horse medicine and the
horse-painted lodge formerly found among the Piegan. Wissler and
342 Duvall (1908, p. 94) have published Head Carrier's version of the
origin legend of the horse-painted lodge. It is noteworthy that Head
Carrier was a North Piegan horse medicine man. John Old Chief

721 wealth in horses or the ownership of medicine bundles, would refuse to be
554 led by one of lower standing. Not only were the poor rarely leaders, but
[556] they often had difficulty in joining a raiding party, for participation was
limited to those who had the necessary equipment—a gun, powder and
ammunition, a good supply of moccasins, dried provisions, protective war
charms, and, when the party went on horse, a good horse.

721 With adequate skill, any member of the tribe could produce the equipment
554 necessary for the early type of warfare, but the new equipment, guns
and ammunition, could be purchased from the trading posts only by those
556 who had a surplus of horses, dried provisions or hides. This put the poor
184 at a distinct disadvantage, and was a check upon vertical mobility. This
[439] also gave a new paternalistic role to the chief as a distributor of valuable
goods.

721 Differences between rich and poor were reflected in their participation
in war in still another way. Not owning war bonnets, beautiful head-
556 dresses, or medicine pipes, the poor went to the hills to seek supernatural
184 power for a successful war party, while those who could afford it bought
[787] their charms from renowned medicine men. Despite this handicap, informants
[778] relate that the poor were the most daring on horse-stealing parties,
[432] for they had the least to lose and the most to gain.

Normally, raiding parties started out in the early spring, the summer
721 or the fall, rarely the winter, for the Blackfoot did not like to go out in cold
weather. A wise leader would leave at nightfall, travel until dawn, and
[342] then rest during the day in shelters constructed in the foot-hills.

The function of the leader consisted mainly in enforcing simple precau-
721 tionary rules, such as prohibiting a fire for cooking, or the shooting of
701 game once in enemy territory. Every party had one or two scouts who
reported to the leader. When the party neared the camp of the enemy the
leader decided who was to do the raiding. If the party was small it would
break up, every man for himself, and arrange to meet at an appointed
spot. In other cases, the leader ordered some to stay, usually the inexperienced
or the poorer ones, while the leader, alone or with a choice few,
went for the horses. This rear guard duty was resented for there was a
possibility that they would not be allowed to share the loot. The chief
[431] might present them with a horse, a gift which they were expected to
[727] acknowledge at the victory dance.[174] Many parties broke up because of this,
those ordered to remain behind often disobeying and going out for their
own horses. In cases where the party was mounted and had ambushed the
enemy, this individualism was even more marked. It was every man for
[727] himself with a great deal of snatching and bickering over the loot, even
among brothers.

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[174] J. Richardson, Mss.

[1894-1910]

556 The less successful families aped their wealthier neighbors. They too had
184 give-aways, but these were on a lesser scale. They were initiated to a part of
a bundle; they bought the cheaper society memberships; they too had their
[152] favorites, but these children had to be content with small honorings. They
might receive an otter skin, even a weasel-tail suit, or they might wear
their umbilical cords in little beaded bags as the "real" favorites did. But
these meagre efforts of their parents to "keep up with the Jones's," never
succeeded in gaining recognition for their children. Only when the spending
was great and continual was a child considered a "real" favorite by the
Blood. A Bird Shooter or a Joe Duck-Bill might say, "I was a *minipoka*,
but my father died when I was still young. That is why I haven't many
honorings." At these avowals the Blood would only laugh; they knew
what it took to make a favorite.

● 787 Shamanism began to lose its hold. Wissler, writing at this time, says of
756 the vision quest, "The majority of young men fail in this ordeal as an unreasonable
178 fear usually comes down upon them the first night, causing
them to abandon their part."[135] Whatever may have been the trials of the
[152] ordeal it was not waning courage alone that turned the interest of the young
men from the vision quest and medicine power. There were now more
rewarding ways of earning a living.

Even the older men showed little interest in the quest itself, although
they still sought the benefits of supernatural power. Says Wissler, "Men of
medicine experience seldom resort to these tortures, as dreams of a satisfactory
character are said to come to them in normal sleep,"[136] and in
[425] another passage, he adds, "At present the majority of men seems content
to secure their charms and other medicines from those who do have dreams
[556] or from the large stock of such available for transfer."[137] Emphasis on
courage and inspiration disappeared; increasingly wealth was the preferred
road to power.

511 SUMMARY.—In this period of 1894-1910, the bulk of the wealth still
556 rested in the hands of the horse-owners who in the first seventeen years of
657 the reserve succeeded in freezing the only valuable form of property that
433 remained to the Blood after the treaty of 1877. The loan system, the final
182 distribution of cattle, the need for fodder and additional help, as well as
those industries that paid money wages, spread the wealth. With the increased
oppportunities for making a living, social differences became less
conspicuous, but the dominance of the large horse and cattle owners was
never threatened. As the economy expanded, the rich spent more lavishly,

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[135] Wissler, *Ceremonial Bundles*, p. 104.

[136] *Idem.*

[137] *Idem.*

The turnover in these important pipes and bundles is not great and prices 778
fluctuate considerably.[173] The man who has paid a large number of horses 432
is frequently loathe to relinquish his bundle for fewer animals. It was many
years before the last buyer to pay a hundred horses for the Long Time Pipe 435
was ready to let it go for fifty. The woman who bought the *naloas* bundle in 1929 put up ten horses, one heifer, a set of harness and a saddle. In 1939, she still owned the bundle.[174]

The initial expense, however, is but a small part of the total cost. Further ritual knowledge enhances the value of the bundle, but while this may bring a good return in the future, it must be paid for in the present. Moreover, the owners of certain bundles are expected to open them and feast all previous owners sometimes as often as once a month. For some these additional obligations are too onerous. All four owners of beaver bundles participate in the general ceremony, but only one possesses the knowledge necessary to conduct it. His bundle is considered the most powerful.[175]

All bundle owners are members of societies, but five, each of whom had 575
purchased only one bundle, did not join the Horns. Pressure from the 778
Church, the loss of horses, or the complete acceptance of white goals may [177]
account for this unusual behavior. Whatever the reasons for these particular
lapses, it is also an interesting fact and an index of changing values that the [798]
sons of bundle owners and society members have not always followed in [178]
their fathers' footsteps. They have not always joined societies or purchased ceremonial objects.

Those who buy ceremonial privilege consider the gain against the cost. 787
When Harvey Fleet Foot, a young and ambitious farmer, was at "death's 778
door" shortly after the serious illness of his small son, he dreamed that he
should vow a pipe. Only then would he and his family be protected from 432
further harm. Since no special pipe was mentioned in the dream, he sought 782
advice from an old medicine man and Horn priest, his father's brother, and [751]
from his father-in-law, a substantial cattle and horse owner and farmer. [756]
The two old men agreed to back Harvey, "if he followed the voices of the spirit." They decided that he should vow the Long Time Pipe. Said the medicine man, "As long as you can pay for it, you might as well vow the
strongest pipe." And Harvey Fleet Foot, aided by his rich father-in-law, [435]
bought the Long Time Pipe for twenty horses and other goods.

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[173] Bradley (*Characteristics*, p. 265), writing before 1877, comments, "In value [175]
they were computed at about nine horses." Lewis (*Effects of White Contact*, p. 44 ff.), basing his conclusions on Major Culbertson believes that before 1850 "the number of bundle transfers was less frequent and the property exchanged much smaller." Wissler (*Blackfoot Bundles*, p. 277) writes: ". . .whereas. . .medicine pipes formerly required but two or three horses, they now often go to thirty head."

[174] Harry D. Biele, Field Notes.

[175] *Ibid.*

welfare of the poor; he was well fed. He thought only of his own 432
stomach." Words were acrimonious, tempers lost, the meeting-hall 829
a din of angry remarks.

The final meeting in 1910 in which the pro-selling group won may best be described in the words of a participant:

> They had a huge meeting at the old office. Before they had this meeting, Markle sent word to me to dress up fine and get a nice democrat and team "lest those who hate you have reason to criticize you." So I dressed up magnificently, new team, harness and democrat. All the people had their eyes on me. I also had [302]
> the war birds on and my face painted as if going to war because Indians were going to say bad words against me, and this attire was to save my life. Once [787]
> I had dreamed of a moon-shaped piece of mother-of-pearl. This I had around my neck to make me strong, so I could stand up against the chiefs, for I knew [301]
> they were going to have strong talk and bad words. I wanted to give myself strength and protection.
>
> Markle told people to sign, not talk. "Don't stand up and say your opinions. Just write your names, who is on the farm side. He [informant] is the only one who is to stand up and talk." Two clergymen, one lawyer, the agent, two clerks, and also two other white men were there as witnesses. They put up a chair for me, and Markle said, "Stand up and speak."
>
> I said: "You remember at treaty in 1877, Weasel Calf was as if blinded and had no idea how much an acre was. For myself, I am not a war-coups chief, but we are becoming white and shall farm. We must know how much we get for an acre, not like at treaty time, when we never did know how much we got. Those chiefs were blinded. When we sell land, we make money. If we don't we just live on our horses, and selling horses will exhaust our income. Selling land means we shall have farm land and money and will live good. We cannot just live on the mines, for only a little comes in to a few people. Selling half the reserve means we can live on the money. We are not selling all of it. Part will be leased to whites, and that will bring money." Then, turning to Markle: "Markle, this is the last piece of land we sell as long as I live. This is the end. If any unsold land is needed, we shall lease it to whites instead of selling it." At the end of this speech, every one signed. Two clerks took it down. Each chief had to sign his own name. There were two papers, one with the ayes and the other with the nays. All clapped hands when word was announced who had won. All whites shook hands with me because I was the only one who stood up and talked. Handkerchiefs and tobacco were handed out to the women.

This was a significant day for the Blackfoot. As they drove their 511
teams back to the log shacks along the river they did not know that they were to become the wealthiest Indians in Canada. After thirty years of marginal existence on a reserve, basic economic security was no longer to be a major concern for them. The days of potato-patch nourishment and government-given apparel were over; an agricultural life with new problems faced the tribe.

783 of material preparatory to praying and that the sweat lodge was used for
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[782] the purification of part or all of the group. Whatever route was taken, the end was the same: the cleansing of the heart and soul from the defilements of life. In one informant's words:

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787

> Now I am told to illustrate the things we burn incense with, how these things came into existence. A person is out in the wilderness to get visions. He goes to the river and swims. He bathes himself and then he wipes himself with sage grass (Artemisia ludoviciana). His filthy body is not there and he walks away. He did not take any bedding. So he came to where he can build a shelter. There are a lot of creeping cedars (Juniperus horizontalis). He started to pull them out and make a shelter with them. The shelter is not the conical-shape shelter. They are called bridge shelters. He used the creeping cedar for a mattress. The creeping cedars smelled like his body. The holy spirit approached him. The human had a bad odor so the holy spirit fled from him. The first night he slept out; his body still has an odor. The next morning he started to cry. When he got drowsy from crying he slept again. He still has a bad odor. The next morning he will go to another place and he will sleep in another place. He will build another shelter with the same material. And he still has a bad odor. In the morning he starts crying again so that somebody might pity him, a strange person (supernatural being revealed as a man or animal). He built a shelter with the same material. On the fourth day he did not have any more body odor, and the holy spirit approached him. When the spirit noticed him, that he had no more body odor, then it gave him supernatural powers.

783 And in another account:
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[782]

> The leaves of the sage (Artemisia ludoviciana) are trimmed off, and they are moulded into balls, and the offering is cleansed with them. The sage is given to the ones that are going to sing, and they cleansed themselves with it. They cleansed the bad life that they had in the past, and now they are going to live a new one. Now, someone has a deceased relative and he is going to be purified by an older person. She will cleanse herself with the sage, and then they take them and they will throw them away. Now that dirt in the body is thrown away. That bad body. That's a cleansing of ourselves.

000 In the mythical tale of Scarface, the protagonist enjoyed the

Part III

PLANTS USED IN THE TREATMENT OF SICKNESS

Overview

755 The Blackfoot practised two kinds of medicine, one of which was
[757] distinguished by its reliance on divination. The other consisted of common
remedies which were available to all.

[462] There was a general procedure in the divination of disease and there is
[711]
[756] evidence to show that there were as many women diviners as men. (Although
it is common practice among anthropologists to denote this kind of ritual
curing as shamanism, we take exception to that in using the term divination,
as we believe that shamanism as practised in the Tibetan sense, does not
apply to the medical treatment of the Plains Indians).

● 787 In order to obtain power for the purpose of curing an individual would
[785] undertake a vision quest which involved prolonged isolation and fasting.
[776] If the quest was successful, the source of power, usually a spiritual
[778] being in animal form would instruct him in the songs, ritual and construction
[554] of the curing bundle. There are many variations of the titles of men who
have received power, a common one among the Blood Indians is "natoosi -
inaipi" or "sun comes down" another given to us by G.B. Grinell was used
among the south Peigans, "i-so-kin-uh-kin" or "heavy singer for the sick".

756 These bundles remained the personal property of the diviner and could
422
778 not be transferred. Indeed, the source of power was not to be revealed
124 to anyone. We have only been able to obtain an account of this vision quest
from one diviner who has stopped practising. Other informants have given
important information of the patterns of divining disease but have with-held
their own source of power.

756 778 [533] [534] Usually, a curing bundle contained a sucking (or blowing) tube of eagle bone, several sharp flint blades for bleeding, bags of plant material and paint, one or two polished pebbles and some object representing the source of power. Also, a diviner often used a rattle and/or drum to accompany his singing.

126 778 171 Up to twenty-five of these bundles have been collected from the Blackfoot. Curing bundles among the Cree and Saulteaux show a similar pattern of construction.

756 793 An afflicted person, or his representative sought a diviner's aid which was always offered for a fee. A Blackfoot diviner distinguished various forms of disease ranging from physical maladies to mental disorders which resulted from infractions of taboos or the harassment of ghosts.

756 ● 787 [124] The following translation, an interview with a Blood diviner, illustrates the typical procedure to obtain power and use it to divine disease,

> I had a dream while questing; a man appeared and asked me in to the white tipi. I saw a sick man inside (skin and bones). The holy person asked me to sit on the right side facing the door. He sat on the left side. He had a drum. He said, 'I am a doctor.' He took the sucking tube. The sick man is half covered with a blanket. The drum was painted and then he painted a stroke on his forehead and with little fingers on the top of the hand. Then he painted the sick man the same way. Then he started to sing. There are two songs. The first song (sings it) uses the rim of the drum only. (Sings another with stick rubbing on the drum.) Then there is fast drumming and the doctor looks at the patient and prepared to use a sucking tube made of eagle bone. There is a bowl of hot water with a single stone in it. The doctor sucks up the hot water and sprays the hot water on the patient three times. On the fourth time the patient will rise. The drummer stopped and disappeared. The sick man was cured. He used a muskrat skin to wipe his face. Then the doctor gave me his drum. It was painted red around the rim. With a red spot in the middle. The stick was made with buckskin and sinew. He gave me the bone and the

> 756 hot stone. But they would not hurt you. Then he
> ● 787 disappeared. Everything was gone and I woke up on
> 756 the prairie. After four days it happened again.
> 757 The doctor gave me menigahpi and choke cherry bark
> [824] (inner cambium). It used it and skelton weed in a
> [278] mixture for liver trouble. A tea was made and drunk
> and was effective immediately. I used it on my wife for her liver. I still have my bone tube and beaded medicine bags. I used pine pitch and man sage for coughing. Everybody knew who I was and came for help. I was paid in blankets, shirts and money for treating boys and girls, etc. Then I got cancer and quit my practice. I gave my drum to another who still practices.

824 Like divination, the common (or non-prescription) curing made ready use
278 of various plant infusions. The use of these cures was not restricted and
757 they were not considered to be supernatural in origin. These were usually
[422] swallowed hot and the rest of the brew rubbed on the affected part. Enemas
were common as were poultices and bandages.

[128] Maladies did not have specific names beyond the general distinction of headache, toothache, stomach ache, respiratory trouble, etc. and the information is grouped under the general headings as they were described by informants during interviews.

757 Today, most of the plants listed here are rarely used, hospitals
177 having virtually replaced Blackfoot medicine and it is certain that our
list is only representative of various cures, the bulk of which is now
lost.

824 278 757 *Phlox hoodii*

An infusion of the plant was taken for chest pains.

Pinus contorta

Here is a fine example of the origin and use of a "personal medicine" which was later expanded to include general therapeutic practice. There was once a woman named Last Calf who was riddled with Tuberculosis. While she and her husband were camped near a beaver lodge, she noticed the animal's [787] tracks in the mud and left some food for it. The beaver took the gift and returned the favor by appearing to her in a vision. He gave her a cure for [533] Tuberculosis. She was to collect the pitch of the lodgepole pine, boil it in water and drink the infusion while uttering a special song. (The song had no words.) Last Calf's husband was alarmed at this treatment and cautioned her against poisoning but she went ahead and drank the brew. She said she felt as though she were going to die and began vomiting profusely. She drank again with the same result, but the next morning her chest was cleared as never before. Then the infusion was used by everyone to treat tubercular coughs.

Psoralea esculenta

The root was chewed to relieve sore throat and an infusion of the root consumed for chest trouble.

Pyrola spp.

An infusion of the flowers was given to coughing children. Pieces of the root made throat lozenges.

"Rattle-sound"

The plant (*Oxytropis splendens*?) was eaten by children with asthmatic conditions, especially when their breathing "rattled".

ing by rising in their seats. At this, the whole organization including the 561 leaders rises and dances. 575

Another informant says that during the dance all the pigeons dance 796 around in a circle the two leaders facing them. When the leaders turn and 535 dance with their backs toward the main body, this is a signal for the dance to end. Then they dance toward their seats and when the leaders sit down, they follow suit.

The society has three songs, one in which everyone joins, beating time [533] on their bows with their arrows and the drummers on the edges of the drums with their sticks. The other two songs are dance songs.

When they sit in their places and sing, the pigeons beat time by striking arrows on their bows. At the proper moment all, except the bear shirts, rise and dance in a circle, each with a drawn bow, the arrow pointed downward. The four yellow pigeons dance in the center and as the ring of dancers threatens to close in, they threaten them and pretend to drive them back to their seats. Then after an interval of singing the two bear shirts take a hand. On the ground before them rest their bows. They lean forward holding their heads out like bears. As those in the circle rise to dance, the [237] spectators throw buffalo chips at the bear shirts, at which they raise their heads, holding their closed fists at their cheeks and growling like bears. This is repeated once. They rise, take up their bows and dance into the circle, driving the dancers back, then dance outside and drive them to the middle again. This is repeated four times in all. When food is brought in the bear shirts growl and take it; the others wait and eat what remains. The signal for closing the ceremonies is given by this unique pair, they discharging their blunt arrows at the sky.

The usual time for these ceremonies is early in the morning.

Maximilian does not mention the pigeons. This may have no signifi- 561 cance, for the society is regarded as of comparatively recent origin, the latest 575 historically.[1] So far as we know, any male may enter this organization by 796 purchasing the place and regalia of another; but it is considered a youths' order. 432 Such purchase may occur at any time, but the tendency is for the whole organization to sell in a body to a new group of younger fellows. The individual sellers and purchasers must be paired off; hence, it is not unusual for some members to hold over for want of a purchaser. This transfer is a formal affair comparable to the transfer of medicine bundles. A [346] shelter is made by combining two tipis, in which the organization assembles. Each purchaser enters with a pipe, which he offers to individual sellers

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[1] Bear-skin, about 75 years old, says that he was a charter member of the pigeons in his [115] eighteenth year. It was then originated by an old blind man, Ghost-boy, who dreamed it. [787] This would make the date about 1853.

575 The owner of the tipi in which the society usually meets, who is also
561 one of the members, keeps a pipe and tobacco ready for use in the cere-
[276] monies. There is no special form of pipe, neither are there any peculiar
[594] smoking customs pertaining to this society. This individual does not buy
his place by the regular transfer nor is he recognized as having any particular official status. Nevertheless, it is said that no matter where the ceremony is performed, this individual is expected to provide the pipe and care for it.

The lay members in this society are spoken of as the all-brave-dogs and are limited to twenty individuals. Some informants, however, deny that
[424] there was any special number. Later on it will be shown that each lay
[432] member purchased a particular rattle and since the rattles were, of course, of a definite number, the membership was limited thereby. The lay mem-
[292] bers have no costume of any kind, but carry their blankets over their left
[237] arms and their rattles in their right hands. On the back of the head each wears a feather.

[534] An interesting point is that the face painting is determined by the painting upon the rattle as shown in Fig. 10. The rattles vary greatly in their
[531] painting. Each individual therefore, paints his face according to the
[302] painting upon the rattle he owns. No one now living recalls any symbolic significance for the painting on the rattles other than that it furnishes the copy for face painting. There is no special myth accounting for their origin.
[796] When the paint rubs off or it becomes necessary to repaint the rattle, the former owner of it must be called upon to perform this service. He will count war deeds and perform other ceremonies after which he paints the
● [787] rattle. For this he must receive liberal fees. It was said that the person who first "dreamed the society" directed that the rattles be painted in this way.

[887] The old men comrades are expected to give advice in the conduct of the various ceremonies, one of whom is expected to act as a herald and to ride
[203] about the camps calling the society together whenever a meeting is desired.
[534] These men have no particular costume, but each has a rattle, and may wear a feather at the back of his head.

[292] The single men comrades are required to perform certain services such
[237] as gathering food and receiving presents. Each has a rattle according to which he paints and otherwise dresses according to his taste. The society
[556] usually elects the sons of prominent families, since they not only have fine costumes, but since their relatives are apt to make liberal presents to the society.

[796] A tipi for the society's ceremonies is set up inside the camp circle. This
[535] is usually the tipi of one of the bear-all-brave-dogs, though other members

561 The bull society became extinct because of a curious belief. The originator
575 warned them that if a dancer fell, he would soon die. It so happened once that two
●[787] dancers fell and died very soon thereafter. So the people ruled to omit the ceremonies.

[173] All the war-bonnet bundles used now, came from the bull society and when transferring them, the bull songs are rendered.

An old man named Boy says his father saw the bulls dance and handed down an account of them, as follows:—

561 They were the most ancient society. One of the leaders wore a robe hair side
575 out and a headdress made from the skin of a buffalo's head, with the horns polished.
292 The left horn was painted blue with a blue plume at the tip. The right horn was
292 painted white. The other leader wore a straight-up feather bonnet without a tail.
531 Weasel fringes hung from the sides. On the front was an arrow, about the length of
237 the forearm. This was fastened crosswise and with weasel fringes at each end of the
796 feathering. The arrow, the bonnet, and feathers were well daubed with red paint.
As to the arrow, it is said that once in a fight with the Crow Indians the leader of the
[411] bulls was wounded by an arrow so he symbolically painted the headdress red (blood
color) and tied an arrow upon it. He also wore a robe hair side out.[1]

[535] The dance formation for the society was two abreast. The two leaders were in the front rank, but just back of them was a single individual. He wore a straight-up feather bonnet painted red but without the arrow. On the left side of the bonnet band was a brass disc. Behind this man ranged the members two by two. At the rear sat a lone man known as a scabby bull. He wore a robe minus the hair in patches as the name indicates. On his head was the entire skin of an otter, forming a band with the head and tail behind. At the front and back are fans of eagle tail-feathers. Weasel tail fringes hang down at the sides and the back. The band of otterskin is about six fingers wide. On the left side is a brass disc about four inches in diameter mounted on a larger disc of rawhide with fringes of weasel fur. The edges of the rawhide disc are beaded.

The members wore robes with the hair side out and straight-up bonnets with tail pieces and erect feathers. These are called "boss rib" bonnets.

561 When dancing they snorted like buffalo, turning their heads from side to side,
575 but keeping in line. They also pretended to hook each other. Four drummers were
796 placed at the rear. On one flank was a rider supposed to be driving the buffalo to
the pound or to water. Now and then he shouted and dropped a blanket, four in all.
535 These represented the piles of rock forming the lines to a drive.[2]

The things thrown down were left for the poor and aged who collected them. At the start the dancers moved slowly, then on a trot, and finally on a gallop like a herd of buffalo when pursued. The rider drove them to a watering place, but threw
[411] a stone in to scare them back as they pretended to drink. At last he fired a gun and threw it away for the poor. This ended the dance.

At other times, the musicians built fires of buffalo dung. When the bulls smelled the smoke they danced off in another direction. Again, the society sat in a circle and danced like the braves.

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[114] [1] Curtis, Vol. 6, 28, says a pointless arrow was worn but our informant is positive that the arrow had a metal point, in short, a real arrow.

[2] Vol. 5, 35.

561 575 796 started off slowly, repeatedly looking back at the rider while their wives brought up the rear. Four men drummed and sang for them as they marched in the direction of the camp. Some of the songs ran as follows: — "The ground is our medicine; it is powerful. The wind is our medicine. Man, I want to hook."

535 The messenger rode alongside the bulls and dropped a blanket in their path to head them off. These blankets were picked up by others who followed behind.

When they came near the camp the bulls were driven toward a lake and then another man was asked to splash the water for the bulls as they drank. The man who splashed the water was a chief. He took four buffalo dungs and counted four war deeds. While he counted, some of his kin threw down near him blankets and other valuables to honor him. These things were taken by the bystanders.

As the bulls began to drink he threw a buffalo chip into the water. This frightened the bulls and they turned back. Again, he threw in a buffalo chip and again the bulls turned back. This was repeated four times and then the bulls drank, ending their march to the water.

● [787] During this march one of the scabby bulls fell. Not long after this he was picking berries with some women when he was attacked by the enemy and killed. It is said to be bad luck for one of the members to fall during the march or dance.

[173] Big-brave said that they usually dance after being watered but that his father did not see them dance. All the war-bonnets used nowadays are said to come from the bull society.

561 575 [114] While these accounts do not agree in all their details, they are in general accord. Bearing in mind that the last member of this society died many years ago, we are fortunate in receiving even these fragments. Curtis[1] denies that the bulls were a part of the regular series, but our informants were positive that they were. Since among neighboring tribes the bull society was one of the series and usually of the highest rank, we accept these statements as correct. We have also the testimony of Maximilian,[2] Grinnell, and McClintock in our favor.

In the account of the horns we noted Running-wolf's theory that the society had assimilated parts of the bull ritual. It will be noted that the headgear credited to the bulls is very much like some horn society regalia in contrast to that of the kit-fox.

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[1] Curtis, 6, 28.

[2] Stomick (die Bisonstiere, les gros boeufs). Sie bilden eigentlich den ersten, d. h. ausgezeichnetsten aller Vereine, und sind die ersten im Range. In der Hand tragen sie ein Medecine-Zeichen mit Bisonhufen behangen. Wenn sie bei ihrem, besonderen Gesange tanzen, so rasseln sie mit jenen Hufen. Um die Polizei zu handhaben sind sie zu alt; denn sie sind durch alle Vereine hindurch gegangen und man betrachtet sie als gleichsam im Ruhestande. In gewisser Art sind sie von dem Vereine der thätigen und angesehenen Soldaten schon wieder hinabgestiegen. Bei ihrem Medecine-Tanze tragen sie auf dem Kopfe eine Mütze von den langen Stirnhaaren und der Mähne des Bisonstiers, welche lang herabhängen (Maximilian, German edition, 578-579.) A

A. [See p. 408-A for translation--Analyst]

old man did not dream of it, but based it upon a dance he had seen in his 561
boyhood. 575
The origin myth is as follows:— 173

Once an old man saw some prairie-chickens dance. He was a trapper and set some snares in which the dancers were entangled. Afterwards he had a dream in which the oldest of the chickens appeared and said, "You have killed my children and spoiled our dance. If you do not leave us alone, I will take your children away. How would you like that. If I had but few children, I would take some of yours; but since I have many, you may keep yours."

The old chicken carried a staff like that used in the society. Then he began to dance and gave the old man directions for forming a society.

THE CROWS.

The important point in this society is that it was organized about forty- 561
one years ago and gave its annual ceremony four times, and then ceased 575
to meet. It is said to have originated in the dream of a North Blackfoot [787]
boy. It should not be confused with the ma′esto˟pa′takiks (raven-bearers).
The leader and the members wore fringed black shirts and leggings. All 561
carried buffalo tails. Their faces were painted red or yellow, with black 575
symbols representing crow's feet. 796

There were three to four drummers who sat in the center of the dance [292]
circle. Near them was the skin from the head of a buffalo and upon it the [237]
head of a crow. The leader held these alternately when dancing. The [302]
dances were held in the night and were very noisy, like congregated crows. [535]

A special drum was provided, painted black, and bore a picture of a [534]
crow.

THE ALL-BRAVE-DOGS.

While with the Piegan, the members paint according to their rattles, [302]
in this division they paint according to a definite formula, yellow on the face with transverse bars of red across the eyes and mouth. The wives of members take part as previously noted, but paint like their husbands and may at times dance in their stead. In the regular ceremonies they dance at four different points in the camp circle. Our informants mentioned the two bear members, described by the Piegan. The North Blackfoot name is ma′tse.

THE BAD-HORNS.

This was organized by a North Blackfoot man who believed he had died 561
and visited the land of the dead. He came to a place where the dead were 575
[787]

561 dancing. As he stood watching, the leader shook his staff at him at which
575 he passed again into life. His name was Calf-shakes-his-head and after-
[777] ward he founded the society.

The leader carries a staff about four feet long bearing fringes and hoofs
561 throughout its length. The fringe is made from the smoky top of a tipi.
575 One end of the staff is sharpened for planting in the ground. The costume
796 is a very long shirt, like a woman's dress with fringes on the sides, made of
[292] smoky tipi covers. The leggings and moccasins are of the same material.
White paint is spread around the eyes, and around the mouth, red with an
[302] outer border of white.

The second leader has a staff and a costume identical with the first.

[535] There is but one song. In the dance they stand fast, moving the head
and shoulders only. The positions are as in other societies. All hold
[534] whistles in their mouths while making the dancing movements.

There are three drums. These are laid upon the ground and not held when beaten.

The name of this society is paˣka'potskinaiye.

THE BRAVES.

[184] The organization is on the whole, similar to the corresponding society
among the Piegan, but an informant gave the following exceptions:—

[292] The shirts they wear are long and reach to the feet. They are made from the
smoked parts of tipis. They have a headdress that seems to be a painted cap with
holes for the eyes, nose, and mouth. They have two white lances. The informant
claims that formerly there were but two of these, and that later they added two more.
The other features of the dance are as described by the Piegan.

SUMMARY.

561 In general it may be said that the Piegan, Blood, and North Blackfoot
575 divisions of the Blackfoot Indians have the same series of societies for men.
184 The same conceptions underlie their gradations and functions and in most
cases the details of organization and the names are identical. This can be interpreted in two ways: either the system was acquired before the divisions separated, or it was disseminated from one center. For a long time the Blood and Piegan have been most intimate and the Indians themselves seem to recognize greater affinity between them. Consistent with this is the close correspondence between their societies. Yet, the greater differences for the North Blackfoot occur among the societies for younger men, which as we

He brought it from the Crow where he lived some twelve years. He knew that 794
it came from the seven stars. The Crow gave him some seeds of a small plant with a [177]
song, which gave him a membership. After a time he dreamed of six dwarfs and they
gave him power to get horses, property, food, and long life. Since that time he has [787]
always had abundance. When he came back to the Piegan, he sold or transferred [432]
to Curly-bear some of his power and since that time the latter has prospered. He
claims that all of the members are prosperous. When a member is taken in he is [237]
given the skin of an otter, blackbird, weasel, beaver, or something with a song.
These songs must have been dreamed by some of the members. Women can be
taken in alone, but if married, both husband and wife must join; likewise when a
man joins, his wife must enter. A man joins by calling upon a member, making [432]
him gifts and asking him for some of the Crow-water power. These gifts are supposed
to be many quilts, horses, etc. Each member gives him some object and an associated [424]
song.

The members receiving the gifts must divide them among other members as far 794
as they will go, one thing for each. Each one receiving a horse must contribute
some object, a song and some power, the others are free to choose. Thus, the highest 432
price paid for membership brings the most medicines. The objects are placed in a 424
bundle which becomes the new member's individual medicine. They are not treated 422
as most medicine bundles, but may be opened at any time.

In the ceremonies the women usually do the dancing. The men seldom dance 794
but do the singing. The women do not sing when they are dancing. There are no
regular times for meetings, but it is usual to hold them every Sunday and at the time 796
of the new moon. Ceremonies are held in compliance with vows of outsiders or
members as with other medicines, but they may meet on any occasion. The number
of members is not limited in any way. None of the proceedings are secret. Everybody may look in, but only members can come inside of the tipi or ceremonial circle.

The members usually paint their faces yellow, with red bars across the mouth [302]
and forehead. A rectangle of red is also made upon the backs of the hands. A few
plumes and feathers are worn on the head. There are no other regalia, the chief [292]
things being the individual bundles of the members.

The taboos observed by bundle owners are also in evidence. Neither marrow 794
nor bones may be placed in the fire or the owner's horse will have his leg broken.
Lodge pins must not be put in the fire or the owner will have a tumor (?); nor must 784
iron be put in the fire and allowed to become red hot, or the owner's teeth will fall 751
out. If lodge poles are burnt up, horses will die. The owner must not touch moccasins while smoking; he will have a scabby mouth. Moccasins placed under the
bed will bring bad luck. When dancing and smoking, if one should pass in front of
him, the smoker goes blind. He must not lend a blanket to another as this will
bring bad results.

The medicine formula or power may be used as follows: — If a member wishes a 794
horse, he calls in other members and sings the songs and offers prayers. It is believed
that one so doing will soon be called upon for some service and receive a horse as a 789
fee. Other wishes may be gratified in the same way. An outsider desiring anything
may formally announce that he provides food and presents for a meeting. Then
members assemble and hold a meeting. This is usual in sickness. Vows to provide
the feast may be made as in case of medicine bundles.[1]

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[1] Vol. 7, 148, 172.

wife are given some clothing. In all, four sweat houses must be made but there is no 794
rule as to the interval between the making of each sweat house, it being merely a 432
matter of convenience. After the fourth sweat house and dance, the new member
and his wife go to the dance taking with them blankets, calico, and probably eight
horses to be given as a fee to the father. The grandfather has first choice of the
horses and the rest of the things are divided among the members. Then all the
members spread open their bundles and the new member may choose one object
from each bundle. With each object he is given a song. If at any time the new
member should visit his grandfather, he must give him a present.

Women as well as men are taken into this society, some unmarried women being members. During the dance, if there is a large attendance, each member sings only three or four of his songs, as it would take too long for everyone to sing all his songs.

Members of the society recognize the following taboos: bones must not be 794
heated inside of a member's tipi; meat must not be cut in a kettle, nor must a knife
be used to stir food while it is cooking; the picket pins must never be burned, should [784]
one be burned horses will be lost. When a member dreams of some new thing to be [787]
made up, he goes to his grandfather to do so and pays him for it. After the new
medicine has been made up, he tells the others about it.

The different medicine objects in the bundles are: mink, muskrat, otter belt, [778]
weasel, blackbird, sparrows, night hawks, beaver, magpies, snow birds, a wooden
hand, a whistle, robins, and other birds.

The power of this society consists in causing its members to become wealthy. [789]
Also, when the members pray, it cures the sick.

Before Owl-top joined this society an old woman, who came from the Crow, [156]
gave him a yellow shirt, a yellow robe, and a riding whip for which he gave her two
horses and other things. The shirt, robe, and riding whip belong to the Crow-water medicine society. The old woman told him that some time one of his mares
would have a pinto colt, and that whenever this happened, he would have many
differently colored horses. Long after she told him this, he dreamed four times of
many differently colored horses. Then he believed what she had told him. Now,
it has been some time since the old woman told him about this pinto colt, and none
of his mares have ever born such a colt, but his son-in-law's mares have had two pinto
colts. He believes these are the colts the old woman prophesied about and thinks
that now his horses will begin to increase. This society came from the Crow, but [177]
it is not known how the Crow got it.

We previously published two origin myths for the crow-water formula, 794
one of which was evidently devised from the beaver bundle cycle.[1] In 177
both, however, the Crow origin of the society is emphatically announced.
Since Dr. R. H. Lowie, who has made a thorough study of the Crow, finds 174
no similar society among them, some discussion seems necessary. The fact [171]
that two individuals contributed to the society seems to favor the existence
of some parent ceremony among the Crow. On the other hand, the bundles
and procedures of the society are typically Blackfoot, the only distinguishing
characteristic as such, being the grouping of bundle owners into an organiza-

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[1] Vol. 2, 77, 80.

794 tion. In a previous paper we discussed the ceremonial system of the Black-
177 foot, calling attention to the existence of a great stimulus to produce new
174 bundles and rituals. From what we know of Blackfoot life, the most
probable thing is that the founders of this society took a suggestion from Crow culture, by which they constructed a new ceremony. According to Dr. Lowie's Crow data, it seems that the most likely characteristic to impress a Blackfoot visiting the Crow would be the society organization in the tobacco ceremonies, since that feature is decidedly in contrast to the Blackfoot system of individually owned bundles. Hence, it seems a reasonable hypothesis that the founder (Iron) grasped the notion of a society organized on lines similar to the tobacco societies of the Crow. As previously noted, we fail to find any definite common inter-tribal elements, except the suggestion of the name and some mention of tobacco seeds. As to the name—the designation of this society as the Crow-beaver may have been due to the tobacco function of a beaver bundle owner presenting the only true Blackfoot analogy to the Crow tobacco society. Some of the Piegan members of this society had in their bundles small buckskin bags containing tobacco seeds which they said came from the Crow. These were not planted but used as ceremonial objects. We found no evidence of any member planting tobacco or that any considerable number of members possessed such tobacco. On the other hand, some members did dream of the "dwarfs"[1] who play an important part in the beaver bundle ritual, but they also had dreams of other mythical creatures. It seems then, that while there is some basis for the hypothesis that the name Crow-water society is the Blackfoot rendering of the Crow tobacco society and that the gross organization of each is similar, there the resemblances cease. The hypothetical character of the foregoing should be noted. It seems a reasonable assumption that the Blackfoot enthusiasts who promoted the new society gave it its overwhelming Blackfoot character, perhaps in spite of the wishes of the founders.

THE BLACK-TAILED DEER DANCE

794 This cult flourishes among the Piegan. The chief function of the cult
[789] is to make the capture of the deer easy, since members usually have dream
revelations as to the whereabouts of deer. One member told us that in his
[787] dreams three catholic nuns always appeared and gave the information.
[177] It is certain that the whole ceremony was recently introduced from the
Kootenai, some of the charter members being still among the living.

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[1] Vol. 7, 200.

794 through the same performance. While dancing they all sing and some carry bells to
796 keep time. Others hold both hands on their breasts as in the stick game. No
drums are used. It is thought that the more the dancers exert themselves during
535 the dance the better will be the result of their prayers.

[534] Some members have hypnotic power. The prayers are for food, success in all
undertakings, and protection against death. They pray to those who have given
[928] them power or songs in their dreams.

[789] The origin of the dance is given in the following:—

794 A man had been ill for a long time and was not expected to recover. One time,
173 while still ill, those around him heard him try to sing and raise himself. He
supported himself on a post, meanwhile humming. Then he returned to his bed, and
787 said, "I have had a dream. A deer came to me and said, 'I have come to help you. I have taken pity on you. You see yonder hill. I will lead you to the top of it. Hold my windpipe, but if you pull my windpipe in two before we reach the top, you will die. If not, you will get well.' We went up the hill very slowly. When we reached the top, the deer said, 'There are four deer on yonder ridge which I will give you. When you kill them take out the windpipe and lungs of one of them as you see mine now. Be careful and do not cut them in two. Take them home and cook them and give a dance and eat them and you will be well.' That is why I got out of bed and held on to the post. I thought it was the deer." Then he said to the two men, "Go to yonder ridge and kill the four deer there. Butcher one of them as I was told in the dream and bring it to me." They returned with the deer. That night they held a dance, the black-tailed deer dance.

794 Before hunting, a deer dance is held, so they may dream where the game
[224] will be found. Sometimes the leader dances, holding a post with both
hands with bells, deer hoofs or claws in one hand, and a handkerchief or skin
[789] in the other. Anyone who believes in the dance may join whether he has
[796] songs or not. Some of the regalia for the dance are: rabbit ears, deer
claws and hoofs, feathers, plumes, mink skins, otterskins, sleigh bells, and
[237] deer tails, also weasel skins, owl and other feathers. Juniper is more
[824] frequently used for the smudge than sweetgrass. The members paint in
[302] red or yellow with a stripe across the forehead and one across the chin.

Some members have power to give ill luck and to charm game. When
794 game is killed by the members, they must not cut into the windpipe, nor give
789 the heart to the dogs. The head of deer must not be used by anyone as food,
224 nor must children be allowed to play with it or the hoofs. The reason that
these taboos must be kept is that the member may be able to charm game.
[784] When they wish to go out to hunt, they set up a stick covered with cloth
about twelve inches long at the rear of the tipi and make a smudge of juniper
bac[illegible] it. The men sing, but must not pass between the stick and the
fire[illegible]ce.

eight games are to be played after which food is served. The two last guessers are 796
required to pass the food. 524

Before Fish dreamed the stick game, Big-spring gave him a set as a present.
After dreaming, Fish gave the first bundle to The-dog-takes-the-gun. The three [173]
men are related and for this reason pass the stick game bundle from one to the other.

Fish dreamed of a man who came to give him the stick game bundle. The 524
dream person carried the bundle on his left arm. His face was painted yellow and 778
dotted all over. In his hair was tied an owl feather. Now, one of the guessers ties
an owl feather in his hair when the game is played. Fish claims the stick game [787]
bundle to be very powerful. If a person be sick he may vow to play with the stick [237]
game owner in order that he may recover. When the game is played, the bundle
owner paints and prays for the person with whom he is to play. On the other hand, [755]
the game must not necessarily be played when anyone is ill but can be played at any
time.

Each stick is decorated with a six-inch owl feather. Two guessing sticks are [237]
wrapped with otter fur and decorated with bells. At each end is a tail-feather used
in guessing. One of the guessing sticks is painted red, the other yellow. Fish only [531]
dreamed one song for the bundle but the rest of the stick game songs go with it.
The same songs are used for the three stick game bundles on the reservation. There [533]
are some twenty of these and ten tapping-the-stick songs. The songs are sung at the
beginning of the game, or when either side wins. Four or more cheering songs are
sung when dancing after one side has won the game.

When any member of a family is ill, the head of the family may vow to give a 796
feast to the stick game owners so that the sick person may recover. The game takes
place at his home. The owner of the stick game bundle sits at the head of the as- 524
sembly. There are four or five drummers and four of the tapping-the-stick songs are 755
sung. The owner unties the bundle placing ten of the waving sticks, two hiding
bones, and the guessing stick in one pile, and the rest in a second stack. His face is [302]
painted and a cross is marked on his forehead, on either cheek, and each palm. The
players must not cheat during the game. Then he calls on the person giving the feast
to feed him. The stick game owner makes a smudge and prays for the person giving
the feast. He paints him and marks a cross on his forehead, each cheek, and the [302]
palms of his hand. The ten waving sticks, two hiding bones, and the guessing stick
are held over the smudge in one hand by the man giving the feast. The owner rubs
the man's head and along his sides, meanwhile praying. He repeats the same evolutions with his wife.

The woman spreads a blanket on the ground on which the game is played. An object beaded in yellow on one side and blue on the other is rolled on the blanket until one color is shown three times. The man chooses the blue, the woman the yellow side. Should the yellow be shown three times the woman will accordingly be the one to guess first and vice versa. The man and woman guessing each represent half of the crowd. Each passes the ten sticks as far as they will go on the side for whom they are playing. To win the game one side must obtain all the twenty sticks. During all these preliminaries the tapping-the-stick songs are sung.

In the beginning, two persons are selected to hide the bones. The two (?) who are to play sit in the center facing each other, first passing around the stove or fire as the case may be, the man around the right, the woman the left. Then the stick game songs are sung. Four of the crowd of men, women, and children are selected to play. The man and woman who are to guess pass around the players to the right

796 and left, respectively. Standing in front of the players, the woman guesses first,
524 throwing the guessing sticks up and down and watching the eagle feather at the end,
755 guessing according to the feather on the stick. The man then guesses for the players
on the woman's side and if he should guess both, the woman returns the hiding bones to the man's players and the game is played over again. While playing they are very noisy and boisterous. This continues until either side has collected the twenty sticks, making the game.

The winners then rise and dance, singing the cheering songs, while the ones who lost remain seated. Between games there is a resting period, when the tapping-the-stick songs are sung while men and boys drum. Four games are played in all. After the fourth game there is a feast.

If a visitor from another tribe be present, the guesser may give a present to the visitor. If a guesser loses a game, he may choose anyone from among the crowd and give him his guessing stick. Everyone losing a game does this. The stick game owner and all the others dress in their ordinary costume, the owner and the man promising to give the feast only having their faces painted as before mentioned. It is said that some of the hand game songs are sung with the others for this game.

[173] The stick game dance songs are said to come from the Gros Ventre. Big-spring,
the first owner, never used the bundle. He received it as a present from a Gros
[177] Ventre, then gave it to Fish who dreamed the ritual as stated. Later Fish dreamed
[533] and made up another bundle like the first with the exception of the feathers which
are different. There are three stick game bundles now.
[787]

535 173 177 [721] Long before the Piegan had the grass dance, thirty-five or forty years ago, some of the regalia, the war-bonnet, tomahawk, two dancing whips, feather tail belt, and a drum were captured from the Sioux and Assiniboine. A Piegan war party went among the Sioux and found the body of a Sioux tied up in a tree with a large drum near it. The Piegan took the drum and used the leather head for the soles of moccasins.

Some years later the Piegan met the Crow who told them that the regalia they had captured were used in the grass dance. They also taught them the dance. Later, Bob-tail-horse, who had stolen the drum from the Sioux grave made another like it. The Piegan then organized the grass dance which was later improved by Big-nose and Running-rabbit who visited the Assiniboine and brought back many of the dance outfits. As I obtained this information from three or four different people, I am quite sure the grass dance was first given by the Crow. Though the Piegan captured some of the dance regalia, they did not know its use until they met the Crow. Thus they held the dance, but later the Gros Ventre and Assiniboine gave them more of the regalia and added much more to the dance.

535 575 [431] [784] Formerly, the rules for the dance were very different from the present rules. The first grass dance society used to throw away women, horses, blankets, and other property. A stick is thrown away and whoever gets it receives the property for which it was thrown. When a member of the dance drops anything, he must not pick it up. Now, should a member drop something during the dance all the members dance around it in a circle, until someone picks it up, relates four war deeds, and returns it to the owner.

[778] [784] [751] Most of the dance regalia, such as the tomahawk, the sword and belt, were considered very sacred. For example, if a man has been with a woman the night before the dance, he must not dance with the belt. If this rule be broken, the penalty is a lame back. Women must not touch any of these things or their hands will swell. The men must also avoid smoking with women.

When the dance paraphernalia are not in use they are wrapped up lengthwise in a small bundle of calico, and tied with a cord. Before using, a smudge is made and the bundle held in it.

[789] [787] One of the members furnished the tobacco and filled the pipes for the others to smoke. Four single women members were taken in. These women assisted in the singing and often rode double with the men when they rode around the camps at night, singing. The evening before the dance some of the members would sing to bring good weather the next day. They had a pipe about seven inches long painted red. One of the members filled the pipe, held it up, remaining seated. While the others sang, he held the bowl and stem with both hands on a level with his eyes. Then he dropped the pipe to the ground. If none of the tobacco was spilled the day would be fine, but if some was dropped the day would be stormy.

[262] In the dance, dogs are eaten. These are furnished by outsiders who are well paid in blankets, clothing, and possibly a gun and horse. Each member is supposed to bring with him a cup in which the berry soup or coffee is placed by two or more men. If a member has no cup the food will be poured into his hat or blanket to teach him to bring a cup the next time. While the food is being served all the members say, "How," meaning, "I have enough." Should any member omit this, he will be compelled to eat all the food alone as a punishment.[1]

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[192] [1] On inquiry Mr. Duvall found that the Indians were ignorant of the origin of this word, but used it because it was taught them by the Assiniboine in transferring the ceremony. This is an interesting example of a borrowed word. In Dakota, the word is used in greeting or in expressing satisfaction.

535 in their best clothes, put on war paint, and use all their war bundles, shields,
[292] lances, bonnets, and horn bonnets. A number of old men and women form
a circle about the center of the camp and sing and drum for the horsemen
who first ride out of sight of the camp and then come into the camp circle
at great speed, circle around once, and then come to the center where the
[726] singers are, riding around and getting off to dance from time to time. The
men shoot and shout while some admonish the others to be brave in case of
[787] war. If anyone fall from his horse, ill luck is sure to follow. There are
special songs for this dance.

[533] When the men get ready to go on the warpath they dress and paint as
726 for the horse dance and ride around the camp in the same way.

535 This dance seems to have some connection with the rituals described in
Vol. 7, 107–111, in so far as owners of those rituals take the leading parts
in the parades. For similar ceremonies among the Teton-Dakota see p. 96.

SCALP DANCE.

535 A dance known as the scalp dance, said to ~~come from Scabby-round-robe,~~
727 is danced after a victory in battle.[1] The dance is held only when men on the
enemy's side have been killed. Sometimes when only one man, and one of
no importance has been killed on the Blackfoot side, the dancers go to his
[431] relatives and ask permission to have the dance. They present the mourners
with clothing, robes, etc.

Either one or four days may be given over to a dance for the same victory.
It is held in the center of the camp circle. Anyone who wishes may join.
[292] The women dance with men's weasel-tail shirts, bonnets, braid their hair as
[237] the men do, and tie weasel tails in it. They also tie their husbands' medicine
bundles, like the smoking-otter, the black-covered pipe, and the lance to
[302] their hair and use guns as canes. Some women dance with a stick to which
is tied the scalplock of an enemy. If a hand be cut off they hold it in their
[822] teeth while dancing. Some dress as grotesquely as possible, while others
paint their faces black, the sign of victory.

The men and women stand opposite each other about twenty feet apart.
The men have six or eight drums, and sing, while the women dance toward
them until the song is ended when they dance backward. These movements
are repeated with each song.

[553] Those who have killed an enemy are led around on a horse by some old
men, who sing the songs of cheer or praise, calling the rider by name and

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[1] Vol. 2, 81.

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785 When my grandma was about a year or two old, Heavy
796 Head became one of the last Bloods to go through the ancient
ritual of self-torture. He had gone to raid horses from an
[782] enemy tribe and gotten into a tough situation. In order to
get help and courage, he made a vow to go through this ritual
at the next Sun Dance ceremony, which is the main tribal
event in our traditional life. In front of all the people, his
chest was pierced in two places so that willow skewers could
be inserted. To these were tied two long ropes, which hung
down from the symbolic Center Pole in the sacred Sun Dance
lodge. Heavy Head had to pull these ropes tight and dance
until the skewers broke through his flesh and released him.
The ceremony may sound cruel today, but my ancestors had
a lot of faith and meaning for it in their nature-oriented life.
A couple of years later the ceremony was forbidden by the
government.

756 Heavy Head suffered from his Sun Dance wounds for some
787 time. He went out into the hills so that he could cry and
suffer alone, and out there he was given certain mystical
powers to cure ailments with prayers, songs, and herbs. As
he grew older he became the keeper of various tribal medicine
756 bundles and a member of ancient societies. Among the Bloods
593 a man does all these things in company with his wife—his main
one, if he should have two or more—so my great-grandma,
First-to-Kill, began to learn the songs and ceremonies of our
sacred ways. Her life changed from helping one husband feed
and house wagon-road travelers to helping another husband
doctor the sick people and lead their religious ceremonies when
they were well.

177 Grandma AnadaAki grew up hearing these old songs and
watching the ceremonies. But her mother knew that the mod-
871 ern ways were coming to stay, so she made sure that her
children got themselves educated. Grandma was sent to a
177 special girls' school run by a British matron named Miss
Wells. Unlike the missionary and boarding schools that were

791 the home of her son, Eagle Plume, and in the company of her grandchildren, like Atsitsina. He used to tell us about her, and the following is one of his stories.

"I will tell you a story about my grandmother, Otsani. She was my father's mother, and she used to carry me on her back when I was small. She was a very powerful person. She knew all our religious ceremonies and she doctored the people. [757] Among her doctoring methods she used cactus spines and porcupine quills to perform what is now called acupuncture. She taught my father how to do this, and he once cured a [755] very badly swollen knee of mine with that method. Sometimes my grandmother also used this treatment to draw the bad spirits out of a person's body if some enemy had put a 787 spell into them and made them feel bad. She had the Power to communicate with ghosts, and I once saw her do this.

"One time, when I was still a young man, there was no food at my father's house. My brother Doesn't-Own-Nice-Horses [Jack Low Horn] and a cousin of ours said: 'We are going to go out and raid a cow so we can have some food.' Somebody told them: 'You better not do it—the old man will hear about it and he will get mad. He doesn't like us to do anything against the law. Anyone that is caught killing will get lots of years in jail.' They didn't listen and they went out and killed a cow. They butchered the cow in a real hurry because they were scared they might get caught with it.

"When they had gotten all the butchered meat home, my cousin discovered that his knife was lost. He said: 'If the police find it I will be caught, because I have my brand carved in the handle.' His father, Sits-with-His-Chest-Out, told him: 'That old lady, Otsani, has the Power to find things that are lost. Give her this tobacco and ask her to find your knife. You will get put in jail if the police find it first.'

"My cousin took the tobacco over and gave it to the old lady and asked her to help find his knife. She tasted the tobacco, because she couldn't see very well. 'Oh, some real

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tobacco,' she said, and she was glad because she liked to smoke. Then she got out some dishes and she put raw kidney and liver in them and set them out on the table, along with a glass of water. Then she sang some songs. She told us to turn the light off. She sat there quietly and we all waited and wondered what would happen. Pretty soon the dogs started barking outside, and there was a noise like someone running up to the house, breathing hard. We knew it was a ghost! B 187

"The old lady told the ghost: 'All right, here is some water for you, drink it!' Then we heard sounds like glass tinkling against something solid. Then she said: 'All right, now here is some food for you.' There were more strange noises. Then she offered the ghost a smoke, and we could see the tobacco being lit and glowing. Then she told the ghost what the problem was, and asked him to go and look for my cousin's knife. The old lady told us to turn the lights back on. Nobody was there and all the food and water were gone.

"After a while the dogs started barking again. The old lady said to hurry and turn the lights off. Then we heard a loud thumping noise. After that she offered the ghost another smoke and then he was gone. When we turned the lights on again we saw the knife lying on the floor. Now, we all saw this happen and we knew that she never left the house to go for the knife. Besides, she didn't know where it was. She sure had very mysterious powers."

STORIES BY MY AUNT, MARY ONE SPOT, OF THE SARCEE TRIBE

I am Mary One Spot. My maiden name was Mary Big Belly. In the Sarcee language my name is Water Woman. I belong to the Sarcee tribe, and I live near the Rocky Mountains, west of Calgary, Alberta, where our people have a small Indian reserve. I am one of the last women who was raised in the S 115

701 462 [726] of warriors rode out after the enemy, killing many of them and chasing the rest away. The young woman's name was mentioned for days and nights after, as the people recounted what had taken place during that particular fight. It is said that some of the people complained, and feared that the girl performing men's deeds would set a bad example which might lead other girls to give up their household ways.

701 462 592 *However, when her mother became helplessly ill some*time later, the future warrior woman decided on her own to take up household work. Since she was the eldest child in the family, there was no one to do the cooking and tanning while her mother slowly withered away. So she worked hard to learn what she had been avoiding, and she taught her younger brothers and sisters to help out wherever they could.

It is hard to say for how many years this young woman took the place of her mother in running the family household, but it is said that she did it very well. However, it is also said that she did it without receiving any pleasure from it, since she had probably already experienced too much excitement from the adventures of men's ways. At any rate, she had no boy friends and she took no interest in the plans others her age were making for marriage.

The turning point in the young woman's life came when her father was killed while on the war trail. News of his [787] death also killed his widow, in her weakened state. The young woman and her brothers and sisters suddenly were orphaned, and she decided at that point to devote herself to her dream power giving her directions to follow men's ways. She took a widow woman into the lodge to help with the household work, and she directed her brothers and sisters in doing their share. She even carried a rifle—inherited from her father—at a time when many men still relied mainly on their bows and arrows.

701 462 726 Her first war adventure came not long after she and her family had gotten over their initial mourning. A war party

701 there she saw the approach of two enemy riders, and before she
462 could alert the rest of her party to the danger, the enemies
were ready to round up the captured herd. It is said that she
726 ran down the butte with her rifle and managed to grab the rope of the herd's lead horse, to keep the rest from running away. Then, as the enemies closed in on her, expecting no trouble from a woman, she shot the one who carried a rifle and forced the other one to turn and try an escape. Instead of reloading her own rifle, she ran and grabbed the one from the fallen enemy, and shot after the one getting away. She missed him, but others of the party went after him and shortly brought him down as well. Her companions were quite surprised and pleased at what she had done. Not only had she saved their whole herd from being captured, but she also killed an enemy and captured his gun. She even captured his horse and one of the others took his scalp and presented her with it. It is said that she didn't want it, but she felt better when reminded that she had avenged her father's death.

701 Although the young woman's first war experience was quite
462 successful, there were still many people who thought that the
chiefs should make her stop following the ways of the men.
701 However, the critical talking came to an end altogether after
462 she followed the advice of wise elders and went out to fast
and seek a vision. She spent four days and nights alone and
787 the Spirits rewarded her with a vision that gave her the power that men consider necessary for leading a successful warrior's life. Such visions were not always received by those seeking them, and very seldom have women received them at all. By tribal custom, no one questioned her about the vision, nor did they doubt her right to follow the directions which she was thus given. From then on the people considered her as someone unusual, with special powers, whom only the Spirits could judge and guide.

701 The young woman's second war adventure took her west
462 over the Rocky Mountains, to the camps of the Kalispell
726

their way to Waterton and Banff National Parks 778
or to the famous Calgary Stampede in Canada. 823
Yet there are areas far enough away from the
speeding traffic for the Belly Buttes to remain the
isolated center of the Holy Spirit among the
Blood People. 823

The Power of the Buttes is felt by all who go 778
near them, even when there is no encampment in 776
progress. One winter a desperate family searched [372]
an old Sun Dance campsite for firewood, which is
scarce out on the prairie. This family discovered
they were using the fallen log of the sacred Center
Pole for fuel when they were awakened during
a cold night by an unseen Power singing the holy
Center Pole songs in a loud voice. Another time,
an enterprising rancher from our reserve began to
fence in the Buttes so that his cattle could graze
there. But he was discouraged from building his [784]
fence when strange sensations overtook him; older [782]
relatives reminded him that Holy Spirits must not
be disturbed without some sacrifice.

□

823

In 1972 the Sun Dance Encampment was 796
located near the edge of the flat that overlooks 778
the tree- and brush-lined Belly River bottoms. As [133]
the flat rises up from the river, the Belly Buttes
rise up from the flat, farther to the east. It is in [787]
those Buttes that many men have gone to find
their visions and Spirit helpers. Bears lived there [136]
not long ago. Today, eagles sometimes build their
nests there, and mountain lions cross tracks with
porcupines and coyotes. In some of the many [764]
caves and crevices are now the final resting places
of those Old People who passed away after laws
were made forbidding the traditional practice of
placing bodies near to the Spirit World on top of
scaffolds or in branches of trees.

It was still morning when we arrived at the 123
campground with our outfit. Our spiritual grandparents, 115
Mokakin and Ponah, pointed out a
vacant spot next to their tipi where they thought
we should camp. Mokakin, who was attending his 553
[554]

[p. 5-A]

against the cool air. The fires made with cotton- 372
wood burned quietly and calmly; but loud crack- 512
ling and popping could be heard from those fires made with pine, which was gathered from lumberyard scrap piles. Pine is not a popular firewood in tipis, especially if it is not thoroughly dry. It usually produces more smoke than the smokeholes can let out, and this makes for very tearful scenes! The smoke also carries little cinders throughout the tipi, burning holes in blankets and clothes. Pine is just no good in a tipi, although tent-dwellers have no trouble with it in their iron cooking stoves. Cottonwood is the favorite firewood, usually found in river bottoms. It is also the proper wood on which to burn incense. Unlike pine, cottonwood coals will continue to glow for a long time after being taken from a fire. This is helpful during ceremonies. Cottonwood coals are often placed on altars before prayers are begun. Later, incense is placed on a coal when the one who is praying wishes to make the sacred smoke.

As I returned to our tipi I heard the deep 512
voice of an old man beginning a song inside his 533
lodge. Perhaps this man's Medicine, which came [787]●
to him during some dream or vision, called for
daily singing, although most Medicine Bundles [778]
don't require this. He was probably singing a song his Spirit helpers taught him many years ago. No one in the camp would ask him about it or dare to sing it.

Our breakfast consisted of rose hips tea, fried 512
bread, and oatmeal. The tea was made from the 264
red buds of roses, which we had gathered after [272]
the first frost the previous fall. The fried bread
was made from white-flour dough, shaped into [222]
large patties and quick-fried in a skillet of hot [252]
grease. The oatmeal was made from the same kind of rolled oats that our Old People of the long-ago obtained from traders. Ours was a typical camp breakfast, but many of the Old People still prefer the traditional breakfast food—a piece of boiled or fried meat, washed down with water.

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ing his instructing. By that time the Old Man felt 793
he was too old to begin studying under another 778
Teacher, and decided to make the best of what he [533]
had already learned.

Other Teachings the Old Man gave to us [867]
include the Ways of our Sun Dance and our
Nighttime ceremonies, as well as our traditional 793
legends and some of the many true stories about
the adventures of various people of the past.

For many years, the Old Man's chief function
during our Sun Dances was that of Weather
Dancer. He was given the rights and Teachings
for this sacred duty by the former Weather
Dancer, Crow Spreads His Wings, who was his
brother. He gave the position up to the present [797]●
Weather Dancer, Mark Old Shoes, who was informed
through a dream that he would grow old
if he accepted this duty. When I sought to fulfill /123
a personal vow to take over the duties of a
Weather Dancer, it was necessary for me to consider
Old Shoe's conditional assurance of his old
age. I did not wish to break the spiritual strength
of this dream nor cause him any sudden anxiety
about the span of his life. So I recently became

[TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 15A]

Weather Dancer among the South Piegan divi- 123
sion of our People. Weather Dancers from vari- [793]
ous divisions often join together for Sun Dances.

Another of the Old Man's spiritual duties 793
was to serve as advisor to the Horns Society. 575
Among our People he was considered to have the 561
greatest knowledge of the society's songs and
ceremonies, having held seven different memberships in the society, including that of leader. The recent transfer was the tenth for which he had served as advisor. In his younger days, the Old Man also belonged to the now-extinct Brave Dogs and Pigeons societies.

As always, it was an honor to have the Old 574
Man visit our home. His presence inspired us 123
with the knowledge that it was still possible to find spiritual satisfaction with many of our Old Ways in this modern age. The strength of his old age let us find Power in his Teachings. With each visit he gave us more of his Good Spirits.

We sat in silence for a few moments after 576
the Old Man settled next to me. It is not proper 574
to ply a guest with many questions as soon as he arrives; nor does a guest usually begin a lengthy conversation until he has learned what mood is current in the lodge he has just entered. During that period of silence, SikskiAki came in, followed by Mokakin. As an old *Ninamskan*, or Pipe Man, he was given the second place of honor in the tipi, to the left of the Old Man.

Mokakin is learning to carry out two of the 575
Old Man's duties. During his past memberships 561
with the Horns he became acquainted with many [867]
of that society's functions, and is now looked
upon as an advisor by the new members. In addi- 759
tion, Mokakin is a successful doctor of several
minor physical ailments. He was given, in dreams [787]
this Power and shown the plants to use while he was sleeping near some old open-air burials in a secluded part of the reserve. His dreams came unexpectedly, while sleeping alone during a wintertime trapping expedition.

While SikskiAki served lunch to our three 778
574

[p. 15-A]

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moose hooves is tied to the stick. The hooves and 796
stick symbolize our Old People's main foods— 795
meat and roots. They also represent two of the 778
spiritual helpers who are said to have contributed [237]
their Powers to the original Natoas. The meanings
of these items were revealed in a dream to a [262]
Beaver Bundle man who kept the original Natoas. [787]

The holy woman's sacred headdress is the
most important item in the rawhide case. Like [292]
our other tribal Medicines of ancient origin, this
one is made up of things symbolic of the natural
world. The base of the headdress is a rawhide [237]
band of buffalo skin, shaped like a lizard. Plumes
and feathers of eagles and other birds are fastened [531]
to it so that they stand up. Skins of weasels are
attached so that they hang down, and an ancient
arrowhead hangs from one side. A tiny image-doll [532]
stuffed with sacred tobacco seeds is attached to
the rawhide band to represent mystical Spirits [776]
known as the Little People. Back when our Old
People still grew sacred tobacco, the Little People
would mysteriously come and give it their Power
to be sacred.

Wilson made these observations during the transfer ceremonies of these sacred headdresses:

Simultaneously, the initiation rite was per- 796
formed in '92 in all four of the lodges. I witnessed 793
that in which three women were initiated at once
in Running Wolf's lodge. The front had been [346]
enclosed and poles of the lodge had been spread
far apart and a second lodge pitched in front, so

[TEXT CONTINUED ON PAGE 27]

[p. 26-7]

boughs. At 1 p.m. the Lodge was quite completed 796
and quietness reigned in the camp, broken only 346
by the occasional shouting of some chief calling [203]
guests to a feast, or a caller assembling the members of some fraternity.

With the completion of the Holy Lodge, the 796
participants returned to their own lodges to await the next ceremony which was, in effect, the start of the second half of the Okan. The first four days had led up to the construction of it; the last three or four days were taken up with ceremonies within it.

The next part of the Okan began when two [237]
men came out of their lodges wearing sacred dress
and carrying fans of eagle wings and boughs of [924]
creeping juniper. Four old men came behind [533]
them with hand drums, singing a sacred song.
The two men, known as the Weather Dancers, [534]
danced forward to the rhythm of the song, at the [237]
same time blowing on whistles of eagle bone,
which stuck from their mouths.

The Weather Dancers are the priests for the 796
activities that take place inside the Medicine 791
Lodge. The People placed their spiritual faith in
these men, who were considered to have Power to [789]
attract good weather to the encampment. It was [787] ●
up to the Weather Dancers to decide how many
more days the Okan ceremonies would continue, and they would remain within the Medicine Lodge throughout that time to fast, pray, and dance. It is as a result of their duties that the Okan is often referred to as a Sun Dance.

The only clothing the Weather Dancers usu- 796
ally wore were moccasins and breechcloths. They 791
painted their bodies with designs shown to them 292
in dreams or given by some previous dancer. [302]
Around their heads and wrists they wore wreaths
of creeping juniper boughs, and eagle bone [787]
whistles hung from thongs around their necks. [924]
On their backs they sometimes wore white robes,
pinned together in front of their necks. They [237]
tried to concentrate their thoughts on the Holy [534]
Power that Sun passes on to all the creatures on Earth.

[P.34-A]

A few days later, I went out to the east point 796
of Belly Butte to fast. While I fasted I dreamed 785
that a sacred person came to me and gave me a [787] ●
drum and certain herbs to use for doctoring.
Then I returned home.

A short time after that the bands began to
come together for the Sun Dance Encampment. I
prepared myself to go to an old man named Little
Bear, a relative of mine [SikskiAki's great-grandfather],
who had been through the torture himself,
years before. I filled my pipe and took it to [431]
him. I gave him the pipe and a buckskin horse,
and said, "Here is a horse for you. Keep this pipe
too. I want you to look after me in the torture."
When I gave him the pipe he put it down and
went over to the next lodge. There were two old
men there, Green Grass Bull and Red Bead.
These men were not related to me, but they were
both older than Little Bear, and both had been
through the torture. Little Bear asked them to [792]
come to his lodge, to take my pipe and pray for
me. After they prayed, they told me not to take
any food or water the day I was to be tortured.

The day before the torture I ate or drank [261]
nothing. Next day I ate or drank nothing until
after the torture. However, the three old men
gave me some sagebrush to chew.

I was the last of the three Bloods to undergo
the torture that day. Scraping White, who was
the oldest, was first. Then Tough Bread, then I. I
was the youngest. Inside the Medicine Lodge, on [346]
the west side of the Center Pole and north of the
Weather Dancer's arbor, a shelter was built of
sticks like a sweat lodge, covered with willow
leaves. I went there before noon of the day of the
torture. I was laid on my back with my head
pointed north. I was barefoot, and wore only a [292]
breechcloth made from a small red trade shawl
purchased from the Hudson's Bay Company.
There was a little bowl of white paint and another [302]
of black paint nearby. The three old men
painted four black dots, one below the other,
under each of my eyes. This was called "tear

[p.42-B]

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The Medicine Tipis in Our Encampment

The camp was still coming together, and although 000
the big event, the transfer of Horns Society memberships, was still a few days off, there were now already more lodges in the camp than there had been on the final day of last year's encampment.

Sitting out in front of our Yellow-Otter Tipi, 532
we were visiting with Grandma under the large 342
umbrella, looking around the camp circle and
talking about our People's tradition of painting [124]
some tipis with symbolic designs.

In the long-ago, tipis with painted designs
could be found in the camps of most tipi-dwelling
people. Such tipis were very personal, expressing [787]
the dreams of their owners, and were usually destroyed
when the owner died. Among some tribes, [769]
painted tipis housed their chief or sacred Bundles, but as these declined, so did designed tipis. Although some tribes have painted their tipis in recent years, these designs usually have no meaning and often bear little resemblance to their traditional counterparts.

Our painted tipis, however, follow a basic
style of ancient design, and are easy to recognize
and distinguish from the tipis of other tribes.
Originally each tipi's painting told a story and [778]
accompanied a small sacred Bundle, and while in
most cases the stories have been forgotten and the [178]

from a clay, though it used to be made from buf- 386
falo gallstones; and green, made from a certain 778
type of algae. [237]

In the Old Days, these natural colors were
mixed with water and animal fat to form the [824]
paint that was applied to tipi covers. Brushes were 532
made from buffalo bones. The bone was cut at one
end, so that its pores were exposed to form the tip [237]
of the brush. These pores held the thick paint [413]
quite well. The natural paints had to be rubbed
into the lodge covers very thoroughly, or else they
would run with each rainfall. Even so, the natural
colors tended to fade very quickly from constant
exposure to the elements. Nowadays, we use the [178]
somewhat organic combination of oil paint and
linseed oil, which has proved to be effective and
durable.

Painted tipis are usually given up as an offer- 782
ing whenever a new cover is made, as there should 532
never be two copies of the same cover. The old 342
cover is either offered to the Underwater Spirits
by sinking it with rocks into a lake, or offered to
Sun by leaving it weighed down by rocks out on
the prairie.

Nevertheless, occasionally two or more covers 432
having the same design can be found. In some
cases, they represent similar dreams by different 532
people. In other cases, they indicate a design not 342
ceremonially transferred but inherited, and prob- [787]
ably looked upon as a family heirloom or coat-of-
arms to be reproduced in new tipi covers—usually [424]
by younger people unaware that they should not [428]
copy the design. And then there are those who
know better, yet copy original designs on new
covers and sell them to museums and collectors of
"Indian relics." Finally, so-called Indian enthusi-
asts also contribute to the existence of multiple
copies of the same design, when they make pains-
takingly precise but nonspiritual representations
of some old design for their own tipis.

The Spirit of the Otter has inspired more 532
designs than any other spiritual power. Our own 342
Otter Tipi was one of four similar ones at last [776]

taken inside at night. During ceremonies such as 779
the Sun Dance, the Bundle is opened and the flag [415]
tied to an extra-long tipi pole so that it hangs high
above the doorway. As it waves in the air, the [237]
bells jingle, reminding everyone of its presence. [534]
Two of the Otter Tipis last summer had Otter
Flags flying above their doorways. One belonged
to the family of Many Grey Horses, who also
owns a Medicine Pipe Bundle. The other one
belonged to an old lady named Mrs. White Man
Left. The transfer ceremony for an Otter-Flag [432]
Tipi used to be very involved and took four days [796]
to complete.

OTHER PAINTED TIPI DESIGNS

Let me explain some of the spiritual meanings of 532
tipi designs. Basically, the painting on a tipi is 822
divided into three sections: the band of symbols
around the bottom represents Earth; the large
area in the center represents Universe; and the
section at the top represents Sky.

The bottom band is generally painted black,
brown, or red, to represent the color of the Earth,
or else it is painted green to represent the grasses
and trees. Within this band are usually two rows [824]
of discs representing the puffballs that cover the
prairies, considered to be the remains of fallen
stars. This bottom band can be straight and flat,
for the flatness of the plains; topped by
semicircles, for the rolling hills; or pointed, for the
mountains. In the back, directly opposite the [787]
entrance, the bottom band often rises in large
square or oval projection, representing the
entrance to the animal's den the original owner
went to for his dream. In a few cases this large
design represents the boulders on which buffalo
like to rub themselves when out on the prairie.

The large, central area on the tipi cover
usually symbolizes the universe in general, and can
also represent the particular element in which the
dream animal or bird lives. It is here that the
major tipi motifs are depicted. The male symbols

will usually appear on the south side of the lodge, 532 the female on the north. Sex is depicted either by 822 sex organs, minor color changes, or by horns. The placement of the sexes on the outside of the tipis [562] is, by custom, opposite that of the persons seated inside, as the place for women seated inside a tipi is on the south, and for men, on the north. Perhaps this originally signified some spiritual relationship between the lodge's spiritual guardians and its occupants. If so, this symbolism was probably lost when the People no longer lived a daily life in harmony with nature.

As few as one pair or as many as four pairs of animals are painted in the center band. The animals usually have "lifelines" representing the major organs. A lifeline begins at the mouth and is drawn in sections of red and green. It runs to the heart, which is painted red. Two green circles toward the animal's rear represent the kidneys.

The basic color of the large central area is most often red or yellow, and less often brown, green, blue, or the basic white of the cover material itself. If the original owner was taken into [787] water during the dream in which he was given the design, the background color is usually yellow. If the dream occurred on land, the color is most often red or brown. Designs given by birds or [776] other Spirits from above most often are white or blue.

Tipis without a symbolic representation of the dream animal's home will have instead one of two other symbols drawn in the back. The most common is a circle for the spiritual center of the universe. Sometimes the symbol is like a bull's-eye, several concentric circles representing Sun, Moon, and Earth.

The area at the top is usually painted black for Night Sky, when dreams are most common. In the back of this part of the tipi, a Maltese cross is usually painted in yellow or orange, representing either Morning Star or a moth. The moth flies [787] at night and is considered to be the bearer of good dreams. To inspire good dreams about buf- [237]

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Shortly after 1900, Clark Wissler, an anthro- 532
pologist, interviewed the holy leaders of our dif- 424
ferent divisions to compile a list of all the painted 432
tipi designs among the Bloods. This was not [114]
simple to do, because tipis, like most other sacred [778]
objects, have always been freely transferred from
one division to another. For example, our own all- [787] ●
red Painted-All-Over Tipi, which originated long
ago in the dreams of a Blood man, is included in
Wissler's list of Blood tipis. Yet, not long after
this list was compiled the tipi was transferred to a
North Blackfoot man, and remained among them
for about thirty-five years. The last Blackfoot
owner, a man named Rainy Chief, or Herbert
Lawrence, transferred the cover to old Bottle,
from our reserve. Bottle didn't use the cover
much and later transferred it to his son, Camoose
Bottle, who gave it to his brother, Jim. We got it [123]
from Jim through a South Piegan man, who was
going to have it transferred to himself, but could
not gather enough goods for payment. The cover
is now very old, so we use it only for special occa-
sions and then only when rain does not threaten
—there are many small holes in it.

Although many painted tipis have traveled 532
among our divisions like our All-Over Tipi, Wiss- 184
ler's list includes tipis that were considered dis-
tinctly Blood.

1. Big-Striped
2. Mountain Goat
3. Wolverine
4. Bear
5. Fisher
6. Elk
7. Half-Black
8. Bald Eagle
9. All-Over
10. War
11. Crane
12. All-Stars
13. Prairie Chicken
14. Horse

[p.73-B]

believed quite secure, since a number of our 778
People who respected its significance longed to be
its Keepers. But that isn't the way it turned out. 114

Just prior to the Sun Dance Encampment of 778
1968 we learned that our Long-Time Pipe was to 439
be sold. Its Keeper, John Red Crane, who had
only recently taken over the Bundle, had been 177
paid $3,000 by the Provincial Museum of Alberta 432
to transfer the Bundle to them at the encampment. 796
Red Crane invited only the members of his
own society, the Red Belts, to the transfer ceremony. [435]
Actually, they were paid to attend. [575]

The museum promised that the Bundle would be brought back to the reserve each year to be opened. However, since the Bundle had been transferred to an official of the museum, he became the Bundle's spiritual Owner, thereby giving the museum complete control over it. No ceremony could be held without this official at the place of honor reserved for the Bundles's Keeper. This is somewhat like having a family gathering in memory of a murdered grandparent and being required to give the seat of respect and honor to the murderer.

Shortly after John Red Crane sold the Long- [787] ●
Time Pipe to the museum, he had a strange
dream. The Spirit of the Pipe came to him, saying, [761]
"Just as you had no pity for me, I will have no pity for you." He told some of his friends about the dream and that he feared for his life. Not long after that, he was taken ill and placed in a hospital. He spent some time there, much of it in pain, before he died. When friends came to visit him during his final weeks, he was unable to speak to them—all he could do was hum parts of the songs for the Long-Time Pipe. He was not at the Bundle's last opening and he never saw the ancient Pipe again after he sold it.

A year after the transfer of the Long-Time Pipe, the museum decided that a complete record of the Bundle's ceremony should be made. Accordingly, $1,800 was spent to sponsor it; all the participants were paid a salary, like movie extras.

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Mr. Many Grey Horses then asked, "Where 778
is the bundle?" [meaning the Long Time Medi- 177
cine Pipe]. He was told that it was kept in the 114
museum in Edmonton. Then asked how it was stored. Was it covered or open and on display? After being told how it was stored he said that he would explain the reason for their visit. He said that he would speak in old dialect and that his wife (Mrs. Grey Horses) would put it into simpler dialect so that my wife would understand it better and explain it to me in English.

MANY GREY HORSES:

I will tell you why we came. We didn't come to 778
discuss the transfer, we came for a very important
thing. My wife had a dream. She has had the same 787 ●
dream 4 times. About two years before any men- 114
tion of a transfer she had a dream. A man came to her who owned the bundle many years ago. She didn't know the man. He was too far in the past.

The man said that he was being treated very badly and that the people that owned him now were not treating him with respect. My wife told me about her dream next morning. I advised her to go to her father who was a ceremonialist, and explain the dream to him. Her father told her that something was going to happen to the bundle and that he would talk to the owner [John Red Crane] at the next opening ceremony.

Time passed and one day Mr. Red Crane came up to my wife's father and asked him if he would open the Long Time Pipe in the spring. My wife's father said yes.

At the opening ceremony that spring my wife's father asked Mr. Red Crane, "Do you have something important to tell me?" Mr. Red Crane sat for a moment or two and then answered, "Please remember me in your prayers." My wife's father was saddened because he knew that something was not right.

Time passed and my wife had again the same dream, but nothing happened as a result of the dream. Then one day she heard that the Long Time Pipe was to be transferred to you and she was not surprised as she expected something to happen.

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My wife had the 3rd dream a year or so later 778
and in this dream the man came up to her and 787
said, "They have done a horrible thing to me.
They have laid me out in the open glass case so 114
that people will come in and look at me, and my altar is left standing. Nobody comes to burn sweetgrass any more; and where I am sitting is not holy. Why did they take me away from my own country? It was my home; it is where I originated. It is where I wanted to be until the end."

My wife had the 4th dream a few months ago. In this dream the man came to her with you, and my wife saw the case with the Long Stem Pipe on display. The man said to her, pointing at you, "This is the man that took me. He must be very kind to me and if it so happened that somebody came and asked for me he must not refuse to let me go. I am left uncovered and that is what is making me very sad."

I am very surprised that my wife has had this dream because we never did own the Long Time Pipe. It must be very important or why should she keep having this dream? But it must be because we really believe in this religion and we live accordingly.

So we have come to offer this blanket so that [782]
you can take it to Edmonton on your next trip and cover the Long Time Pipe with it. We would be very happy if you would say a few prayers for us and tell the bundle that we have given the blanket as a sacrifice to it.

I bought this blanket in the U.S. and it is the same type that is always used to cover Medicine Pipes.

Mr. Many Grey Horses was undecided as to whether we should take off the old blanket that covers the pipe and give it to him but Mrs. Many Grey Horses said no. She said to place the new blanket over the old one as it was obvious as a result of her dream that one covering was not sufficient.

Mr. Many Grey Horses owns the 4 original 778
drums of the Long Time Medicine Pipe Bundle. 534
When John Red Crane had the Long Time Pipe 432
bundle transferred to him from Stephen Fox he
refused the transfer of the drums. Since the 114

pay for my membership. Maybe I wouldn't have 561 had enough horses left to keep on farming. That's 575 what happened to some others who joined."

Our uncle was born in about 1900 to Sikski-Aki and Natosina. His mother became old. Later, [425] her name was given to the infant girl who was to become my wife. Before SikskiAki, his father had 551 a first wife called Marmot Woman; and before 553 Natosina, his mother had been married to Low Horn, who was killed on his way to the Sun Dance Encampment of 1898.

Our uncle's dad, Natosina, was best known by the name Eagle Plume; and our uncle himself is officially registered as Willie Eagle Plume. At one time he was known as Big Snake, the name of his father's brother. And now, as we fed him breakfast, he told us he had taken a new name, this one from his father's half-brother, Aukitsikinnih, "Bad Moccasin." But he is best known as Atsitsina. It was a childhood name that remained with him throughout his life.

At first many of our People receive a baby name referring to a personal characteristic. Later, [554] as they grow into childhood, they are given a childhood name, usually in honor of an ancestor or other successful person. Then, upon a first war-raid or distant journey, a person may take an adult name for himself, or be given one by others. Finally, in old age, many give up their names to some favored young relative and take on their final name. A person might also change his name [717] ● for other reasons, such as being inspired by dreams.

I used to think that our uncle's name was Glove Man, the literal translation of the word *Atsitsina*. But just recently I learned that his name is actually understood to mean "Prairie Owl Man." He explained how this happened:

"Oki, the reason my name is Atsitsina—I'll tell you the story. My father's sister, her name was Three Owl Woman, and her husband, his name was Sits-With-His-Chest-Out, they had two children. Their youngest child was a little older than

[p.106-17]

my left. The stem was made from a branch of 276
silverberry willow, a popular wood for making 322
pipestems. However, the most popular pipestem
wood is a species of ash that has a nice-looking [824]
straight grain, found in the country of the Crow [137]
and Sioux People. In the Old Days it was brought
back to Blackfoot country by members of war
parties. Today it is obtained by trade or gift, or
else our People cut it themselves while visiting in
that country for a powwow encampment.

Before beginning the hole, I prayed that I [782]
would continue to live a straight life and that the
hole in this pipestem should be evidence of
whether or not I would do so successfully. If the [787]
hole should come out through the side of the
stem, it would be a bad sign for me and my family.
I made three passes toward the spot and then
pressed the heated point against the core of the
stem. As the first wire cooled off, I placed it back
into the fire and took up the other one. In this
way, the soft core of the stem was easy to burn
through. Slowly, I turned the stem in my hand to
make sure that the hot wire would burn a hole
straight through.

Atsitsina described how holes were put
through pipestems in the Old Days: "My dad [412]
said that ever since he could remember there had
always been some wire around the camps, but he
told me that they used to use long twigs of hardwood
the same way that we use wire. Before that, [412]
in the long-ago, they must have made their pipestems
the same way that I showed you to make a
pipestem on a war trail—just cut a dry stick from
a rose bush, or something similar, and split it in
half with a knife. When it's split that way, then
you can scrape the stuff out of the middle. When [391]
you put it back together, you can seal it shut with
pitch or with that glue they used to make by [824]
boiling hooves, and then you can wrap wet sinew [237]
or thin buckskin all along it."

A little puff of smoke from the other end of
the stem signaled my success at burning through a
straight hole. As soon as the stem had cooled, [412]

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what a little girl did with a painted lodge of her 593
own, she told us: 858

"It wasn't a big tipi. It was just a little tipi
for kids to play in. My mother made it for me to 857
play in with my friends. My sister and I, we went 345
to boarding school. My mother, she put up the
tipi right by the school, and nobody bothered it.
She put in a panichtan [lining], and she tanned [237]
some little animals and put the skins around the
inside for rugs. She even made little bags from [415]
rawhide [parfleches] and put them all around the
inside. When my mother came to visit us, she stopped on the way at Long-Nosed Crow's [Wilson's Trading Post] and bought a lot of groceries. Then she told me to invite all my friends to the tipi and we had a big dinner. Even the nuns sometimes came over to sit in the little tipi with us."

Ponah said that the design painted on the 593
tipi had been dreamed of by somebody and was 858
actually transferred to her. The tipi was painted 852
yellow, with four lines of stars going from top to 787●
bottom, one line at each of the four directions.

Our conversation wandered on to other 532
things, and of course, Mokakin told us more old 432
Napi stories.

539
773

ANOTHER NAPI ADVENTURE

One time, Napi came out from a forest and found a bunch of Gophers playing in a meadow. This was how they played: One of them would lie down in an old fireplace and the others would cover him up with earth and then build a fire on top of him. As soon as the fire got too hot, the buried one would call out, "Tsst, Tsst!" Napi asked the Gophers if he could play, and they told him he could. So he lay down in the fireplace and the Gophers put earth over him and built a fire on top of it. As he got warm, he called out, "Tsst, Tsst!" The Gophers uncovered him. Soon it was Napi's turn to build the fire.

Napi said to the Gophers, "I think it's easier

[p. 120-B]

structing his wife in the Powers of his Pipe. Each 773
day he taught her one of the songs he sang whenever 539
he took the Pipe from its coverings. Finally 778
he told her, "Each spring I will return for you. My arrival will mean the end of winter's hardships for your People and the beginning of the seasons of plenty. When I announce my arrival, your People must prepare themselves by holding the ceremony that I have taught you with my Pipe."

The girl went back home and gave Thunder's Pipe to her parents. Ever since that time our Medicine Pipes have been thought of as Thunder Pipes, and our People have celebrated the annual return of Thunder in the spring by holding the Pipe ceremonies.

In time, others were instructed to make 773
sacred Pipes similar to the first one given by 539
Thunder. These instructions came through Powerful 778
dreams that were carefully interpreted
before being acted upon. Only a man who had 787
great spiritual power would make up a sacred Pipe, and only after he was convinced that his dream gave him positive approval. And the man who was selected to construct the Pipe worked under the direction of the original dreamer. Some people were also taught new songs to sing in addition to the original seven. One by one, the Spirits of different birds and animals also came to the People in dreams and asked to be remembered during the annual celebrations for the coming of the seasons of plenty. Each one offered his skin and his medicine song to be included in the ceremony. That is how our People came to believe in the spirits of sacred Medicine Pipe Bundles.

BUNDLE CONTENTS AND THEIR OWNERS

Unlike the Medicine Bundles of many other 778
People, the contents of ours are not secret; we can discuss them as well as their spiritual powers. We

Pipes among all four divisions of our People. 778 Since there were almost that many remaining 276 among all our People less than twenty years ago, his estimate may be low. But it does give some idea of how many there were among a tribe of over ten thousand registered members. Today there are twelve Medicine Pipes left on the four reserves of our People.

The sacred Stem constitutes the "main" Pipe in a Bundle. There is also another long Pipestem, which we call the secondary Pipe. This second Stem is not included in all the Bundles, and its original purpose has been forgotten. Its stem is flat, not round like the main Pipe's, and it is only sparsely decorated. It is kept in a cloth cover similar (415) to the one for the main Pipe. These two sacred Stems are like father and mother to the other contents in the Bundles.

The skins of birds and animals vary according [787] to the origins and later dreams accompanying each Bundle. Each skin represents not only its own species but also that element of nature in which it lives most successfully; this is usually mentioned in the song for that bird or animal.

Every Medicine Pipe Bundle contains the 778 skin of an owl, representing night. Owls have the 825 Power to succeed then, when others are handicapped. Another important skin is that of the 237 loon, which represents the element of water. The loon has the Power of Water, where it swims and finds its food and raises its children. The skins of hawks and eagles are important because they represent the element of air, the Power to fly in the sky. The skins of antelopes and deer symbolize the element of Earth and the Power to live on the prairies and in the forests. The skin of a marmot stands for the Power to live in the high mountains; the squirrel, the Power to live in open land. A rattle of buffalo hide represents the Power of [534] the Old People's most important source of food. Dried berries (served in a sacred soup during the [824] Thunder ceremony) are testaments of the Powers of plants, as well as another of our Old People's

four times], then gives the articles to host as be- 796
fore. Sometimes 2 or 3 will be on the floor at 432
same time. One may have owl, or rattle alone; 778
they can suit themselves and take whatever they 535
like. [Not exactly. Past and present Medicine [422]
Pipe Owners may select anything from the Bundle, but some persons who have never owned a Bundle may have had the rights to certain objects within a Bundle transferred to them. They can then always dance with those objects but not with
any other.] When using the whistle they begin at [533]
a high note and descend the scale with a continu- [534]
ous toot, toot, toot.

In making the first three feints to take the [201]
pipe, the dancer often retreats, dancing back around the lodge making the sign to kill (as if
stabbing with a knife). [This preliminary dancing [178]
Wilson describes is no longer done at all. Today, when a man gets up to dance he takes the selected object, prays, and dances four times.] They nearly all dance the same step in this ceremony, a slow, regular, vigorous jump with both of the knees bent; the tunes and songs used upon these occasions are not sung at any other time; the step in dancing is also peculiar to Calumet [Pipe] men. There is a preference shown for the owl, which is most often taken up and almost always prayed to by the dancer as he takes it in his hands, or the host when it is handed back to him.
[According to our traditions, the dead come back [825]
to visit the living in the bodies of owls. For that
reason owls are respected as being very Powerful, [775]
and many participants desire the spiritual
strength they get by dancing with one.] At one of 796
these dances, while one of the dancers had the 432
owl in his hands, I was amused to see a claw and 778
leg of the bird fall to the ground, at which all 787 ●
present put on a very long face, thinking it a bad omen, and it is a strange fact that the owner of the pipe and host on that occasion died before the summer was out, his Calumet was buried with him, the stems lying on his breast. [Any accident that occurs during a sacred ceremony is con-

sidered to be a bad sign. A piece falling from a 796
sacred object, an error made in the singing, a 432
rattle or drumstick dropped, or a person falling 778
down, particularly if caused by the negligence of 787
the participant, will cause the marked person to
immediately ask some old man to call out four [789]
brave deeds, in the hope that the old man's [555]
powers in times of danger will help prevent possible misfortune as a result of the accident.]

Sometimes a woman is allowed to take the 796
pipe at these dances and clumsily dances [this is a 432
gross interpretation of the smooth dancing done 778
by women; an ideal woman remains very dignified 535
during social occasions and does not dance with [562]
the glamour and obvious enthusiasm shown by
the men], facing a minute to each of the five [923]
points of the compass [actually, four]. There are generally some extra moves in the ceremony of unrolling the Calumet peculiar to each pipe; for instance in one case, before dancing, a squaw takes a drum stick and strikes two blows on each of the lodge poles that the entrance is between [the spiritual purpose of this to notify the sacred lodge that loud noise, in the form of drumming, is about to commence], in another case a forked stick is used to rest the head of the stuffed owl upon, this stick stuck upright between the other red willows.

The following narrative is also from Wilson's 796
notebook of the 1890s. He calls this story a 432
"Calumet Transfer." 778

When an Indian has once said that he will [127]
take the Sacred Pipe, he must not fail to keep his [626]
promise, for he is sure to be visited with misfortune should he so trifle with the Sacred. Nowadays a man names the day that he will pay the horses and be initiated. Formerly, it was customary to leave that to the owner and priests who would take him by surprise the night before the transfer was due to take place. The pipe is unrolled with the same ceremony as in Thunder

was after dark when the last person danced with 778
the sacred Pipe and returned it to the new 796
Owner, bringing the transfer ceremony to a close. 432

HISTORY OF THE BACKSIDE-TO-THE-FIRE PIPE

Part of the Spirit dwelling within each sacred 778
Bundle is the history of the Bundle and of those
who formerly owned it and prayed with it. What [115]
I know of this Pipe I learned from my two
Teachers, Atsitsina and Mokakin, each of whom [869]
had already kept that Bundle.

It is called the Backside-to-the-Fire Pipe because the sacred Stems are placed within the Bundle in the direction opposite that of Pipes in other Bundles. Our other sacred Pipe Bundles must always hang on a west wall, facing Sun's first light from the east, and the Pipestems must be placed in the Bundle so that the mouthpieces point to the south, where the lodge fire is. But the tradition of the Backside Bundle calls for the mouthpieces to point North; thus the "backside" of the Pipes face the fire. This is according to spiritual directions given to the Pipe's first Keeper.

White Horn, an uncle of the ceremony's
present leader, had been the first Blood man to
own this Pipe. He had it transferred to him by [439]
Drum, a member of the Sarsi tribe. Although the [425]
Sarsi People belong to a different language group,
they share a long alliance and dependence with [648]
our People, and have adopted most of our religious and cultural customs. Thus, their Medicine Pipe Bundles are similar to ours. The main Stem of the Bundle looks like a Medicine Pipe from the Crow People, so the Bundle may originally have come from them.

White Horn had the Bundle for many years, [764]
and because he was so fond of it his family decided
to bury it with him when he died. Before the [787] ●
burial, one of our head men, Day Chief, was
instructed in a dream to take the main Pipe from

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the Bundle. Day Chief, with the help of another 778
head man, Blackfoot Old Woman, made a new [787]
secondary Pipe and gathered the other objects required to make up a Bundle. That is why the main Pipe today looks very ancient and the rest of the Bundle looks more recent. All this occurred some years before Day Chief's death in 1907.

Mokakin recited the names of all the Blood 778
Owners of that Pipe Bundle. 793
551

1. White Horn
2. Day Chief
3. Carries a Knife
4. Last Dressed
5. Crazy Crow
6. Many Mules
7. Calf Robe
8. Headdress
9. Calf Robe
10. Pete Heavy Shield
11. Big Sorrel Horse
12. Antelope Whistler
13. Bob Plaited Hair
14. Jack Low Horn
15. Alec Stevens
16. Willy Wadsworth
17. Ben Strangling Wolf
18. Black Sleeps
19. Shot-on-Both-Sides
20. Black Forehead
21. Pat Weaselhead (Mokakin)
22. Charlie Panther Bone
23. Day Rider
24. Pat Weaselhead (Mokakin)
25. Fred Weaselfat
26. Willie Eagle Plume (Atsitsina)
27. John Day Rider
28. Willie Eagle Plume (Atsitsina)
29. Mrs. Day Rider
30. Pat Weaselhead (Mokakin)
31. Frank Weaselhead
32. Jim Twig
33. Fred Weaselhead

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tion of having been married to a ten-year-old girl 778
when he was only twelve. The marriage was arranged 793
by their parents. It is said that Calling [582]
First used to have his mother watch his wife
while he went out to play with his friends. [584]

During the 1930s our next-door neighbor, old [782]
Dick Soup, made a vow to take the Long-Time
Pipe for his son, Arthur, who was then in a hospital.
The following year Arthur returned home, [432]
and the Pipe was transferred to him. Old Bird [796]
Rattler called out the necessary coups while Soup [555]
was given the right to mount a horse (by tradition
this required a man to relate how he had rescued [424]
a friend during battle) and to dismount (for [425]
which the coup had to be about an enemy who
was pulled from his horse). Of course, no one
today has such deeds among his record of accomplishments.

The next Owner of the Long-Time Pipe was
Henry Standing Alone, also known as Folded Intestine.
He and his wife were well-liked participants
in our holy ceremonies. Unfortunately, they [165]
were killed recently in a tragic auto accident.
Around 1939, Folded Intestine's daughter was [771]
very ill and he became depressed and lost his faith
in our Old Ways. He wondered why his little girl
had to suffer so much instead of him. But his
daughter recovered and then he became critically
ill. It took three months for him to get well again.
While almost dead, he had a dream in which he [787]●
was told that if he vowed to accept the duties of a [782]
Medicine Pipe Bundle, he would recover. He related
his dream to two older relatives, Heavy [755]
Head and Cross Child, both former Medicine
Pipe Keepers. They offered to help him fulfill his
vow if he wished to follow their advice. They
told him that since no particular Bundle had been
mentioned in the dream, he might just as well
vow the Powerful Long-Time Pipe. The Bundle
was transferred to him during the next Sun Dance
Encampment.

Standing Alone transferred the Long-Time
Pipe to his sister and her husband, John Red

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OUR FAMILY'S MEDICINE PIPE

Of the four Medicine Pipe Bundles that remain 778
among our People, ours is the only one that has 276
no name suggesting its origin. It has been called
"Pipe with a horse-head bowl," or is referred to
by the name of one of its notable past Owners.
None of our present Old People have ever heard of
it coming from somewhere else. It may have origi- [787]
nated in the dreams of some long-ago Blood.

There is one brief, old story that concerns 276
the mysterious Powers of our Bundle. Now, the 779
bowl for the sacred Pipe is made of red pipestone, 173
carved in the shape of a horse's head. It is very
old, similar in appearance to those made by the [324]
Sioux People and some of their eastern neighbors. [532]
In the Old Days the People of those tribes had
sacred Pipes but without the accompanying Bun- [171]
dles. The bowl might have come with the sacred [439]
Stem from one of these tribes. More likely, the
original Blood Owner obtained the bowl through
trade.

During a long-ago opening ceremony, this horse-head bowl was somehow broken in two. The People were quite concerned about what might happen as a result of this accident. The Owner, whose name has been forgotten, put the two pieces back together, very slowly, and wrapped them up with buckskin. Then he placed them back into the Bundle. Atsitsina continues the story:

"The next spring the Bundle was opened, as always. The Owner told the leader of the ceremony, 'Be careful, don't move the bowl around. It's broken.' The leader said, 'Which one is broken?' 'The one for the main Pipe,' the Owner told him. 'It broke last time when we danced with the Pipe.' The leader was curious so he took off its wrappings. 'Sah,' he said, 'No, it isn't broken. You must be mistaken, because it was never broken anywhere.' He was holding up the bowl and looking it over very carefully. 'Ha—Ayah!' the

some of his fine-cut tobacco. "Oki, here is a 173
smoke," he told Worm, and went home. 539

When his wives returned, they found weap-
ons and moccasins but not their husband. In 778
earlier times, if a person went out to look after his horses on a rainy day, he went barefoot so as not to spoil his moccasins. The wives said, "Here are his moccasins, and here is his knife, and he didn't take his bow and arrow. Maybe he went out for a while."

Soon the man returned and told his wives, "I am tired. I will sleep here alone and tomorrow we will invite some people."

In the morning his wives boiled some meat [787]
and he went out and invited seven Old People. They came in, they sat down, and they ate. When they got through, he told them, "Oki, you Old Men, I will tell you a story and you will tell me what is to be done."

The man then told his story of how Worm [787]●
had sung to him and given him a Pipe. He told them, "Last night I slept alone. I burned incense. As I slept I saw the Pipe. It was given to me and I heard the songs clearly. It was an ordinary smoking pipe, only it was decorated with feathers at the bud. Oki, Old Men, make your decisions on what is to be done."

So the Old Men thought. After a time, each one said, "Let it be done this way," or "Let it be done that way." One of the men was an important Medicine Pipe Man. He advised, "This pipe will be decorated at the bud with flared feathers strung together and then it will be a Medicine Pipe. But it will not be taken as the regular Medicine Pipes are taken."

The first person to take the Pipe wasn't the
man who had the vision. A young married man
took it first. The man who had the vision knew [425]
the songs, so he transferred them to the first Owner of the Small Medicine Pipe. The young married man provided food and the Small Medicine Pipe was transferred to him.

The young man didn't have his Pipe very long when the man who had the vision stole it and

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went on the warpath with it. When he returned successfully with it, another young man took the Small Medicine Pipe in a transfer. After that, it was regularly stolen to be taken on the warpath. When they returned they brought it home with something stolen in the raid—a horse or a rifle. 539 778 173 [721]

So that is how our sacred Bundle was used. 778

It is believed that no one who wore the sacred Pipe on the warpath was ever injured. It was taken along in its cloth covering. Just before the start of a battle, or before the bearer went into an enemy camp, it was taken out of its covering and those who were in its company prayed and sang with it. The bearer then tied the sacred Stem in his hair. 789

The Children's Pipe has had many Keepers since the end of the war days. Most recently, it was transferred from the children of Stabs Down to the children of Adam Delaney, who is the new leader of the Horns Society. 778

ANOTHER SMALL MEDICINE PIPE

At one time there were at least three Small Medicine Pipes among our People. The Children's Medicine Pipe is still with the Bloods, and another Small Pipe is now among the North Piegans. The third one was obtained and sold by Mrs. Walters to some museum in the United States in 1941. Atsitsina remembers this story of its origin: 539 778 173

There was a Blackfoot by the name of Middle Calf. He was so brave and Powerful that he always went on war raids by himself. One time, he was coming back home with a bunch of stolen horses when he had a dream. In his dream an Old Man told him, "I am the one who has been giving you Power. I am now going to give you my strongest Medicine. It will allow you to reach very old age. You must give it to your children to take care of, so that they can grow old too." [787] [789]

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must ask your husband to invite all the holy men 539
to your lodge tomorrow night. I will teach you 773
some songs and a ceremony which you must show 778
them. If you do this then I will have my Power bring back the buffalo. But you must warn your People: my Power is always announced by a strong storm, and when it first arrives it will look like a buffalo, a lone bull. You must tell your People not to harm him. The rest of the herd will follow as soon as he has passed safely through the camp.

During her dream the woman was taught several songs she had never heard before. The Iniskim told her that he had many relatives about the prairie, and that all of them were in contact with the same Power as he. He told her that any of the People who wished to have good fortune from this Power should look for one of his relatives and bring them home and treat them with respect.

When the young woman woke up she wondered what to do about her dream, for she was
quite shy of her husband. Only the sits-beside [595]
wife takes part in the husband's ceremonial functions, never the wife who sleeps closest to the door. When the husband went outside, the young wife told her older sister about the stone and the dream. The sister said, "I will tell our man what you just told me. If your dream comes true, then you may have my seat next to him. But if not, I will only pity you for what you will have to suffer."

When the husband learned of the matter, he immediately sent out invitations to the camp's holy men. In a short while, they gathered in the home of the young woman and were served a small portion of berries, and broth made from scraps of leather. They were excited when they heard why they were invited, although one or
two got up and left. Our Old People were always [787] ●
skeptical of someone who claimed to have been called upon in a dream and given a Power.

With the approval of the holy men who remained, the husband asked his young wife to sit at the head of the tipi and lead the ceremony

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Now, I am a christian and do not believe in 755
superstitions, whatever. But this unaccountable 763
thing we saw, I and my wife, is still a puzzle to us. However, seeing is believing, they say.

This Medicine-Man's name was Getting Wood at Night. He died last winter.

The term *Medicine Man,* or *Medicine* 793
Woman, describes anyone who has knowledge of 756
the spiritual world. But among our People, such knowledge can be possessed by different individuals whom we do not necessarily refer to as Medicine Men or Women, even though they are in that category. We prefer to refer to them more specifically—holy people, doctors, or ceremonial leaders.

Early white visitors learned that the People seemed to believe in the Powers of holy and medicinal things. These visitors used the term *Medicine* in their journals to describe these mysterious Powers. Thus, those called upon for help with the mysterious Powers became known as Medicine Men. A Medicine Man or Woman of the doctoring order did not necessarily belong to the Holy Order, although many belonged to both. Holy men and women inspired others to find happiness through good thoughts and a holy way of living; they offered spiritual advice and prayers. A person became a member of the Holy Order only after
many years of study with older holy people. The [787] ●
Power of Medicine Men to doctor came only through dreams. This Power was seldom told to others and could never be transferred to anyone else. People respected the Medicine Man for all the good things he could do, but they also feared him, because they saw many times that he had
Power over life and death. It was a rare thing for [754]
one of our doctors to use his Power for evil purposes, whereas it was common among the doctors of our neighbors, such as the Crees.

Young people who were interested usually 756
learned the uses of common plants, which we call 759
"everybody's medicines," from older relatives. If 787

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the relative was an experienced doctor, this might 756
inspire the young person to dream of specific uses 759
for the plants. The dream would usually include 787
songs and ceremonies necessary to call on the
Power of the plants. Most doctors had a good
knowledge of plants and herbs, but their special
Powers in curing were with the things they had
dreamed about. The older the doctor, the more
specialized dreams he was likely to have. Many
old doctors had quite a lot of Power in this Way.

During the 1930s, when many of our People 756
still followed the Old Ways, there were several 127
well-known doctors administering to their ail-
ments. In 1939, a woman named Esther Gold-
frank came to us from New York to study per-
sonal relations among the Bloods. In her records,
she included some information about Blood doc-
tors. Among these doctors was Knife, uncle of
Sorrel Horse, who gave this information to Gold-
frank.

Knife first got his Power to doctor when he 756
went to a bear's den to seek a vision. The den was 787
located near Hill Spring, not far from the town of
Cardston. Although it was an abandoned den,
Knife heard bear sounds his first two nights there.
The third night, the bear's Spirit came to him
and taught him how to heal. He was told to take [237]
a bear's claw, tie certain shells to it, and wear it as [301]
a necklace. In addition, he was instructed to al-
ways grab his patients and treat them as though
they were bears. Knife later gave the necklace to
his son, Two Guns, who had dreams of his own
with it. Two Guns dreamed that he should wear a [301]
certain kind of stone on a necklace slung over one
shoulder, so that he would be able to doctor
hemorrhages. He was best known for this last
specialty. Sometimes his grateful patients paid [465]
two or three horses for his doctoring.

The white woman's notes also mention
Heavy Head, who was a doctor as well as a holy
man. He received his first Powers to doctor while [785]
fasting in the Belly Buttes prior to his self-torture
at the Sun Dance of 1889. After Gets Wood at

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Mrs. Mountain Horse, or Homeward Offering, at home with her herbs and doctoring supplies.

Night (who had doctored Joe Beebe) died, sometime in the 1930s, Heavy Head began dreaming about the way that doctor had used a weasel skin. Gets Wood at Night spoke to Heavy Head and taught him in his dreams how to use his weasel and earth. At first Heavy Head was afraid to try this Power, but the dreams persisted until he put the methods to use. He was a very successful doctor. 756 787●

Heavy Head's student of holy Ways was also a recognized doctor. This, of course, was our Old Man. Though our Old Man was known for curing a variety of ailments, including hemorrhages and sinus problems, we know very little about his doctoring Powers. One of his wives was a popular doctor for pregnant women, according to Percy Creighton, who had called on her to help his own wife during the 1930s. The Old Man's brother, Crow-Spreads-His-Wings, was also a doctor, as was the older of the Old Man's wives, who specialized in treating fevers. 756 [759]

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Old Ways. So, for what he considered such a return 156
from the museum, George began to pour out 177
his knowledge into four different tape recorders
supplied to him at his house by the archives and
museum library. The archives employed Dave
Melting Tallow from the North Blackfoot Reserve
to interpret George's information into English.
George filled so many tapes that the interpreter,
who has already been at work for several
years, will require several more years to complete
all the translating.

George's recordings of the Horns Society's secret ceremonies will not be repeated here. But I hope the stories that are will never be used as an exclusive source for learning about the many Blood People he tells about.

The stories George tells cover many different 127
subjects. The two we will hear now concern our
Ways of doctoring.

DOG CHILD'S DOCTORING POWERS

I am First Rider. This is the Duck Moon [*March*]*; it is the twenty-third day. I will tell a story of my father, Dog Child, and how he knows about doctoring.*

There are two sharp-peaked mountains behind 756
Chief Mountain. On one of the sharp peaks 787
there was a bald eagle's nest. When my father was
very young, he had a dream where he was told, "A
man has invited you to go to him," meaning to go
over to Chief Mountain. But my father didn't go.
Many years later, when he was still a young man,
about twenty years or younger, he dreamed again
that a man was asking him to come to him at
Chief Mountain. So my father went and slept
there, and when he slept, the man told him, "I
have sent for you so that you can watch me. This
is the way I cure." The man showed him what to
do and taught him the song to cure with. This [533]
was the song of the bald eagle. The song began
with a spoken prayer: "HiYo, bird, help us. Now [782]
you are going to look for your meal. Help us that
we may have something to eat this night and this

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day." Then came the song, which consisted en- 756
tirely of these words: "May I eat all that flies. May 787 ●
I eat a fish."

My father would start to sing this song him- [782]
self, beating his drum, and then another person, [533]
his assistant, would take over the drumming and begin singing also, as my father began the curing, inspired by the supernatural powers of the Bald Eagle.

My father also had supernatural powers from a bear who lived at the Belly Buttes. This bear was sketched on one of my father's drums.

Willie White Feather's father, Morning Writing, slept at the Belly Buttes and the bear told him, "Give me a woman and I will have pity on you." But we were never sure if he succeeded in bringing a woman from the camp circle to sleep up at the Belly Buttes.

My father cures with the claw of the bear. [237]
The bear also sang; he sang this song: "I am the [755]
dream bear. The dream bear, it pitied me."

I knew all my father's songs. I used to drum [533]
for him during his curings.

My father licked red-hot stones with the help 755
of the powers of that bear. He would stick his forefinger in boiling water, then put his finger on the red-hot rock, and then touch his finger to the sick person's body. My father did that to me once. I was having a headache. He licked the rock, heated red-hot; then he licked me on my temple. His tongue was so hot I felt the heat as it went through my head.

My father would paint his bare right foot with sacred Earth and put his painted foot in boiling water, next put it on the red-hot rock and then put his foot down on where the pain hurts the sick person. If the person was dying, even if he was barely breathing and couldn't move anymore, when my father touched his foot on the person, the person would jump up.

Sometimes my father used the bear claw to [237]
dig out Indian turnips [camas]. He chewed the [824]
turnip and sprayed the person with it.

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Teachings of Nature

One day during the Sun Dance Encampment, Atsitsina 124
and I went north of the camp to where the
Buttes dip down close to the brush and the tree-lined
Belly River. He had said that we would find
there a variety of plants and that we would see
many birds and animals.

Atsitsina told me he could remember many 278
plants his father had used as a doctor. I, too,
could recall Mokakin and our Old Man using
various plants to doctor people successfully. As is [756]
the case with our sacred Bundles, these men received
their doctoring Ways through dreams. [787]●
However, there are many plants that we call [184]
"everybody's medicines," which are used in daily
life and do not require dreams or special Teachings
to be effective.

Unfortunately, much of the old-time knowledge 82
has been lost since the time our People lived
completely in harmony with nature. Many of our
Old People, however, still are familiar with the
ancient names of birds and animals, and know
how to recognize them by sound and sight; and
they know the names of certain stars and constellations,
and the ancient legends surrounding
them. And so, those of us who wish to follow
these Ways are thankful for the knowledge that
does remain.

EDIBLE PLANTS

Unlike many other tribes, our People never practiced 241
any form of agriculture other than the cere- [249]

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it could go under water; its skin was common 825
in Medicine Pipe Bundles.

LOON: *Matsiisaipi*, or "handsome charger," because when it skimmed across water, it reminded our Old People of a proud warrior charging into battle; the loon is the second most important bird in Medicine Pipe Bundles, after the owl.

CROW: *Maisto* is its Indian name, but the origin has been lost.

RAVEN: *Omachkaisto*, or "big crow," which [787]
the Old People considered the wisest of birds. Men on the war or hunting trail always looked for and followed it because success was sure to await the party in the direction the raven flew. Two restless ravens in the path of a war party indicated enemies ahead. A raven circling slowly over a camp meant that some news was forthcoming.

WOODPECKER: *Pachpakskskissi*, or "pounding its nose." The red-headed woodpecker, whose cry is said to sound like the Blackfoot expression "stick your heads out so that I can eat you," is *mikimita*, which means "fire-reddened breast," or *ekotsotokan*, which means "red head." Lewis's woodpecker is known as "big mikimita." The pileolated woodpecker is called *sikskikunnikesuyi*, said to mean "flashes black feathers," although the term also suggests flashing something more vulgar than feathers.

MAGPIE: *Mamiatskikim*, or "has a body like a
fish," because of its long tail. Its cry resem- [533]
bles a slumber song old women sing for little children: "Long tails—fly ahead and stab your provision bag at my door." It refers to the way they stab their beaks at whatever they can find.

CATBIRD: *Pokah*, or "child," because its cry resembles a baby calling *Na-ah*, or "Mama."

MEADOWLARK: *Otachkuikaii*, or "yellow
breast." To the Old People, spring ar- [821]
rived at the first sign of a meadowlark. They [787]

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also believed the presence of meadowlarks to mean that all was well in the camp. 825

KINGBIRD: *Sikiminiwanyeh*, or "Stingy with berries," it makes a great ruckus if anyone picks berries where it is feeding. [787] ●

WATER OUZEL: *Iksisakum*, or "meat"; it will dip its head in response to hearing its name called aloud.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN JAY: *Apiakunski*, or "white forehead."

STELLER'S JAY: *Omachkutskuisistsi*, or "big blue bird."

WAXWING: *Simitsima*, or "main lodge pole," for the pointed crest on its head.

DOVE: *Kuko*, referring to the domestic pigeon; the old-time Kukoiks Society members are called Doves or Pigeons.

GROUSE: *Kitoki*, or "prairie chicken"; the sage hen is "big kitoki" and the ptarmigan is "white kitoki." Grouse are also called *kitssitsum*, or "looking like smoke." The Franklin grouse is called the *matsapsi*, or crazy kitssitsum, because it is so stupid it can be approached and killed with a stick. Another grouse is called *apaskau*, or dancing kitssitsum, because of its mating dance.

The long-ago names of other birds have been forgotten. In the old days, only devoted Beaver Men and Medicine Pipe Keepers knew more than the names of the most common birds. Because so many birds are hard to approach, most of our People could only give general identifications of many species, and therefore the birds were named by their most obvious characteristics—big, small, blue, yellow, and so on. 825 [184]

Before our list of Blackfoot animal names, I would like to explain a little about our relationship to those animals around us. 182 825 224

Until the coming of trappers and traders, our People rarely killed anything they could not 178

[Horns Society Transfer Ceremony, 1891]

inches of their upper ends bent down almost in a 575
perfect half-circle and tied in that position by a 776
leather strand. This gave the 9 large staffs a striking 432
resemblance to the crooks of ancient shepards.
A 10th man had stuck in front of him a 10 foot [411]
spear with an iron head, and all of the others had simply a short plain stick about 4 feet in height. Upon each of these upright staffs were tied one or more of the long painted and fringed raw-hide bags always seen hanging upon a tripod at the back or west side of an Indian house or lodge. In front of each staff sat the candidate for membership and his assistant. The relatives and friends of candidates were busy bringing in horses, guns, and great quantities of lodge goods, as well as numerous blankets and articles of mens clothing,
etc. These were the payments for membership [424]
which were laid down near the groups about the staffs, and were then taken possession of and carried away by wives, daughters or other relatives of the old members.

Property changed hands in a lively manner for over an hour. When all the necessary and voluntary payments had been made and the space in the centre of the enclosure was clear, the ceremonies of initiation and installment were prepared for. First of all a small fire was built in the centre, for red-hot coals were necessary to make incense. When the fire had burnt down sufficiently for the purpose, each candidate, or his assistant, went to it and took upon a forked stick, a single coal which he carried with great care to his altar, which was a spot 12 or 14 inches square between the staff and where each candidate and companion sat.

These altars were made as the Indians usually make them, simply by cutting and scraping away
the sod to the depth of an inch or more. An [787]
Indian standing near me remarked that should one of the men have dropped to the ground the coal he was carrying between the fire and the altar, it would have been considered a bad omen.

The 18 coals were all safely deposited at the

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around them. The societies for older men were 575
chosen for these duties. 625

There were seven men's societies in the Old
Days. Together, all their members were known as [361]
Ichkunakatsiiks, or "All-Comrades." These societies
included the Mosquitoes, Braves, Crow-Carriers, 575
Brave Dogs, Horns, Black Soldiers (or 561
Black Seizers), and Bulls. In later years of the
Old Days, the Bulls Society became extinct, while
the Pigeon Society formed in its place. The
youngest groups were the Pigeons and Mosquitoes;
the oldest were the Horns, Black Soldiers,
and Bulls. The ultimate in a warrior's life was to [554]
have been a member of all the societies.

The younger societies were mainly social. The Pigeons were originally boys who had not gone on any war raids. By the time they had been on a few, they usually became members of the Mosquito Society.

The Mosquitoes are said to have originated [787] ●
in the dream of a man who lay naked out on the
prairie and let swarms of mosquitoes suck blood
from him. While he was unconscious afterward, a
mosquito came to him and gave him the society
for his generosity. Each member would wear an [237]
eagle claw upon each wrist, to represent the
mosquito's bill. During ceremonies, the members [626]
would use the claw to scratch those who got in
their way. Anyone who resisted their symbolic [796]
scratches would be fallen upon by all the members
and severely scratched.

Each society had a ceremonial dance, during 575
which the members had their faces and bodies 796
painted and wore their society insignias. The significant [535]
part of the Braves' ceremonial dance was
the end, when all the members ran north out of
the camp circle and threw their moccasins into
the air to symbolize the discovery of a buffalo
herd. It is said that one time the barefoot mem-

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but were prevented by the government from placing 766
the bodies on scaffolds or in trees. [177]

According to tradition, the Spirits of our
People go to a place called the Sandhills after the 775
person's body dies. Good, bad, or indifferent as
the person was when physically alive, so will the
Spirit go on forever in the Sandhills. A deceased [764]
person's most cherished possessions were usually
placed with the body, so that their Spirits could
continue to be together. The same was true of a [231]
man's favorite horse. It was often shot by his
grave. Favorite horses that were not killed often
died of starvation while mourning the loss of their
master.

It is thought to take some time for a person's [761]
Spirit to leave the body completely and go on to
the Sandhills. For that reason, a person would
sometimes be brought back from death if he had
unusual spiritual powers and had instructed a
close friend or relative how to recall them. For
the same reason, few people would touch a dead
person or go near his burial ground, especially at
night. It is said that a dead person's Spirit, or
ghost, often tries to persuade others to accompany
it. Widows who commit suicide by their husbands' [762]
graves are said to have been persuaded to
join them on their way to the Sandhills. At the
Sandhills it is said that life goes on much like
here, only in Spirit. The Old Way of life is the
one that goes on, of course.

Some of our People have slept by old graves 769
in search of Power from the Spirits who may be 787●
there. I was once inspired to seek such Power. In 123
my dream I was visited by a skeleton-man in a

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buckskin suit who suggested that I find my Power 769
among living Spirits, not among those of the 787●
dead. The dream lasted for some time and con- 123
vinced me that graves should be left in peace. Unfortunately, some people do not feel this way. They don't even have respect for the dead person's cherished belongings.

The place where I slept was the resting place 764
of a large family that had passed away during an 177
epidemic more than fifty years ago. Their coffins were inside two small cabins. Several ancient trunks and bedsteads were among the many belongings that rested between and under the stacks of coffins. Parts of skeletons, old clothing, and beads were scattered everywhere. Years ago, one of our mercenary people guided white collectors to the place, and they made off with guns, pipes, and large pieces of beadwork. In recent years, others have come and searched carefully for smaller, more valuable items. Some of these have ended up in various museums. The bone hunters came next, first carrying off all the skulls, then picking out other bones. Since my visit, someone made a final, insulting search, during which all the remaining contents of the cabins were tossed out the door. The responsible individuals could probably tell us some interesting stories about their encounters with the Spirits of those buried people.

I learned a few more things during my walk 123
that night. For instance, rocks that lie unseen on the dark prairie are quite a hazard to moccasin-covered feet. Nor is it much fun to step into one of the many holes that lead down to the homes of
foxes and badgers. In the Old Days, such holes [164]
brought tragedies to men, horses, and buffalo. A concentration of such holes is sometimes a warning for another danger on the nighttime prairie—silent cutbanks with drop-offs of a hundred feet or more into dark river bottoms. I also met a modern, silent danger our Old People didn't have to worry about—barbed-wire fences.

As I neared home, I wondered how it would be to steal up to an enemy camp and raid a horse

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person on the reserve to let the cattle graze there. 159
This practice began when Eagle Bear accepted [657]
the first four-dollar payment. That was in the year [427]
number 1904 when I was born. Small Priest [the
People's name for Father Dusette] baptized me, 951
but he didn't give me a name. I don't know why 551
I wasn't called after my father, Dog Child. When 553
I was not many days old, I was called First Rider 159
and I grew up with that name.

When I was a little bit old-personlike [when 869
first active as a child], my father taught me to 492
ride. This was during the number four winter of 159
my life. There was still a lot of horseback riding then and a lot of travois for transportation. Very few had slim-wheelers [buggies]. I was tied on a horse, and the horse was tied to a picket. Sometimes I used to go to sleep on the horse. My [237]
mother made a pad saddle out of blue jeans and stuffed with big-head fur [sheep's wool]. There were stirrups at that time; I used to see them, they were made of wood. But my stirrups were rawhide thongs, which fit my young feet better.

I grew up in the land of the Men with Many 411
Wives [Cardston, Alberta, is a Mormon town]. 159
My father was a hunter and he had many rifles; a slim-gum-arrow [.30/30 caliber]; a double-barrelled hunting gun; also a Number 22, called a gopher rifle. And he was one of the first to own a Number 303 rifle [.303 caliber]. He set traps for [224]
coyote, beaver, and muskrat.

My father made me eat all kinds of deer. The 262
People of the long-ago liked to eat the part of 159
the mother animal that the baby animal sucked on. The only thing they didn't eat is the milk of [272]
the big white heads [mountain sheep]. I heard that this milk is very bitter. 159

When I killed an elk, my father showed me 869
they have seven nest lumps [nipples], not four or [825]
six or eight. He showed me that badgers have blood clots on their ribs. We sprinkled gun [787]
powder on the badger's blood and from looking at our reflection in the blood we knew how long we were going to live. My father saw from his

159
reflection that he was going to be an old man. 869
That is why he was very aggressive. He knew he [787]
would not die before reaching old age. Myself,
I did not look into the badger blood.

Out on the plains there is a ridge, a place that 224
we call Writing-On. That is where my father 159
went camping and trapping and shooting. He
never trapped less than 200 muskrats; usually he
got around 500, 600, or 700. I know my father
once trapped 1,500 muskrats. In the beginning he [435]
could sell the pelts for 15 cents each. Later he was [178]
able to get 20 cents, then 25 cents, 30 cents—
always more as time went on. When old age
forced him to quit trapping, he got 75 cents for
each muskrat pelt. 159

My father was in the Black Seizers Society. 575
Once, when I went to a Black Seizers dance, they 561
painted my face. [Painting someone's face during [852]
the ceremony of a society or Bundle makes that
person a spiritual associate of the society or [302]
Bundle.] My friends, Wore White Pants [Harry
Spear Chief] and Tony, the son of Crane Chief,
were also painted. Their fathers, like mine, were
members of the Black Seizers, as well as elder
comrades in our own young man's society, the All
Brave Dog Society. ["Elder comrades" were once [869]
members of the young society; they taught the
songs and ceremonies to the young members.]

My father taught me the life of the Black
Seizers, the ones who tear our clothes. [The [431]
Seizers had the traditional right to demand food
or other donations from the People in camp [626]
during the society's gatherings. If refused, the
Seizers could tear up their clothing. They were
not particularly popular for this.] 159

My father made me join the Braves Society 575
and he taught me how they dance. I grew up and 869
carried on both the Indian Way of life and the [177]
white Way. . . .

One person alone didn't educate me. Ki-soum
taught me how to work the sweat lodges for the
Horns Society. Natosina taught me how the
Horns Society operates. So also did Three Guns

[p.233-A]

caped to the friendly bushes, with only a bullet hole in his robe. That shot alarmed the Crow village and they all arose in an instant. I was at that time in another part of the camp quietly looking for some horse to lead out, but upon hearing the shot, I left as fast as I could run. Away out on the hills I came across three others of our party who had taken many horses. We then started for home; our other companions had scattered from the Crow camp and gone home by other routes. 726 159

Upon our Northward way we four met a war party of Crows, chased and fought them to no purpose in a running contest in which no one was hurt. We arrived home without other adventures and found our missing friends there before us.

My next trip was in the fall of my second year of raids. I led a party of four myself. Our object was as usual to take horses from the Crows. We went to the Bears River and followed it down to the Missouri. There I had a dream that at a place I knew well, the "big hill," there was a large herd of horses. When I awoke and told my friends we set out to find them. In going towards the "Big Butte" we discovered a large camp of the Crows. I went in alone and took a gray mare. After that, we all went up into some pine timber on a hill and made our little brush camp. Three nights we laid low, then I visited the Crows again and brought back a black stallion and a pinto. Four more nights we remained in our camp, then all of us went into the Crows camp, but we captured only two horses. Now having horses for all of our party, we left for the Big Butte and we ascended to look about. From there I saw the big herd of horses exactly as I had dreamed. We descended and went in the direction of the horses, but to reach them it was necessary to cross the frozen river. While carrying dirt, making a path for our horses to walk on the ice, a large party of Blackfeet came along and joined our party. A few of them on foot crossed the river without any trouble and went ahead and stole a great number of horses from the big herd we were after. When [787] [484]

we finally crossed and approached the remaining 726
horses, one of their owners came forward. I was 159
just about to shoot him when he announced that
he was a Blood. He informed me that he was one [628]
of a party of Bloods and Piegans who had taken
the big herd of horses from the Crows and that
he was now looking for more than half of them,
which had lately disappeared. I explained that
some of the Blackfeet of my party had relieved
him of his horses and were now on their road
north with them.

Our party now split up, five went back to the 159
Crow camp we had just left. Some went home 727
with the Bloods and Piegans who had taken the
horses. I sent back my four horses with a young [431]
man to whom I gave one for his trouble of delivering
them; one horse I sent to my uncle, one
to a female relative, and the other I sent to the
woman who had supplied me with moccasins
when I left home on this trip. I also sent to my
relatives a message that when I had captured
many horses I would return home, and not before,
even should it take me until the next summer
to do so.

Five of us started out on a new expedition 159
and were soon joined by 12 more. For many days 721
and nights I slept and fasted by myself, seeking an
indication as to what to do. Finally, one night I [787]
dreamed that at a certain mountain were a great [785]
number of horses. At once we went there and
found the dream to be true, for in the neighborhood
was a large village of Snake Indians [Shoshones],
their horses grazing in every direction
around the camp. The first night I captured 6 and
sent them home by two young fellows. The next
night with some others, I returned with a large
herd, as many as I could drive. Upon my reaching [431]
our camp I said to Eagle Ribs, my friend and a
chief afterwards [the uncle of Mokakin], "Take
your choice of all these horses, my friend, for you
are a married man and I am single." After he had
done so I picked out two and told the others to
help themselves, to divide them amongst them.

[p.241-B]

Bears, owner of the Beaver Medicine Roll, to join us in it, and pray for our success and safe return. 782 *He was very glad to do that, and, after we left for* 726 *the south, he mounted a horse, near going down of Sun of every day, and rode all through the camp, shouting the name of each member of our party, and calling upon the People to pray for us. That in itself is a powerful aid to a war party. It sustains them, gives them courage. Each evening, the warriors think and say to one another: "Right now, our Sun priest is riding about in camp, praying for us, asking the People to pray for us. It is good, it is powerful. We must deserve their prayers."*

Many youths wanted to go with us, to wait 702 *upon us, and so learn the ways of the warrior. I* 883 *selected one of them, a good hunter, a good shot, a youth named Wolf Plume. He carried my Thunder Medicine Pipe, my shield and my ropes. [Atsitsina thinks that instead of a Thunder Medicine Pipe, specific to our Sacred Bundles, his father was carrying a small war-pipe.] When we* [787]● *made camp, and I went off by myself to rest, to sleep, and try to obtain a vision of that which was ahead of us, he brought me food, water, coals for my pipe, made me comfortable.*

We started out on foot, travelled only in the night-time. 726 *We crossed Bear River [Marias River] straight down from Sacred Red Rock, before* [782] *which we stopped to give it a few presents,* [778] *and ask it to pity us, to aid us in that which we had set out to do. We crossed Milk River [Teton River] just below the butte for which our far-back fathers named it the Breasts [because of their appearance] and, just below the mouth of Point-of-Rocks River [Sun River], crossed Big River [Missouri River]. Yes, right where now stands that town of many houses [Great Falls], there we stopped that early morning, to rest and sleep until night should come again. Our shelter was a small grove of cottonwoods and willows along the river-bank. We had no meat, and were very hungry that morning. On the plain, well out*

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Blood

my medicine was powerful. I said nothing. I was 726
not proud-feeling. Bear Bones asked us to move 224
back, to leave him alone to make his killing. We 789
went down to the shore of the river. Presently we [554]
heard a great pounding and rattling of hoofs,
smashing of brush and dead sticks, and some of
the herd came running out to the shore below,
and turned and ran up past us and then back
through the timber to the plain, all but one, a
cow of two winters, with an arrow deep in her
side, just back of her shoulder. Right in front of
us she fell, blood streaming from her nose and
mouth, and she died. And out from the timber
came Bear Bones, who said: "Ha! There she lies. I
knew that she could not go far with my arrow in
her lungs."

So was it that, by the favor of the Above 726
Ones, we ate fat, broiled meat that morning, and
had meat for several days to come. And my companions [264]
were happy, eager to go on. That which I [787]
had done, my bringing the herd of buffalo to us
from the plain, was, they said, a sign that our raid
was to be successful. After we finished eating, I [782]
went apart from my companions, and, before I
slept, smoked and prayed to the Above Ones, and [276]
sacrificed to Sun a piece of tobacco from my
Thunder Pipe Roll.

Going on south, night after night, we crossed
the Yellow Mountains [Judith Mountains]
through the low gap in them, and one morning,
just before Sun appeared, arrived at Dried Meat
River [Musselshell River]. We crossed it, and
stopped in a small grove of timber. We still had [251]
meat of the buffalo that Bear Bones had killed;
thin cuttings of it, now partly dried. Wolf Plume
broiled some of it for me, and, after eating, I had
him prepare a resting-place for me, in some thick
willows a little farther down the grove, and, after
naming two of my companions to go on watch
until the middle of the day, I lay down, my sacred
pipe roll at my side, and soon slept.

I had a vision. I saw a camp of many lodges. [787]
It was night, yet I saw the lodges plainly, and

[p. 259-A]

horses tied close to them. And then I saw riders 726
going away from the camp, driving before them a
herd of horses. I awoke. Sun was nearing the 787
middle of the blue. I lay there until my helper [252]
came and called me, and then joined my companions, all of them up and broiling meat at a little smokeless fire. My helper gave me some meat, and, as I ate, I told my vision. All agreed with me that it was a good one; that its meaning was that we were to have good success and get many horses from an enemy camp somewhere ahead.

We heard a raven making its hoarse cry. It came from the north and rested upon a branch of a dead tree under which we were sitting. Again and again it gave its loud hoarse cries, looking down at us, and off to the south. My companions
looked up at it, looked at me. As I was a sacred- [793]
pipe man, I sang the raven's song: "Wind, it is
my element, powerful is the wind." [533]

And then: "Buffalo I am looking for. I have [778]
found them. I have found them upon the ground. The ground is my element. It is powerful." [The last words are from an Iniskim song; Iniskims were part of most war-pipe Bundles, but not sacred-Pipe Bundles.]

The raven listened to my singing, looked down at me, turning its head sideways, looking at me first with one eye, then the other, and when I had finished, it gave four cries, spread its wings,
and went flying on to the south. That was an- [777]
other sign that we were to have good luck. We were impatient for the coming of night, so that we could go on southward.

When the new day came, we arrived at the 726
north end of the Bad Mountains [Crazy Mountains], and stopped at the head of a small river, Bad River [Shields River], that flows down the west side of them, southward into Elk River [Yellowstone River]. Some time before the coming of the next day, we neared the junction of the two rivers, and saw fresh horse-tracks in a dusty buffalo trail that we were following. That meant that we were probably near an enemy camp. The far

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OLD CHARLIE

Natosina's mother, Old Charlie, lived to a very 756
old age. She stayed at the home of her son, along 759
the Bullhorn Coulee, where she could see her grandchildren growing up. She was a very successful doctor. She used cactus spines and porcupine quills to perform a kind of acupuncture that was used by some of our doctors. Here is a story about her told by Atsitsina.

***I will tell you a story of my grandmother,
Otsah. She was my father's mother. She used to [854]
carry me on her back in a blanket. She was a very Powerful person. She used acupuncture to take the evil out of an affected person's body.***

***At my father's house they had no food. 685
Doesn't Own Nice Horses [Jack Low Horn] and a cousin of ours said, "We are going to go out and raid a cow so we can have some food." Somebody told them, "You better not do it. The Old Man will hear about it and he will get pretty mad. He doesn't like us to do anything against the law. Anyone that is caught killing will get lots of years in jail." They didn't listen. They went out and killed a cow along the Bullhorn. They really needed food badly. They butchered the cow in a real hurry because they were scared they might get caught with it.***

***So they packed the meat home. When they got home with it my cousin found out that he had lost his knife. He said, "If the police find it I will be caught. I have my brand carved in the handle."
My father's brother-in-law, Sits-with-His-Chest- [791]
Out, told his son, "That old lady, she has Power
to find things that are lost. Give her this real [431]
tobacco and ask her to find your knife."***

***My cousin took the real tobacco over and gave 791
it to the old lady and asked her to find his knife. 787
She tasted the tobacco, she couldn't see too well,
and she said, "Oh, some real tobacco." She got [237]
out some dishes and she put some raw kidney and***

[p.264-A]

liver on the table, and a glass of water. Then she 791
sang some songs. She told us to turn the lights off. 787
She sat there quietly and we all waited. Pretty [237]
*soon the dogs started barking outside and there
was a noise like someone running up to the house
and breathing hard. It was a ghost!*

The old lady told the ghost, "Oki, there is some water for you. Drink it." There was a sound like glass tinkling against something solid. Then she said, "Oki, there is some food for you." There were more funny noises. Then she offered the ghost a smoke and we could see the tobacco being smoked. Then she told the ghost what the problem was, and asked him to go and look for the boy's knife. The old lady told us to turn the lights back on. Nobody was there and all the food and water were gone.

A while later the dogs started barking again. The old lady said to hurry up and turn the lights off. Then we heard a loud thumping noise. After that she offered the ghost another smoke and then he left. We turned the lights back on and found the knife lying on the floor. I know that old lady was very Powerful because everybody saw this happen. She didn't know where the knife was and she never left us to go and get it.

Natosina was kept so busy with his sacred 793
duties that he never cared much for the modern [177]
ways that were coming to our People. Most of his
visitors followed the Old Ways. His Powers were
so strong and had so many obligations associated
with them that others were afraid to come near
him. Whenever he had a bad dream he would call [787]
his children and grandchildren to him, as well as
any other nearby relatives, and pray for them [782]
while painting their faces with sacred red earth.

One of his dream obligations required that 793
he never be interrupted while smoking. He com- 276
municated with Spirits then, and an interruption 784
might break his contact and leave his Spirit out-
side his body. [787]

One time SikskiAki's father and uncle, when

MacLeod. He was one of the group that escaped 159
from that stockade and sought sanctuary in the [727]
States among their Piegan relatives. Unlike Bird
Rattler, however, Weasel Tail returned to his
Blood People after the escape was officially forgotten.
He stayed on the Blood Reserve until his
final years, when he again moved south to the
Piegan Reservation. He died in 1950, at the age of
ninety-one.

Weasel Tail attributed his Power to several 778
visions and Medicines. Among them were his own 787
personal sacred helpers, the otter and the kingbird. 726
He carried parts of both with him wherever
he went. When he went on raids and battles he [237]
usually wore a small bunch of sage hen tail-feathers [714]
that had once belonged to his father. His
grandmother had saved the sacred feathers upon
the death of his father, and given them to him
when he was old enough to go to war. Another [292]
Medicine he wore to war consisted of a wolf cap
and robe, given to him in a dream.

Eagle Child taught Weasel Tail how to paint 531
his horse for battle. He told him, "This you will 789
do to prevent the bullets and the arrows of the
enemy hitting you or your horse. You will paint 231
the horse's right shoulder and right hindquarters 822
with red dots. Why? Because when you shoot a
bullet through the flame of a fire, the flame is not
injured, not even touched by the bullet; and red
paint represents the color of the fire flame. You
will paint the horse's left shoulder and left hindquarters
with white clay spots. Why? When you
shoot a bullet or arrow through the smoke of a
fire, the smoke is not injured or touched; therefore,
the white dots upon your horse represent
smoke, and that gives you the power of smoke,
you and your horse, even as the red dots give you
the power of fire flame, to be unhurt by the bullets
and arrows of the enemy."

Before leaving on their journey, the members 726
of a war party usually met in front of their [533]
leader's lodge and sang songs. One of Weasel
Tail's favorite songs for such occasions had these

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is a place known as the Snake Pit, which few /36
people have gone into to investigate. Even today,
early on a cool morning, one can see the steam
rising from the entrance to a large den. It was in [756]
that area that Calf Shirt once went to seek a [787]
vision, through which he was given the Power of Rattlesnakes. I have never heard the exact story of his vision but the following story is an indication of the Powers it gave to him.

Calf Shirt's sister was married to a Blood 586
named Cree Man, who did not treat her properly. 593
According to custom, a girl's brother could go 825
and take back his mistreated sister, which Calf 789
Shirt did. When Cree Man came to see about his wife, Calf Shirt told him, "If you want your wife back you will have to prove to me that you will devote yourself to her better. To do this you must obtain for me one of my Medicine animals." He then told Cree Man how to get to a particular snake den and how to identify a certain large rattlesnake there. He told Cree Man that the large snake would be curled up outside the entrance to the den. He told him to look for a certain plant in the vicinity. He said, "Put some of this plant in your mouth and chew it. When you see the snake, rub some of it on your hands and pick the snake up by the neck, not too tight, and hold it next to your bare skin until it gets to know you."

Cree Man went to the other side of a place called Turnip Hill, near Lethbridge. When he got there the snakes were just coming out for the morning. He watched until a very large snake emerged and curled up by the doorway. Cree Man spit some of the chewed-up plant on his hands and some on the snake's head. The snake lay very still. Cree Man prayed fervently as he reached forward to pick up the snake. He told it, "I came to get Calf Shirt's Medicine. I am going to take you home with me." He held the snake up against the bare skin of his stomach and the snake coiled itself around his waist. He got on his horse carefully, so that he would not injure the snake or

[p.270-B]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
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Blood

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Wolf Child, Guy Wolf Child's father. He was also known [262]
as John Epps, for his fondness for turnips, which he ac-
quired while working for nearby settlers and farmers. [553]

WOLF CHILD

The following anecdote is remembered by old 714
Wolf Child's son, Guy Wolf Child: [115]

My father went on many raids, just like other
men in his time. Because of a dream he always [787]
painted himself yellow all over, from head to toe. [302]
That is the color of Sun. When he went to war
he always tied a bunch of feathers to the topknot [301]
in his hair. He got the feathers from different [789]
people. They would pray for him and paint his
face for success on his warpaths. They would give [726]
[431]

[p.273-A]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
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Blood

727 *sat down to cook and eat, although we didn't know that it would be our last meal for some time. It started to rain while we were eating, and it didn't stop for the next ten days.*

South of the Bear Paw Mountains we found an empty shack, where we camped for a while. By this time the rain was turning into snow and it was getting colder. The next day when we got to the foot of the Bear Paws, it became so cold and miserable that we decided to make camp and wait for the storm to pass. We made a brush [342] *shelter and stayed in it for four days, but the storm just kept up. We had nothing to eat the whole time, even though we all took turns going out to hunt. One of my best horses died while we were camped there. It was a mare; she had a colt that died, too. They must have frozen to death. Both of them were wearing bells, and I had grown very attached to them.*

727 261 *Our last day in that camp was the sixth in which we had gone without food. We were getting sickly from not eating. That night I went down to the creek and took out a calf hide that I had been soaking all day. It was my riding pad. I brought it to the camp and scraped the soaked hair off, then singed the rest. After that I cut the hide into strips and covered them up with coals. Young Pine was awake and he saw what I was doing. When I took out one of the fried rawhide strips, he asked me for one, too. Before we got finished chewing on them all the others were awake and chewing on rawhide strips. We ate up the whole calfskin.*

726 787 ● *The next night I had a dream. When I awoke I told the others about it: "In my dream we came up to an abandoned cabin. Part of it was collapsed. There was a hill by the place, and we killed two antelope there. We split up and were butchering the antelope when we got attacked."*

Calf Robe interrupted me and said, "Hold it, I don't want to hear the rest of your dream." I told him that the dream ended all right for us, so he told me to go on. I said, "After the fight we

[p. 295-A]

727 *were sitting on top of the hill cleaning a scalp.*
787 *Young Pine asked me if he could have first choice on part of the scalp."*

[276] *Young Pine started to fill up his pipe while he told me that he accepted my dream. He handed me the filled pipe. "When your dream comes true I will ask you for first choice on part of the scalp." I took the pipe and told him that he could have it.*

726 *The next day we continued on our way home. The weather was a little better. As we rode along the bottom of a hill we came to an abandoned log cabin that was partly collapsed. It was the cabin in my dream, I was sure. While approaching the cabin we saw fresh cow tracks, so we followed them until we got near the top of the hill, where we killed two cows. Young Pine and*

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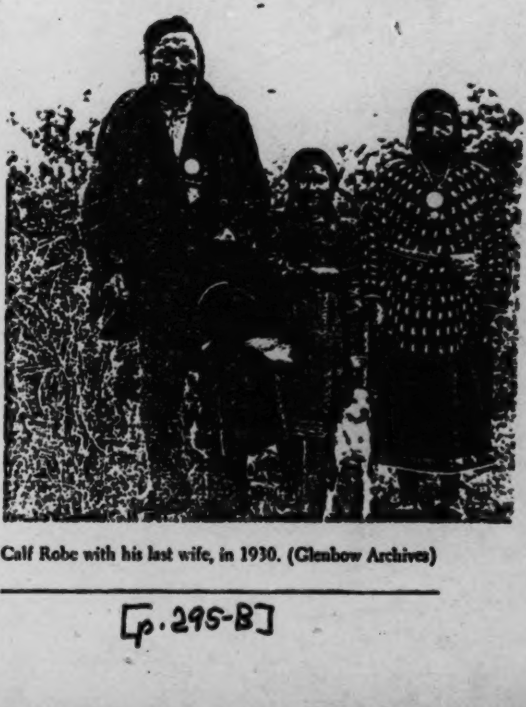

Calf Robe with his last wife, in 1930. (Glenbow Archives)

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
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Blood

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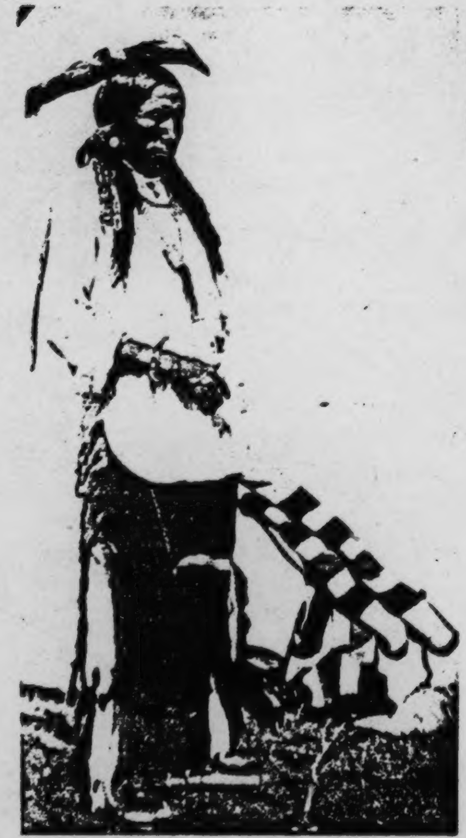

Young Pine wearing his war Medicines. On his head is the stuffed body of a raven, which was given to him in a dream. Another dream Medicine, the skin of a blackbird, is tied to his hair lower down. Around his neck he wears an iron necklace, obtained in trade, and an Iniskim necklace with a piece of cottonwood punk attached for incense. Around his wrist is a bear claw bracelet.

[778]
[237]
[787]
[439]
[824]

[p. 297-A]

dark suit and white shirt, with a clean cowboy hat 793
or a slouch cap over his pure white hair. [291]

Apikayi was the son of old Black Plume and
one of his wives, Black Horn, who had a number [144]
of white relatives. His full brothers include Dick 793
Soup. His father's grandmother was a noted doctor. 755
She used to apply a special skunk skin to the [237]
afflicted area of a patient's body. If the skin came
alive, the person would survive and she would [763]
begin to doctor. If it did not come alive, she
would know there was no hope. When Apikayi [551]
was young he was a very sickly child, so his great-grandmother [553]
used her sacred skin to check him.
It came alive, so she told his parents that he
would grow to become an adult. Later she gave
him the skin, as well as the name.[A] He used to tie [301]
it to his braids, when he still had them.

Apikayi was once a leader of our sacred ceremonies, 793
but not this past winter, due to conflicts 558
with some of our Old People. He has often been
criticized for mixing up the songs of various ceremonies, 156
and for leading ceremonies that were not
actually transferred to him. He and several relatives [425]
sold their sacred Bundles, which made him
unpopular. His active participation in various
other religions added to his unpopularity. Here is
what he says about all that:

I haven't quit going to our ceremonies for 793
good, even though the People are saying that I 558
have given up the Old Ways. That isn't true. 156
I once had a dream that told me I would grow 829
old by them. I was praying very hard and I left
my body. I went far into the Above. There was a
yellow-painted tipi there and I was invited in. [787] ●
The people in the tipi told me that I would live
to be a hundred by keeping up my Old Ways and
by leading all the ceremonies that I am asked to
lead. I am looking forward to seeing if my dream
will come true. I am still very healthy at my old
age.

The reason why I have quit going to ceremonies
lately is because some of the People don't

[A] [i.e., the name Apikayi or "skunk"--Analyst]

[P. 334-B]

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was hard for me to go back to my brother-in-law 778
and tell him that he couldn't take the ancient 432
Pipe because that white man was going to take it 829
to Edmonton." He added, "It was just as hard for
me when John Red Crane asked me to drum for [439]
him at the transfer. I didn't believe in it at all, [796]
but by the rules of our Old Ways, I couldn't
refuse. He was my relative and I knew the songs. [533]
I lost my son not long after that. Just about [784]
everyone who was at that transfer suffered some
misfortune soon afterwards, especially John."

Mark's father-in-law was old Long-Time 778
Squirrel. He died while he was still Owner of the 425
Different-People Pipe. At that time his son was
not prepared to take the Pipe, so Mark's mother- [768]
in-law asked him if he would take it, since it could
not stay in the home where a member of the
family had died. So Mark and his wife took it to
their home, and had it transferred to them during
the following Sun Dance.

Mark is the Weather Dancer as the result of 535
a relative's dream. A woman named Prairie 793
Chicken Calling was visited by a holy man while 787
she was sleeping. The holy man pointed into the
distance and asked, "Do you recognize that man
over there?" The man was Mark, dressed as a
Weather Dancer. The holy man said, "I am telling
you that if that man becomes the Weather
Dancer and devotes himself to his duties, he will
have a long life."

The woman told Mark about her dream. She
said, "Please pity me, relative, and do as my
dream instructed." Mark spoke to the Old Man, [425]
who was then the Weather Dancer. The Old
Man agreed to transfer his rights during the next [424]
Sun Dance. Mark has been Weather Dancer at
three Sun Dance ceremonies so far. He said,
"That's the most Powerful thing that I have, [886]
now. It's my life, and I will live by it so that I can
reach old age."

[p. 336-B]

484 177 *were gone for three months. It's pretty tough when you are so far away from home and you get homesick. I used to just get into my wagon and drive around and try to pretend that I was back at home, here. But that was kind of hard. We never saw any kangaroos when I went for a ride in my wagon here, but we sure did there. We raced chuckwagons and horses while we were down there; we showed their cowboys how we do it here.*

[782] *A lot of Old People prayed for me before I left. They were pretty worried about us going so far and across so much water. We went from Vancouver by boat, it took us twenty-six days.*

156 [575] [787] Joe's wife joined the Horns Society once, with her first husband, and recently she joined again with Joe. He is the oldest member of the society. His wife said, "Don't ask him if he's ever had a vision. He was too scared to go out by himself to do that; he just chased the girls, instead."

MRS. ANNIE WADSWORTH

574 Eighty-two-year-old Annie Wadsworth was a cousin of Charcoal. She can still remember when he came to her mother one night, when he was wanted for murder, and asked for food and sewing materials, which her mother gave him at great risk.

584 The most outstanding fact of Mrs. Wadsworth's life, however, is that her parents gave her away as a bride in the Old Way when she was only seven years old. Her father was Moon Calf; her mother, Forward Stealing Woman. They gave her to eighteen-year-old Willie Wadsworth, then better known as Wearing-a-Tailfeather-Headpiece. She says that she does not regret being married so early because her husband treated her very well throughout their life together. They had twelve children.

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

[Nighttime Ceremony, Ca. 1972]

Then, while we sat waiting for the others to 886
arrive, Atsitsina asked the Old Man, "Omach-
Kinna [Old Man], why don't you tell our grand-
son the secret for reaching old age? Maybe he will
tell me, and then I will become as old as you
are."

The Old Man kept looking at the altar for a 791
time, then he began to speak: 787●

My parents took me to an old holy woman 852
*who had a lot of Power. She was the one who
foresaw that I would reach old age. Her name
was Otter Woman. She told my parents, "This
boy will reach old age. I have foreseen it. But he
will have to face a test right now to prove that
he is the right one. Do you wish to risk his life to
have him meet this test?" My parents had a lot
of faith in that old woman's Power, so they told
her, "Yes, go ahead."*

*I was only about five months old when all
this took place. The old woman began by piercing* [237]
*my ears with porcupine quills. Next, she buried
me under the earth; I was not told how deep, but
she must have left my face free so that I could
keep breathing. Then she built a fire of dry cot-* [372]
tonwood sticks over my body. She told my parents [824]
*that the Earth Powers would protect me from
harm if I was the one in her dreams. No harm
came to me. Then she bundled me up in blankets
and tied me into the branches of a tree. She and
my parents stood below and mourned for me as
though I were dead. She told them that from* [776]
*then on, the Spirits of death would be satisfied
and would not come to bother me with misfor-
tune. When they brought me down from the tree
she told my parents, "This boy has proved that he
is the one who will have the Powers I saw in my
dream. He will belong to Sun from now on. Sun
will care for him and he will have the Power to
help his People."*

Then the old woman prayed: "Sun, I give 791
you this boy so that you will guide him like I 852
304
782
787

[p. 352-B]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

[Nighttime Ceremony, Ca. 1972]

saw in my dream. Here is a part of him to prove 791
that we are sincere and that he will always re- 852
member you." That old woman took out her 304
knife and cut off the end of my little finger from 782
my left hand, you can see where it is missing, and 787
she left the end of my finger out there on the
prairie as an offering. That is when I was first told
that I would have old age.

After the Old Man's story, we sat quietly for 765
a while. Then Atṣitsina remarked that he had not 783
yet been purified for the recent death in his fam-
ily. He could not attend a holy ceremony until he
symbolically cast the Spirit of death away from
himself. He asked me to step outside with him [824]
and to bring along a few leaves of sage from the
bunches by the altar. He had already taught me
what to do to purify someone in our Old Way. I [782]
rolled the sage leaves into a small ball between my
palms and prayed, asking for help that Atsitsina
may forget what has happened and go on with
the Good Spirits again. Four times I prayed and
asked the various Powers to give him strength and
encouragement, and then I handed him the ball
of sage. He prayed and brushed his body four
times with it, then told the sage to take the evil
from his body as he cast it away toward the east,
the direction of the new day.

A truck arrived bringing SikskiAki's parents 796
and our two boys. Wolf Child quietly walked into [493]
the room and sat by me. The Old Man squinted
to see who it was, then greeted Wolf Child: [576]
"Ahhh, Makwi Poka, shake hands!" The Old
Man was very fond of Wolf Child. The boy
prayed enthusiastically and made hand signs while
trying to sing along with our holy songs.

NinnaOnesta and his wife arrived with a box full of bowls, utensils, pipe and blankets, and two cushions—in case our seating proved uncomfortable. The Old Man gave NinnaOnesta a seat on the far left, where he usually sits to call out his raiding exploits.

[p.353-A]

21: Hungry Wolf F-4,5 (ca. 1972) 1977
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

Epilogue

Time has passed since the Sun Dance Encampment of 1972, when I sat and wrote down the stories that make up this book. The Sun Dance Encampment for 1976 will soon be set up on the Belly Buttes. 101

The Old Man is gone now. Last spring, when he opened our Medicine Pipe Bundle, he said: "This will be the last time that I open a Medicine Pipe. . . . Next year someone else will have to do it for you." During last summer's encampment he came only for a brief visit. He sat with us, among the crowd of spectators, as the Horns Society gave their public dance. The leader of the society brought his swan-skin-covered staff and asked the Old Man to call out the four required coups and to give his blessings. For the last time the Old Man held the Powerful staff that once was his. It was his last ceremonial appearance. 793 [763]

The summer before that, the Old Man had given a special name to our new son. "Heard Again," the Old Man called him. During the naming he said: "When the Spirit came to give me Power I didn't hear him right the first time, but I heard him very well when he came again." To celebrate his being born during the Sun Dance Encampment, we gave our boy the official first name of Okan. 793 553 [787]

Last fall, while the Old Man was making his final efforts to remain on this Earth, another son was born to us. To honor the Old Man's spiritual ties with sacred stones, Iniskims, we gave this boy

from the museum, who occupied the Owner's 796
place during the ceremony, had already offered to 778
transfer his rights if anyone wanted to take them. 425
He seemed pleased by the announcement of
Many Grey Horses. The transfer ceremony took [432]
place not long after. The payments included several fine horses and many dry goods. However, the white man had said nothing about all this to his former employer—the Provincial Museum. When they learned of the affair they rushed down to see Many Grey Horses and used threats of law and order to frighten him into returning it. They told him that he would be allowed to have it for the annual ceremony, provided he sign many complicated legal papers first.

The following winter I had a vivid dream in 778
which I saw the Long-Time Pipe being brought 425
back home for good. I went to see Many Grey
Horses and his wife, and told them about the [787]
dream. They offered to accept the dream and to follow its directions. Accordingly, SikskiAki and I joined the elderly couple for a trip to the Provincial Museum in Edmonton the following spring.

At the museum we were treated courteously. 778
Permission was granted for Many Grey Horses 796
and his wife to pray with the Bundle and to give 425
thanks for the return of Thunder. First, parts of the Bundle had to be brought together—some were on display and some were in storage. Many Grey Horses then placed the Bundle on his wife's back, while he carried the bags and other accessories. Dressed in moccasins and blankets, we made a colorful procession outdoors, where we

somewhat like that of their leader. One was fully dressed with a blanket 796
around his waist; the other was nude to the belt. The latter was painted 791
chiefly in red with a circle in blue on the back and one on the breast. The 535
former had a pair of horizontal lines on each cheek, those on the right, [302)
black, on the left, red.

It is said that formerly these dancers were nude, except for the breech-
cloth and moccasins. The entire body was painted. There seemed to have [302)
been no fixed painting, but the sun, moon, and stars were usually repre- [532)
sented. Around the head, they wore a wreath of juniper and bands of [824)
sagegrass around the neck, wrists, and ankles.

The weather dancers are not permitted to eat or drink during the day. [784)
Formerly, they remained in the booth continuously until the evening of the fourth day of their dancing; in recent years, they spend the night at home and return to the booth in the morning.

The functions of these dancers are not clearly understood. They seem 796
to be held responsible for the weather: i. e., upon them falls the duty of 789
preventing rain from interfering with the dancing. Whether they do this 821
because they happen to have independent shamanistic powers or whether 791
it is a mere function of their temporary office in the ceremony, cannot be determined. Other medicinemen often attempt to control the weather during the days preceding the formal entry into the booth as well as during the later days. In 1903 (Piegan) there was a contest between a number of rival medicinemen some of whom conjured for rain, others for fair weather; strange to say, clouds would threaten and then pass away during these days, which coincidence was interpreted as proof of evenly matched powers. Several times one of the partisans of fair weather came out near the site of the dancing lodge and danced to the sun, holding up a small pipe and occasionally shouting. He wore no regalia and danced in a different manner from that observed among the weather dancers at the booth. However, the man who led the weather dancers for many years until his death in 1908, was famous for his control over the weather. Once, it is told, he became enraged at the power making the weather bad, shouting out "Now, you go ahead, if you want to. I have great power and can stop you when I will."

In former times, the dreams of the weather dancers while sleeping in 796
the booth were considered of special supernatural significance, since, it 791
is said, they were *en rapport* with the sun. This *rapport* may account [787) ●
for what seems to be one of their chief functions — blessing the people.
During the days they are in the booth, individuals come to them "to be 791
prayed for." They come up and stand before the booth. The dancer 782
takes black paint and paints their faces. Then he prays to the sun for their 796
[302)

785 796 304 (782) (781) [432] it some weight as evidence. It seems, however, that warriors took the cutting because of a vow, similar to that of the medicine woman. Sometimes a man dreamed that the sun required it of him. The giving of property and the conditions of the transfer were the same as for "cutting the thong," though we have no information that "catching" was permitted. Such may, however, have been tolerated.

(824) [302] [532] The men taking the cutting were nude to the belt. Sage was tied around the wrists and ankles. The hair hung down, held in place by a wreath of cedar (some informants say sage). They were painted white. Rows of spots in blue extended down the sides of the face, over the shoulders and down the arms. Wavy lines of the same color were also drawn down the arms. A circle representing the sun, was made on the breast, also upon the chin and probably on the back opposite the one over the heart. On the forehead was another circle representing the moon. Other informants say a crescent moon in black was used instead of these circles.

785 796 304 432 (782) According to one informant, vows were made to purchase this ceremon[illegible] when ill or in great danger. If the promise brought results, the vow w[illegible] fulfilled at the next dance. The supplicant calls upon one having p[illegible]chased the rite. They enter the booth of the weather dancers, a blanket is held up to shut out the gaze of the others. The transferrer then paints the purchaser. He cuts a hole through the skin of the right shoulder, over the scapula, and a hole over each breast. A small sharpened stick is thrust through each. A shield is hung on the back. Long cords were fastened to those on the breast, the ends of which were tied fast, high up to the center pole. The purchaser goes up to the pole, embraces it, and cries for a time. Then he backs off, and dancing, throws his weight on the ropes. The transferrer jerks the shield from his shoulders and if necessary, assists him in tearing loose. (781) At once, the purchaser goes out into the hills and sleeps in different places to receive power.

[illegible] It is said that all who take this ceremony die in a few years, because it is equivalent to giving one's self to the sun. Hence, the sun takes them for his own.

785 796 304 (782) The cutting was similar to that described by Catlin and other writers as observed elsewhere. Some informants say the dancers held whistles in their mouths and gazed at the sun as they danced. When all the thongs were torn out, some of the lacerated flesh was cut off as an offering to the sun.

McLean reports the following observations upon this ceremony at a Blood sun dance:—

> ....The chief attraction to the pale-face is what has been ignorantly termed "making braves." I desired very much to see this ceremony once, that I might know the

782 sun's offering. This sacrifice is always spoken of as feeding the sun with flesh from
304 one's own body. The cloth is fastened to the stick in the form of a flag or banner
so that it waves in the wind with the flesh offerings tied in one corner. This sacrifice
785 is considered one of the greatest a man can make.

726 Now, as I have said, some men only give two small pieces of skin, while others
give a great many more, but as they do this each time they go on an expedition,
539 it so happens that a man who made many war expeditions has many small scars
on his arms and legs. Thus, we can still tell those of our old men who went upon the
warpath many times in their youth. We can tell by the scars made from feeding
782 the sun their own flesh. But, again, it so happens that men while at home may have
304 dreams in which they are commanded to feed the sun. Now it is believed that
785 unless a man heeds such a command, he is certain to be visited by misfortune or
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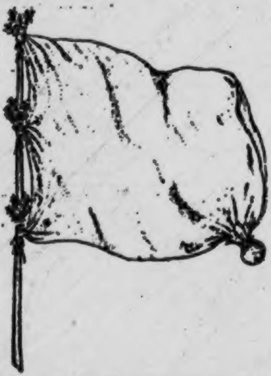

Fig. 1. The Offering of Human Flesh. The bits of flesh are tied in the corner of the banner. Drawn from a native sketch.

782
304 even death, so he always makes haste to comply with the command. After such
785 a dream he makes a sweathouse and invites in an old man who prays and makes the
offering. The procedure here is the same as previously described and the offering
539 is made into a banner and placed in a tree or upon a hill. Then again, the men who
[787] are at home in the camp but who have relatives in a war party may so wish for the
safety of these that they themselves offer bits of skin in their behalf. Thus, you see,
[726] there are many times when people will offer bits of skin, so that it was not uncommon
for a man to have one hundred or more scars upon his body. These are generally
arranged in rows up and down the arms, down the legs, down the breasts and the
back. I have even heard of cases where a man is said to have offered one hundred
pieces of skin at one time. This, however, was unusual.

[726] Sometimes, instead of offering skin, the warrior would offer a finger. Thus,
if beset by very great danger on the warpath a man may make a vow to the sun

Black Coulee, it turned southward. Then keeping on due east, and 72|
passing along the north foot of the Bear Paw Mountains, we would in due time strike Little (Milk) River, and somewhere along it, perhaps where it joined Big River, we would be sure to find the camp of White Dog and his Cutthroat people.

A long way for us to go. We would have to travel anyway eighteen nights in order to reach the enemy camp; that is, if we traveled twenty miles each day.

Our trail cut across the bends of the river, so we were sometimes traveling along the timbered bottoms and again out over the plain. The night was clear; an almost full moon was shining. After we had gone ten or twelve miles from the fort, we began frightening game resting or grazing along our way: elk, deer, antelope. Near and far wolves were howling, coyotes shrilly yelping. Good sounds they were. We had no fear of attack by the wolves or the coyotes.

When in the east the sky began to whiten with the first faint light of day, our leader told me to go on ahead and kill something. I was not long in finding a few antelope, killed a buck, and was butchering it when my friends came down to help me. We turned off into the thick timber and willows bordering the river, and over a fire, almost smokeless, broiled and ate our fill of the fat meat.

Our early meal ended, Many-Tail-Feathers named Weasel Tail to go up onto the rim of the plain and watch for the possible approach of any enemies until noon when he was to come in and waken me for the afternoon watch. With that our leader went off by him- [787]
self, in quiet to smoke to the gods and pray them to give him, as he slept, a vision of what might be in store for us—whether of danger to be avoided or overcome, or of our safe advance. We others, after smoking a couple of pipes, put out the fire and slept.

The day passed uneventfully. Near evening we all got together for another meal of broiled antelope meat, Many-Tail-Feathers reporting that he had not been given a vision of any kind. Well, he, [778]
because of his ownership of the sacred pipe, had great favor with the gods. If danger threatened they surely would have given him warning of it. Dusk came and we took to the trail again.

On our third morning out from the fort, we camped at the mouth

721 of Black Coulee, and in the evening left the river and struck off northwesterly upon the plain. Three mornings later we stopped for the day in a grove of pines on the north slope of the Bear Paw Mountains. Silently, glumly, we sat around our little fire as we broiled and ate portions of a yearling buffalo that we had killed the morning before. What wrong had we done that the gods seemed to have deserted us? Was it that we were heading straight to our end at the hands of the enemy?

Many-Tail-Feathers named me to take the morning watch, and
● [787] then as always went off by himself to pray for a revealing vision and sleep. I drank from the little spring near by, went down and sat in the lower edge of the pines. To the north were a few buffalo and antelope, peacefully grazing, resting, some of them going for water.

Came noon. I went up in the pines, awakened Little Otter to go on watch, told him that, so far, no enemies had come in sight. Then I stretched out where he had lain, to sleep and forget my troubles. Late in the afternoon loud singing awakened us. Many-Tail-Feath-
[533] ers, happily singing the wolf song, the good-luck song of warriors, came dancing toward us, and we all sat up and stared at him. Then, ending his song, he shouted to us:

721 "Take courage, my friends. Take courage. The gods favor us.
787 They heard my prayers; they gave me a vision. It was that, as we were traveling, we discovered some enemies. We attacked them; some of them fell. Then I awoke. But that was enough, my friends. You all know as well as I do that a vision of falling, dying enemies means success for us."

"It does! It does!" Heavy Runner cried. And all began happily talking, telling of visions that had proved to be true. And hotheaded White Antelope said: "Well, now that we are to have success, let's broil and eat what little meat we have left and then be on our way."

Said Many-Tail-Feathers: "No. My vision does not free us from being ever cautious. We will raise no more smoke here on this high place for enemies, possibly wandering about, to see. Besides, except for antelope, game is scarce. We were lucky to find that buffalo yearling. No. We will not eat the meat we have left."

morning. Constantly keep looking at the plain and the valley, far 721
and near. It is that we may be close to the camp of the Cutthroats. If so, you should discover riders out from it in quest of meat."

Taking up his rifle, Heavy Runner at once set out for the rim of the plain, and Many-Tail-Feathers as always strode off into the timber to rest apart from us. We others smothered the fire and stretched out to sleep.

The sun shining hotly on my face through a parting in the tree branches awakened me. Very thirsty, I went to the river to drink and was surprised by Many-Tail-Feathers coming and joining me on the shore. Stepping noiselessly across the sand and to my side, he startled me. Looking up, I knew at once from the worried expression of his face that something was wrong with him. "*Kai yiwahts?*" ("What troubles you?") I asked.

"My vision. It was bad. I heard women wailing for their dead. It 787
was night. The lodges were just dim shapes in the darkness. Though 721
I could not see them, I could plainly hear the women mourning for their dead. You know what that means. It is warning that there is trouble ahead for us."

"But your good vision, your vision of us killing enemies; and then the raven circling over us, beckoning us eastward—all that, you said, meant good luck for us."

"So it did, but this, my new vision, brings all that to nothing; it is sure warning that we are heading into danger."

"Well, what are we to do about it?"

"Be more than ever cautious, watchful; pray now, all of us. Pray 721
to the Above Ones to keep us safe, to give us success against our
enemies," he answered. With that he led back to our sleeping com- [276]
panions, awoke them, told of his bad vision; and soon we were gath- [533]
ered in a circle, smoking in turn his pipe, singing his elk-tongue pipe songs after each of his fervent prayers to the sky gods for our safety and success. And so to the last one of his songs:

Raven says, my medicine, it is strong, it is powerful. [533]
Enemies I seek. I have found them. [534]
Dead on the ground they lie.
My medicine, it is powerful.

the belongings of our poor, dead friends. Oh, too bad, too bad that we can't bury them." 721

My wound was bleeding, painful. Before we were halfway back to the grove I was feeling faint. Many-Tail-Feathers called a halt, relieved me of my rifle and pouch, and was binding my wound with a piece of my shirt when, down on the rim of the plain, guns boomed, and we saw Heavy Runner fall, then jump up and start shooting.

"Not killed," said Many-Tail-Feathers. "Not far enough on his way to get the scalps, either. Now he may join us again."

The Cutthroats did not come on after us, well knowing what we could do to them with our repeating rifles and not knowing that we did not have others close by. They went back up on the plain, doubtless to send one of their number down to their camp for help, and to keep watch on us.

The sun had set when we got back to the grove and sat down to talk over our situation, the while we watched for our enemies along the rim of the plain. Heavy Runner joined us, sullen at his foolish act, not wounded severely. We would have to leave the grove before the whole force of the Cutthroats could come up and surround it, Many-Tail-Feathers said. They would expect us to try to escape them by going up the valley, keeping well within the timber. But we would not do that. We would, instead, cross the river and travel northward on the plain until break of day, then lie hidden until night when we could safely strike out for our camp.

"But, Chief, we are not to try to raid the Cutthroats' camp, take some of their fast horses?" Weasel Tail asked.

"No. Failing to find us here, they will keep close watch upon their horses for many nights to come. So is it that we are going home on foot."

"Going home," I growled. "Our two good friends killed, two of 787
us wounded, we here in a most dangerous situation. Many-Tail- 825
Feathers, what now of your good-luck vision, the good-luck coming 721
and calling of the raven?"

"True they proved to be. I killed White Dog, worst one of all our enemies, did I not? That our friends were killed was by no fault of mine. Somehow they failed to get the protection of the Above Ones."

came delirious, and for a time I feared that he would die. He was all 000
of a month in recovering his health. When the lake froze over, and snow upon the ice afforded good footing, we had easy hunting. Hitching a horse to our homemade sled, we would ride up the lake, kill such bighorns as we needed, low down on Red Eagle or Goat Mountain, load them onto the sled, and be early home.

During the winter I continued my contributions to Grinnell's *Forest and Stream* and often heard from him—he writing enthusiastically of our proposed exploration of the head of St. Mary Valley and advising that we must have a large outfit, as he would be accompanied by two friends.

On a day in December, Tail-Feathers-Coming-Over-the-Hill and 133
I were hunting along the foot of Red Eagle Mountain and, having 103
killed a fine bighorn ram and butchered it, we built a fire and sat down before it to have a good smoke. By turns we inhaled whiffs from my friend's long-stemmed black stone pipe loaded with a mixture of good tobacco and fragrant *l'herbe*, he constantly and raptly gazing at the mountains across and up the valley. And at last, pointing, he said: "That mountain there, next above the one you call Goat Mountain, how very high it is, its summit far up into the blue. Of all the mountains that I have ever seen I think it the most beautiful.
Were I younger, and were it summertime, how I would like to climb [787]
up and lie upon its summit, and fast, and pray Sun for a vision."

I had long admired the mountain, thought it the grandest one in all that region, and had often considered naming it but could think of no name that would be appropriate. But now my friend's remark was helpful; it gave me to see that the name should have some relation to Sun, chief god of the Blackfoot tribes. So, after a little I said to him: "We will name the mountain. Let us call it Going-to-the-Sun Mountain."

"Good. That is a powerful, a sacred name; it could not have a better one," he answered.

Since then, a poet and a writer, visitors in Glacier National Park, have written, the one a long poem, the other a tale, which they solemnly assert give the Blackfoot Indian legend of the naming of the mountain in far-back time!

off with two of Fox Eyes' catch. But Badger Woman caught him 525
in the act, snatched the hides from him, and scolded: "You nothing 593
one! You always-losing gambler! Taking of our son's beaver trappings
that I am saving until there will be enough of them to buy him a many-shots gun like the one *Apikuni*, here, has. You know how hard it is for him, with his old powder-and-ball gun to provide us with the meat and hides that we need. But still you would steal of his catches to gamble them off! Oh, you shameless, you hard-minded one!" And at that, without a word of reply, Crazy Dog returned to his cronies, lost all of the tobacco that he had, and then came to me begging for more.

"You know how it is," he whispered. "I am so crippled that I cannot hunt. So I gamble. My woman, of course, she scolds me, but I don't mind it. Her heart is good. Well, *Apikuni*, sneak to me some of your tobacco and I will again try to win—plenty win."

Said Fox Eyes to me on the following morning: "*Apikuni*, you 785
know that I have never endured the sacred fast. I have never had 787
time for it; my father crippled, unable to hunt, I have, ever since I
grew up, been the sole provider for our lodge. But now the time has
come when I must have my fast. So this I ask of you: be you our [123]
hunter, provider of meat, while I endure it."

"Yes, I will be your family's hunter; but why are you now so minded to fast sacredly?" I said.

"Because I want to be a real man, a warrior, a member of the [183]
Doves, or the Raven Carriers, or some other band of the All Friends [575]
warriors society. I have already decided upon my fasting place: a
cliff facing Big River and close above the mouth of this South Bear
River."

Badger Woman and Little Bird Woman, listening to our talk, became 785
excited and pleased. Said the mother: "Oh, Fox Eyes! Oh, my 787
son! I am so glad that, at last, you are to do this. Too long have you 156
been a lonely, friendless one, unable to join a war party, unable to [575]
take part in the dances and the happy feast gatherings of any of the
All Friends bands. But now all that is to end. Oh, how proud I shall
be of you, someday seeing you returning with a war party, waving
enemy scalps, singing the victory song, riding and driving before
you enemy horses."

787 And said Little Bird Woman: "Oh, brother, after your fast, join
785 Seizers; they are the best clothed, best singers and dancers of all of
575 the warrior bands."

"No, you will join the Raven Carriers, they such always-successful warriors. My father, my brother were members of it," the mother said.

785 There followed some argument between mother and son over
787 which of the medicine men (Sun priests) should be asked to pray
[778] for his safety and success in his lone and strenuous fast. The result
was that Fox Eyes brought in his horses, roped and led one of them
before the lodge of Black Otter, owner of the sacred Thunder Pipe
bundle, gave him the horse and said: "*Haiyu!* Oh, powerful, Sun-favored Thunder Pipe man. I am to undergo my lone fast. Help me.
Pray for me!"

346 "Yes. Build a sweat lodge at once and I will join you in it," the
old man answered.

Badger Woman, her daughter, and some of their women friends were already building the sweat lodge. In shape it was a semisphere, about ten feet in diameter; its frame, of willows; its covering, an old lodge-skin. In its center a small pit was dug; and lastly, in the near-by fire, some stones were set to heat.

783 Came presently Black Otter with his sacred pipe, a wooden bowl,
793 and a buffalo tail; and he and Fox Eyes went into the little lodge,
[778] undressed, thrust out their clothing, and naked sat. The women
passed in the red-hot rocks, and with a stick Fox Eyes rolled them
into the pit; lastly, the old man's bowl, filled with water, was passed
533 to him. He dipped the buffalo tail in it, sprinkled the rocks, and, as
782 dense steam began to fill the lodge, he sang the first one of his Thun-
der Pipe songs and then fervently prayed Sun to protect Fox Eyes,
to give him success in the lone fast which he was about to endure.
[821] Followed more sprinklings of rocks; more songs; more prayers to
Sun, Night Light (the moon), the Seven Persons (constellation of
778 Ursa Major), and Thunderbird. Lastly, with the sacred pipe in hand,
776 Fox Eyes prayed the Above Ones for success in his undertaking, for
782 long life and happiness for his family, and for all of the people of his
tribe.

tribe. We were a crowd of men and women sitting close around 783
the little sweat lodge, listening to it all; the prayers and songs, solemn,
fervently impressive, heart stirring, they brought tears to all eyes.
Finally the old man and Fox Eyes reached out for their blankets, and, [515]
wrapped in them, came out and with heads bowed walked slowly
to the river to bathe and dress.

On the following morning, accompanied by his mother, sister, 787
and a half-dozen men relatives for protection, Fox Eyes rode off for 785
his fasting place, and I joined a party of hunters. We were back long [793]
before sundown with the choice parts of some buffalo cows we had [533]
killed, just in time to see old Black Otter riding the round of the [782]
camp, stopping occasionally to sing a sacred song, pray, and call
upon the people to pray for the safety and success of Fox Eyes in
his lone and strenuous fast.

Three mornings later Badger Woman, Little Bird Woman, and I rode out to visit the faster. At the mouth of Crooked Creek we turned up the valley of the Missouri and then up to the foot of a cliff, where we left our horses, climbed for a time, and turned off upon a narrow shelf of the cliff; presently we came to Fox Eyes in a cavelike depression formed by the overhanging rock. Wrapped in his blanket, he was lying upon a buffalo robe, and at his side were his gun and a red-painted, empty, water bowl. "*Ha!* Here you are: mother, sister, and my good friend *Apikuni*, too," he said.

"Of course," I answered. "I shall come often to see you if I may."
We sat down beside him, and his mother emptied a bladder skin of [415]
water that she had brought into the wooden bowl; carefully he raised [237]
it, took a few slight sips of the water, said that he would like to drink
it all.

"You haven't yet had a vision?" his mother asked.

"Last night, the beginning of one," he answered. "I was walking in 825
a valley, in a grassy length of it. A big longtail (cougar) came out 787
from the timber, and I said to it: 'Oh, you powerful, always-successful
killer of your food. I am poor. Pity me. Help me; give me of your
power; help me to live a long and successful life.' He looked at me,
turning his head this way and that way. At last he answered: 'You

787 want me to be your sacred helper. Well, I think that I can . . . .' And
[825] then, seeming to see or hear something that frightened him, he went
leaping back into the timber, and I awoke and could not sleep again."

785 "Oh, too bad. Too bad," his mother wailed. "And you so desirous
787 to obtain a helpful vision. And so hungry, thirsty. Oh, I worry about
you; here likely to be discovered by some enemy war party that may
[782] come along. Well, this day I shall sacrifice to Sun for you. Yes, I
[292] shall give him my best, elk-teeth-trimmed gown, pray him to give
[237] you quickly a helpful vision and let you safely return to us."

"Yes. Do that. And this I say to you: Do not return here until five
[782] nights have passed. Your coming disturbs me. I must be alone, have
constant quiet in order to obtain a helpful vision. So now go, and
[776] I pray Sun to keep you safe, you three."

"Oh, my son, my son," his mother wailed. "You to lie here five nights without our help? Why, you would die from want of water."

"No. One can live longer than that without food or water. And it may be that I shall obtain my vision this coming night, or tomorrow night. And now go. It is that I must be alone and pray."

782 Soon after we returned to camp, Badger Woman made a tight roll
of her beautiful, valuable, elk-trimmed ceremonial gown, went out
[776] and tied it to a limb of a tree. With fervent prayer she gave it to Sun;
she sought the great sky god to protect Fox Eyes in his lone fast and
to give him a powerful vision. And there the gown would remain,
gradually disintegrated by wind and weather. None, not even an
enemy war party, would dare to steal a gift to Sun.

787 Five mornings later I went again with the women to the faster
785 in the niche in the cliff, and was surprised at the change in his ap-
pearance in that short time. Emaciated and pale, he lay upon his robe,
and feebly he raised a hand to greet us. But he happily smiled and
said, almost whispered: "I have been given that which I sought. Take
me home.

822 "Last night, as I slept after long and earnestly praying," he began,
828 "I, my shadow (soul, spirit), left my body and traveled far, crossing
787 a great plain. After a long time I came to the edge of a valley and saw
a river in it, and I was glad, for I was very thirsty. Down I ran to it,
and to the murmuring of the swift stream. Never had I heard so pleas-

ant a sound; it cheered me, and again I cried out, as I had all the 787
long way across the plain: 'Oh, pity me, Sun, and all you various [822]
ones of the shadow world. Be some one of you my sacred helper, [828]
that I may survive all dangers and attain old age.'

"I was looking down the river as I prayed. I heard a splash the 825
other way and turning, there, almost beside me, was a certain water 787
animal, sitting at the edge of the water and looking at me. He was so old that his fur was mostly white. 'Oh, young man,' he said to me, 'from afar I heard your cry for help, and so have come to you to be your sacred helper.'

"And then, mother, sister, *Apikuni*, that water animal, he talked with me a long time, telling me what I should do, how sacrifice to him, how call him to my aid when in need. But just what he said, just who he was, that I may not tell you. I wish I could, but you know that no one may reveal what is between him and his sacred helper, lest bad luck come to him."

"Yes, we know that; we will never question you about it, and oh, how glad I am for you. Well we know that all the water animals, even the smallest kinds of them, are Sun favored, and so very powerful. So come, my son, homeward we go," his mother said. His sister gave him her horse and rode double with her mother, and in the late afternoon we were back in camp.

The next evening, well recovered from his fast, for the first time 574
in his life, Fox Eyes gave a feast-and-smoke, and all who were invited came—staid warriors and several sacred-pipe men, believed to be particularly favored by Sun. They drank the soup, ate the rich, broiled buffalo tongues set before them, and during the smoking of the four pipes afterward congratulated Fox Eyes on his endurance
and the success of the fast. I was there with them, although I had no [114]
right to sit with such dignitaries. But many privileges were accorded the white brother of Fox Eyes.

As my almost-brother filled the pipe for the fourth time, and 714
passed it to the man next on his left to light, he said: "My friends, I now have my sacred helper, but without a shield I cannot go to war. Who will make one for me if I provide the material for it?"

"I will," said Black Otter, oldest of the sacred-pipe men. "And I!

The Making of a Warrior

It was indeed a magnificent bird, a male war eagle,[2] its tail feathers 223
long, smooth, glossy, white with black tips. As we rode homeward
with the bird, I was as pleased with the success of the day as he.

"A good beginning," Black Otter said to him. "Catch three more [825]
of them, and then I will prepare you for the war trail."

Within ten days' time Fox Eyes had the tail feathers of four eagles,
all of them caught at the pit. Wonderfully good luck, all said, for [714]
he now had enough of the tail feathers for the fringe of the shield
and for a war bonnet, too. We then went out hunting, and with my 224
rifle he killed a buffalo bull, an old, old one, whose once crescent-
shaped, smooth, black, sharp horns were now mere rough, pale stubs.

"He has been brave; he has fought many battles and survived
them," said my friend, as we were removing the hide from its neck
and shoulders. "It is a sign that a shield made of his hide will be my [714]
powerful protector, keep me safe in fights with our enemies." [825]

There was evidenced his real faith. To the Blackfeet there was a [787]
sign, an omen, for good or for bad in everything, no matter how
trivial. We took the piece of thick hide to Badger Woman, and she
carefully removed its fur, leaving the glossy, brownish-black surface
intact. Then one afternoon it was handed to old Black Otter, 796
and the interesting ceremony of transforming it into a shield took 281
place. 714

Black Otter was dressed in his war clothes, soft buckskin shirt, [793]
leggings, and moccasins, beautifully embroidered with varicolored [292]
porcupine-quill designs, and on his head was a horns-and-ermine-
skins war bonnet. His hands and face were painted a dull red, the [822]
sacred color. By the side of his lodge the piece of bull hide was [302]
stretched and pegged to the ground, and, kneeling on it, he began
to pray, at the same time starting to cut from the hide a circular piece
about four feet in diameter.

"Oh, Sun! Oh, Night Light! Morning Star! Oh, all you Above 796
Ones," he chanted, "Listen and pity us this day. This shield that I am 782
making, give it of your sacred power so that it will keep its owner 714
safe in his encounters with the enemy. Oh, Above Ones! To all of

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[2] It was the golden eagle, *aquila chrysaëtos canadensis.* [036]

796 782 us, men, women, children, give long good life, good health; help us
714 to overcome our enemies who are ever seeking to destroy us."

714 Some women were heating a number of stones in a little fire, and
281 near it a small pit had been dug in the ground. The women rolled
part of the stones into it, covered them with a thin layer of loose
[793] earth. Then Black Otter, with the help of three war-clothed friends,
laid the circular piece of hide over the pit and, inserting pegs into
slits that had been cut at regular intervals along its edge, fastened
it to the ground.

[555] As each man drove in a peg, he counted coup, told of some fight
with the enemy in which he had been the victor. Tightly the hide had
been fastened down; it began to shrink from the heat under it until
it pulled the pegs over. As fast as they loosened, the three men helpers
[793] drove them in again; Black Otter carefully supervised the work,
often feeling of the hide to make sure that it did not get hot enough
to burn, and calling for more hot rocks as they were needed.

In about an hour the hide had shrunk to about half its original
[793] diameter, and was at least an inch thick. During that time Black
[782] Otter had frequently prayed, and with his helpers had sung a number
[533] of sacred songs. Finally Fox Eyes took the hide home and in due
714 time made a beautiful, tail-feathers-trimmed shield of it. Lastly he
made a war bonnet of the remaining tail feathers, and was then ready
[721] for war. A few days later he did set out with a small party to raid
the horse herds of the Assiniboines, and I returned to the trading
727 post. A month or more later Fox Eyes came to visit me, came singing
554 a war song, riding a fine horse and leading another. Tossing its
[533] rope to me, he said: "*Apikuni,* I give to you this Cutthroat (Assiniboine)
horse. Three of them I took. One Cutthroat I killed and this
—see it—many-shots gun I took from him. *Apikuni,* Sun is good to
[787] me. My sacred helper, that water animal of my vision, is powerful.
[825] *Apikuni,* I am a happy man. I am soon to have a lodge of my own."

"Good! Have three wives, four wives. While you are about it, be
a real chief," I said.

24: Schultz F-3 (1877-1947) 1980 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

The White Quiver Saga
(Told by White Quiver)

115 WHEN IN HIS PRIME my long-ago friend *Ksiks Unopachis*—(White
Quiver) was a noted warrior of the Pikunis, largest, most powerful
one of the three Blackfoot Indian tribes. He was born about 1850
and died on the Blackfoot Reservation, Montana, in 1931. He was
very quiet and reserved, seldom joining the gatherings of his story-telling,
[796] laughing, joking, fellow tribesmen around their evening
[555] lodge fires. It was during the annual Medicine Lodge ceremonies
of the tribe, when one by one the warriors counted their coups that
he particularly shone, holding his audience all but breathless as he
told of his raids, his killing of enemies, and his taking of enemy horses.

648 On a night early in September, 1885, a war party of Crows made
721 off with a band of horses owned by some of the Pikunis who were
camped on Badger Creek, not far above their agency. A year previous
to this, following instructions from Washington, the agents
of the various Northwest Indian tribes had notified their charges that
they must absolutely cease going on raids against their enemies. But
now, having himself lost several of his horses in the raid of the night,
White Quiver declared that he cared not for the orders of *Kaahks*
721 *Anon* (Our Grandfather, the President). He was going to take revenge
upon the Crows. Several of the Pikuni warriors wanted to go
[776] with him, but as always he refused their company. He had always
[787] been a lone raider and always would be. His sacred, powerful, secret
helper, a certain animal that had appeared and counseled with him
in his long-ago fasting vision (dream) had told him that to be suc-

cessful, to survive the wiles, the bullets, and the arrows of his enemies, 721
he should always go alone against them. [716]

There follows his tale of his last and greatest adventure, as he often [787]
told it in the long-ago:

It was Running Wolf who came hurrying into my lodge that morning and said that a war party had made off with some of our horses during the night. They had taken his swift black-and-white-spotted horses that he had tied before the doorway of his lodge. I went out with him, with the others who were camped above us, and we found that forty-one of our horses had been stolen. We found, too, the defiance of us by the stealers: their coupstick set upright in the ground behind Running Wolf's lodge, the piece of deer leather tied to it, painted with a black bird. *Ha!* The war party were Crows!

Returning to my lodge, I told my women to put into my war 726
sack several pairs of moccasins, some pemmican, my little sacks of 515
sacred paint, and to build a sweat lodge. Late in the day Red Eagle, [714]
powerful sacred man, owner of the Sun-favored Thunder Pipe, went [778]
into the sweat lodge with me, and, thrusting out our blankets, we [276]
sat naked within it. The women rolled in the rocks that they had [237]
heated red; we poked them into the little center pit we had dug, and,
dipping a buffalo tail in a bowl of water, Red Eagle sprinkled them
with it. As steam filled the lodge, and we perspired, he prayed Sun, 782
Moon, and Morning Star to keep me safe from all dangers along the 515
way that I was to go and to give me success in my raid upon the 276
Crows. I prayed too, and we smoked as we sang Sun's songs and the
songs of the Thunder Pipe. It was dusk when we reached outside for [533]
our blankets, and, wrapped in them, ran to the creek and plunged
into its cold water; then we went home to dress.

Sad-faced and silent, my women set hot food before me. "Don't 777
you dare cry, for that would bring me bad luck," I told them. "Be 726
cheerful; laugh; sing; count the days of my absence as you pray for me, and that will bring good luck to all of us." Came in Red Eagle and others for a short visit and smoke with me—one advising that I ride his fast horse, so that I could quickly go to the far Crow country. I replied that riding to war was too dangerous. A horse, though well

houses, and where once our buffalo had grazed, now grazed his white 136
horns (cattle). Is it any wonder that I felt sad? 178

Two mornings on from Yellow River, I arrived at the foot of 721
Black Mountain, that lone, bare, black lift of rock at the head of
It-Crushed-Them-Creek (Armell Creek) and climbed it for my rest
and sleep. It had ever been a lookout place of war parties. Upon its [726]
summit was a circle of rocks, piled breast-high by some long-ago [342]
war party for shelter from the winds. I got into it, sat, and, happening
to look down, found an arrow point of shiny black stone, there
lost or given to the gods, perhaps, by some warrior of the very long-ago.
I put it in my pouch. My finding of it, I thought, was a sign [777]
of good luck ahead for me. Once before I had rested in this rocks [702]
circle with a war party led by Heavy Runner—I his servant, learning
the ways of the warrior. Then north to Big River, west to Yellow 136
River, east to Other-Side Bear River (the Musselshell), and beyond 178
them as far as we could see were countless herds of buffalo and
antelope. And now what did I see as I looked down on It-Crushed-Them
Creek? White men's houses; white horns and sheep grazing
where once our own food animals had grazed. I must not think of all
the wrongs we had suffered from the whites, I thought. It is now for
me to do successfully this that I have set out to do. I prayed to the [782]
Above Ones, to my own secret helper, and slept. [776]

On the following morning, just before Sun appeared, I went into 721
hiding in the timber of Other-Side Bear River, right where, five
winters back, thirty lodges of us Pikunis had camped and hunted
buffalo. We had come there from the big camp of our people at
Raven Quiver's (Joseph Kipp's) trading post on Yellow River. Soon
having all of the meat and hides that our pack horses could carry,
we set out to return there and that evening camped on It-Crushed-Them
Creek. On the following day, when we were nearing Yellow [821]
River, Cold Maker brought upon us a terrible storm, and before we [776]
could arrive there two of our women and a boy froze to death. I [165]
was thinking about it as I lay down to rest. I slept and had a vision: 781
Appeared my sacred-animal helper and said to me: "This was a bad- 776
luck camping place for your people; some of them died upon their 777 721

787 way back from here. It may cause bad luck to you." *Ha!* Right then
776 I awoke, but what I had been told was enough. I moved on up the
777 valley and lay down in some berry brush upon its west rim. And
721 none too soon. When climbing up there I had frightened a small herd of white horns, and they had run off up the valley. And now came three white men riding down it to learn what it was that had caused them to run. Well I knew what they would have tried to do had they come upon me in the open. They disappeared in the bend of the valley below but after a time came back up, riding in the timber bordering the river, still looking for the cause of their white horns' alarm. And then I saw them no more.

721 On my third night after leaving Other-Side Bear River, I traveled as fast as I could go, hoping to reach Elk River and hide in its timber before daybreak, for the Crows might be camped right where I would strike it. As the sky in the east began to whiten, I walked still faster; ran at times. But day came, and the breaks of the river were still well ahead of me; Sun would be up in the blue before I could get down into its valley. I had been running but stopped to get my
271 wind, consider what to do. To lie on the plain all day, and without
787 water, would be painful; even then I was very thirsty. I said to my-
721 self, I must go on to water. I must risk being discovered by some
[776] enemy, early traveling out on the plain. So I went on—walking fast, then more and more slowly as I had stronger and stronger feeling that I should not try to get to the river. It was my sacred helper, I believed, warning me of danger. But I was so thirsty; would be still more thirsty. I stopped; my dry throat urged me to keep on. But my secret warning of danger was compelling. Though I all but choke
[276] from want of water, I will not go on, I at last decided, and sat down
[782] in some sagebrush, filled and lighted my pipe; with prayer, wafted smoke up toward the Above Ones and down toward Mother Earth.
721 *Ha!* I had not quite finished the smoke when two riders came out upon the plain from the river breaks, and I saw that they were Indians. They rode eastward, now at a trot, again at a walk, often turning in to look at the heads of the coulees. This was Crow country; doubtless they were Crows, looking for their horses that had strayed off in the night. After a time one of them, well in the lead, signed to

the other one: "Come on! Come on!" and together they rode swiftly 721
down off the plain out of my sight, having probably found their 787
horses. Then how sure I was that the Above Ones and my secret 776
helper, sacred animal of my vision, were powerfully aiding me; 721
would surely help me to do this that I had set out to do. Hunger, [271]
thirst were nothing. I prayed to my powerful helpers, I sang the [782]
Wolf Song, lay down, and slept at times during the day. [533]

I was sitting up when Sun was going down beyond the western 721
mountains, going on to his far-off island home in the Everywhere [821]
Water. I was so thirsty that my throat and lips were swollen. The [271]
plain, so far as I could see it, was bare of any kind of life, but I was
taking no chances of being discovered by Crows or whites. I waited
until it was fully dark, then set out for the river. I struck the rim of
the plain where, in the morning, the two riders had appeared; looking
down into the valley, there, as I expected it would be, I saw the Crow
camp. There were more than a hundred lodges, all glowing red with
their evening fires; and faintly came to me the drumming and singing
of happy people. I stole down into the valley. The camp was in a
wide, long bottom of grassland and well out from the timber bordering
the river. There were many horses grazing in it. I did not want
any of them; my takings would be the powerful, fast, valuable horses
that were nightly tied before the lodges of their owners. I passed
the camp so closely west of it that I could plainly hear the people
talking and little children squalling. On weak, trembly legs I pushed
on through the timber and at the shore of the river, knelt, and drank
and drank of its cold, soothing water. Then I sat back and for the [261]
first time ate of the pemmican in my war sack; not much, for I was
saving it for just such times as this—times when, close to my enemies,
I could neither kill a meat animal nor build a fire.

The water and the food gave me back my strength. I cautiously moved out to the edge of the timber to look at the camp; I would wait for the lodge fires to die out, the people to sleep, and then go in for the horses. Straight out from me, midway between the camp and the timber, some men built a large fire and began dancing in the light of it. I could plainly see them, their beautiful war clothes, their longtail war bonnets. Very graceful was their dancing and

72 | [821] I got up and stole toward the camp. Nearing its upper end, I moved more and more slowly—a step or two at a time. A horse was standing before the doorway of the uppermost one of the lodges. It was not frightened, did not move as I approached it. One of the sleepers in the lodge was snoring. Untying the short picket rope of the horse, I led him off very slowly, so slowly that his hoofs made no sound upon the thickly grassed ground. Going to the edge of the timber, I tied him there and went back for another one. But that time I got two. Then I hesitated. Should I or should I not go back to the camp once more? The horses that I had were good ones; perhaps I should be satisfied with my taking and go. But it would be as easy to make ● [787] [776] [552] off with four as it would with three; and I had strong feeling that the Above Ones and my secret helper would keep me safe. Back I went and led out another horse, a big, fat, well-built stallion that I at once named *Sikopi* ("Black-and-White-Spotted") because of his color. I rope-bridled him, got onto him, and leading the three others, rode slowly up onto the plain. There turning the three loose, I drove them fast, heading for home.

The Crows, no doubt, rode far and wide in search of the stealer of their four horses, but they failed to find me. I had but one bad time on my long, back trail and that was my own fault. I had stopped for the day at Yellow River, and with the horses well hidden in a dense, high, growth of willows, I had a good rest and sleep; toward evening, over a small fire, I broiled and ate plenty of the meat of a deer that I had killed that morning just before entering the timber. But I was too eager to go on, to get home with my fine taking of Crow horses. Though I better knew than to do it, though I well knew that I should remain right where I was until real night came, I started on just as Sun was going down to his western home. And no more had I gotten out upon the plain than two white men who were driving a band of white horns toward the river, saw me, came riding and yelling after me. I rode fast, too, as fast as I could drive my three loose horses. Then soon they began shooting at me with their short-guns (six-shooters), and I saw that they could overtake me. Well, I had to stop them or be killed, so I stopped, got down from my horse and began shooting with my rifle—not right at them, but close to

696 and your kind. I know how much you enjoy raiding your enemies,
657 but it has to end. White men's writings travel much faster than the fastest riders can go. From now on any enemy horses that you may get upon your raids will be taken from you by the white seizers as soon as you arrive home with them."

I had no reply to make to that. I turned, went out the door, on past the big corral and the Red Coats there guarding the horses within it. Back to Bear Child's house I slowly walked, and within it sat and grieved and grieved, his mother sympathizing with me. Came night, and Bear Child returned and tried to cheer me, in vain. Then, as we were going to our couches, he asked: "Tell me, friend, what is it that you now intend to do?"

"My thoughts are all mixed. I have no plan for anything," I answered.

[787] But in the night, after much prayer and after a vision that I was
[776] given by the Above Ones, I decided upon a way to get back my horses. Came morning, and I said to Bear Child: "I want you to interpret for me once more, and I want you to get Bull's Head to send you on some errand that will keep you away from here tonight. For tonight I shall get back my horses and you are not to be blamed for it."

"But you can't get them; the Red Coats watch them all night," he said.

"You do what I ask; you will be surprised," I said, and he gave in.

Again we went in to Bull's Head, sitting, smoking in his room, and I said to him: "Bull's Head, give me your hand." He held it out; I took it, pressed its palm, closed the fingers on it, and still holding it, said: "My horses; they are in your hand, but between the fingers there are places that can be opened. Bull's Head, this is to tell you that tonight I shall get back my horses." And with that I gave him his hand.

He laughed. "White Quiver, what a joker you are."

"Maybe not," I answered, hurried from the room and back down to Bear Child's house, and told his mother what I planned to do.

"Oh, but it is too dangerous; the Red Coats will probably kill you," she cried. And after a little: "Well, as you are strong-minded to do it though they were not present. And then, one by one, they sent 584 friends to her father to speak for them; but always the answer was: "My daughter bids me say to you that she will never marry. You should know as well as I do that she is not of two tongues."

So at last all courting of Otter Woman ceased. And then one day 701 she asked her father to organize a party to make a raid on the Crows 462 and allow her to accompany him as his pipe carrier, his servant; for she wanted to learn the ways of war and in time become a leader of war parties, as that ancestor of theirs, that virgin warrior, Running Eagle, had led parties in the long ago.

"Yes, successfully for a time, until she was shot down in a night raid upon a camp of the River People," said Eagle Plume.

"*Ha!* But what a happy way to die. Father, it is that I want to [721] avenge fully the passing of the one I love, the only one I ever could love. I want to fight and fight and fight the Crows; make them pay dearly for what they have done to me."

"Oh, no! No!" her mother cried. "Daughter, you were not born for the war trail; your ways are the ways of real women; you love the lodge and all the lodge work. She was a man in a woman's body, that Running Eagle; when of but few winters, she demanded of her father a real bow and arrows. She hunted with him; killed buffalo, deer, elk, even real bears."

To Otter Woman, it was as though her mother had not spoken; she kept her eyes on Eagle Plume, and after long thought he replied: "This that you ask of me is very serious. I will pray the Above Ones 787 ● to give me a revealing vision; it is for them to point out to me what answer to make to your request."

Time passed and Eagle Plume seemed to be unable to get the dream that he wanted; then one day he came hurrying into his lodge and said to the girl: "Daughter, the Above Ones, as you know, have given me no vision about that which you asked of me, and now I know their reason for denying it to me: I have just now been visiting with Talks-with-the-Buffalo. He has asked me to give you to [584] him."

Otter Woman laughed. And then: "That man! Of your own age: of two wives and many children! He must be crazy. What did he say when you told him that I shall never marry?"

ward, some Black Robes lived. Old Mission, not far below there, was 361
Heavy Shield's camp, and Big Skunk set up his camp of many lodges
on Point-of-Rocks River, close to where it flows into Big River.

Came Falling-Leaves Moon and a number of the men of my fath- 721
er's camp and Calf Looking's camp set out to raid the horses of the [648]
Flatheads (Kalispel tribe), going by way of the pass at the head of
Two Medicine Lodges River. There were four who went from Calf [3[illegible]2]
Looking's camp and one of them was Big Snake, he who had the
longest hair of all of our people, men and women. It was gray, and
its braids were so long that they hung down almost to the ground as
he walked. To the right front braid was always tied a white shell in [301]
which were seven holes, they representing the Seven Persons (Ursa [821]
Major), to whom he prayed. In a sun-given vision that he had expe- [782]
rienced they had appeared to him and said they would be his sacred, [776]
powerful helpers. [78[illegible]]

It was in the Falling-Leaves moon when the war party set out to [533]
raid the Flatheads, and winter had come when the members of it [727]
from my father's camp returned—came charging, singing in with
many horses that they had taken from the Flatheads and proudly
waving some Flathead scalps. And at once they inquired for the four
other members of their party: Big Snake, Yellow Weasel, Cut Finger, and New Robe. Had we seen them or heard of their return? Learning that we knew nothing of them, they went on to say that, soon after they had crossed the Backbone (the Rockies), Big Snake and his three friends had left them; had turned north to raid the Kutenai people, and they wondered what had been their success.

Early morning after the return of the war party, my father told 224
me to round up our horses and catch two of them, his fast buffalo
horse, Short Tail, and my favorite horse, Striped Face, for he was going hunting and I was to accompany him and help him butcher his kills.

I soon had the horses tied before our lodge. My mother set food before us. We ate plenty, saddled, and were off, riding southward out upon the plain, expecting soon to sight a herd of buffalo. But none were in sight when we topped the rim of the plain, and we rode on and on, my father repeatedly saying: "Now, this is strange! But

224 three days ago everywhere out here were herds of buffalo grazing, resting, and now there are none. Nor have our hunters been out this way. Why, then, did the herds leave so suddenly? I don't like it.
● [787] I believe that it is a warning that danger of some kind threatens us."

"Then let us go back, go home, or hunt north of our camp," I proposed.

"No. We will keep on. Watch carefully ahead for the danger, whatever it may prove to be," my father answered.

We rode on and on, still without sighting a buffalo herd nor even any old, straggling bulls. So going, we came to a large, grassy lake, upon which many flocks of swans, geese, and ducks were resting, feeding, loudly honking and quacking—a flock now and then rising and going on southward toward the Always-Summer-Land.

[821] Said my father: "Those water birds are better off than we are.
[776] They can go where Cold Maker cannot follow them, and we have to endure his snow and cold."

"But why can't we all go, too, down into that Always-Summer-Land?" I asked.

"Good reason why we can't: so many tribes of enemies down there that they would kill us off."

721 No sooner had he answered my question when, topping a little ridge just beyond the south end of the lake, we discovered not far ahead a party of men on foot—a war party of some kind, without
[201] doubt. And seeing us, one of them stepped aside from the others and signed to us: "Come on. Join us. Smoke with us. Our hearts are good. We will be at peace with you."

"Oh, don't go. They are our enemies. They will kill us," I cried to my father.

Again the man signed to us, this time saying: "Come on. Join us. Smoke with us. We are Crows. We will be friends together."

[648] Said my father to me: "My son, though they are Crows, our worst enemies, I cannot be a coward. I have to accept their offer, go smoke with them. So come on."

Oh, how frightened I was as we neared those many Crows—fifty-
[201] three of them—all well armed, staring solemnly at us. Signed their leader as we came to them and got down from our horses: "It is good

000 tains (Little Rockies), Lower Little (Milk) River, and from there south of Big (Missouri) River to Elk (Yellowstone) River."

648 721 726 Following the trail of the Entrails People[A] from Bear River, Red Plume and his party discovered them camped just north of Hairy Cap (east butte of the Little Rockies), and that night they killed a number of them and took more than three hundred of their horses. From that time on war parties of our Blackfoot tribes frequently raided the Entrails People, and they in turn sometimes raided our camps and horse herds but did us little harm. Not long after we fell out with them they made a peace smoke with the Crows, who were also our bitter enemies.

Came the third summer of our hatred of the Entrails People (1866); Butterfly had died, and in his place, Many Horses became head chief of us Pikunis. The head chief of the Entrails People was Sitting [623] Woman—a strange name for a man. Well, in the Green-Grass Moon [782] of that summer, Many Horses counciled with our medicine men and [796] foremost warriors, and they decided that we should make our great, every-summer offering to Sun[3] this time at Divided Mountains (Cypress Hills, Alberta).

648 721 Little did we think when we set out for the Divided Hills, in the Berries-Ripe Moon (July) of the summer, that we were there to have a great and successful fight with the Entrails People, and many of their new friends, the Crows. It was not until many winters later, when the white soldiers made us cease fighting one another, that we made peace with those tribes and got their account of the fight.

[103] Arrived at the Divided Hills, we made camp along the edge of a large grove on Seven Persons Creek (Maple Creek), so named because, long before then, a war party of our tribe had killed seven Liars (Crees) there. Well, a war party of Entrails People saw us traveling toward the Divided Hills and hurried back to their camp and told of it.

Then said their chief, Sitting Woman: "The Pikunis love that part of their country. Without doubt they are going there now to build

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[787] [3] The early fur traders named this annual, days-long, sacred ceremony of the Blackfoot tribes "Medicine Lodge; Sun's Lodge." The Blackfoot name for it is *Okan* ("His Vision"). It is their belief that their dreams, to them visions, are their actual experiences as they sleep.

A, [i.e., the Gros Ventres--Analyst]

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The Baker Massacre

I was born seventy-nine winters ago on Yellow (Judith) River. 000
My father, Bear Head, was a tall, handsome man and a great warrior.
My mother, Fair Singing Woman, was beautiful. Though quite
young, she had even then become a sacred woman, one of the women
who, every summer, build a great lodge to give to Sun. Dearly my
father and mother loved me, and I loved them. As soon as I could
walk, my mother furnished me with soft, beaded, deer leather clothes
for summer, furs for winter. And my father gave me little bows and 868
arrows and taught me to ride gentle horses; gave me six horses when 524
I was in my sixth winter. Four of them were mares, so I was soon
having quite a band of horses of my own. I loved to play with the [776]
boys, and I loved to sit before the evening lodge fires listening to
the warriors and hunters telling of their brave deeds—the old men
telling of the power and goodness of Sun and all the other gods.

Came my eighth summer, and my father, getting ready to go with 701
a party against some of our enemies, said that I must go, too. My 702
mother objected; cried; said that I was too young to go to war, that
it would be too dangerous for her little one. Said my father to her:
"Last night, as I slept, Sun gave me a vision. We were a war party. [787]
Our young one was traveling at my side. We discovered enemies,
fought, and killed them. The meaning of that is plain. It is that your
young First Rider goes with me, with our party, and that he will
survive the dangers that we encounter. And well you know that I
was of his age when I first took to the war trail. So must he now go.
I shall make of him a real warrior."

First Rider—that was the name given me when I was born; given [551]
me by an old medicine man because of one of his visions, in which he [553]
saw a member of a war party be first to take an enemy horse and [787]
ride it off.

Well, my mother knew that my father would have his way about
me, so she made no more objection to my going but got together the
things that I would need, extra pairs of moccasins, a rope, awl, and
sinew thread; and crying, she said to me: "You have to go. I shall [782]
pray, constantly pray the Above Ones to give you safe return to me."

I was eager to go. I wanted to become a great warrior, kill many
enemies, take many enemy horses, and so be honored, made a chief by

727 Rider, little First Rider; he takes an enemy gun; he takes an enemy
702 scalp."

Then how pleased, how proud I was of myself. And I thought, powerful is Sun. Good to me is Sun. I prayed him for a gun, and I have it.

While this was going on some of our party farther up the coulee
[648] had killed the other rider. Both were Atsinas (Entrails men, Gros
Ventres), a tribe with which we had long been at war.

726 We now all got together again, and my father said: "Without
702 doubt these two Atsinas we have killed were early hunters from their
camp. More will be coming from it. It is best that we go to a good place to conceal ourselves for the day."

We found not far back on our trail a well-timbered coulee, and there had a good rest, our lookouts seeing none of the enemy during the day. Came evening, and my father decided that we would remain right where we were until near morning, then go on very cautiously, looking for more of the enemy to kill. So we lay down to get more sleep, my father at one side of a big rock, Heavy Runner at his other
● 787 side. Sometime past the middle of the night my father awoke us all
726 by suddenly calling out: "Heavy Runner! Awake! I have had a
702 vision. I must tell you of it."

"Tell it," Heavy Runner grunted, and my father continued: "This I visioned: This big rock here, it nudged me and said, 'Your enemies are camped not far north from here. Be wise. Seek them very cautiously and you will have good luck.' "

"*Ha!* A good vision; a good warning. We will carefully heed it," said Heavy Runner.

Said one lying close to me, "First Rider, your father, Sun powerfully favors him. A good vision, this that Sun gave him. I can hardly wait for the good that is to be ours." We all were so excited about it that from then on we slept but little.

726 When the Seven Persons (constellation of Ursa Major) warned
702 us that day was not far off, we again set out northward, passed the
place where we had killed the two riders; and then, nearer the Divided Mountains, as day came, we stopped in a brushy coulee, and

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727 My father had out his far-seeing instrument, was looking through it at the valley at the place where we had seen the rising smoke, and after a little he said to us: "Many, many Liars out there, in the brush on the rim of the valley; mourning for their dead; looking for sight of us."

Said Many-Tail-Feathers: "We will tonight make them to cry still more."

● [787] "No. I feel that the passing of our good friends, False-Fast-Runner and Big Elk, is warning to us not to attack the camp of the Liars," said my father. "There are very many; too many; some of us would be killed. We have terribly punished them. They wait only for us to leave, to bury their thirty-three dead and then return to their north country."

That did not please Many-Tail-Feathers and a few others like him, crazily brave. They urged, come night, we at least should go to the rim of the valley, shoot down into the lodges of the Liars, and then leave. But my father would not agree to it. We remained right where we were during the rest of the day and as Sun was setting turned back for home, and in good time safely arrived there.

721 In my tenth and eleventh summers I went with my father's war parties against several enemy tribes, and we always had good success; I myself took three horses in a night raid that we made upon a camp of Crows.

Besides my mother, my father had three other wives, my almost-mothers, and they had four daughters, my almost-sisters, the eldest one of them married to a man of terrible temper, one named Owl Child. In my twelfth summer, my father gathered a large war party to go against the Cutthroats (Assiniboines), and this time left me
[578] to care for our family during his absence. Owl Child was one of those who went with him. Near the mouth of Little (Milk) River the party discovered a camp of the enemy, successfully fought them, and then Owl Child claimed to have killed a Cutthroat who without doubt had been killed by my father. They quarreled about it, and
000 Owl Child, crazily angry, killed my father. When the party returned, bringing us the terrible news of his death, Owl Child was not with them. He had gone to his own relatives in Mountain Chief's

CHAPTER TWENTY-ONE

Plenty of Buffalo Meat
(Told by Many-Tail-Feathers)

224 To decoy and suddenly put to death a herd of buffalo, that is just
what the prehistoric, nomadic, Indian tribes of our northwestern and
Canada's western plains did whenever meat and hides were needed.
[175] And they continued that activity into historic time, even up to a
period definitely determined to have been somewhere around 1843–
171 46. The Blackfoot, Crow, Assiniboine, Gros Ventre, and Kalispel In-
[123] dian tribes all did it; but I shall tell only of the four Blackfoot tribes'
● [787] way of it, as I have been an active member of them for sixty-three
[828] years and have heard their stories of it all many, many times. The
Blackfoot belief that dreams are actual experiences of their shadows
[774] (souls) while their bodies sleep, and that Sun is the supreme god of
[776] earth and sky, enters into it all.

101 To begin with, there are four tribes of the Blackfoot Indian Con-
619 federacy: the Blackfoot, Blood, and North Piegan tribes of Alberta,
515 and the Pikuni tribe of the Blackfoot Reservation, Montana. Of
all the story tellers (historians) of the four tribes, I considered Many-
[787] Tail-Feathers of the Montana tribe best of all. He died in 1925 in
his ninetieth year, and it was his father, also named Many-Tail-
Feathers, who, because of his powerful dream, put an end to the
decoying and slaughtering of buffalo herds by the four tribes. And
so to my old friend's tale of it all, as follows:

173 In that very-far-back time our ancestors were but one large tribe,
224 the Blackfeet. It was not easy for the hunters to obtain meat and

575 [224] [535] der. Said to me: "Your father, what a Sun-favored man he is. What a powerful decoyer. It is because of him, his success, that we dance tonight."

He was so friendly that I said to him: "Killer of Crows, I want to be a member of you Raven Carriers."

"So you shall be when you grow up," he answered. And then as the drummers and singers began again the society's dance song, he sprang up, raised me up, and said: "Come, you shall dance with us." I did so. I danced out from the circle of them, danced close around the fire; and, clapping their hands, they said that I was a perfect dancer. I went home very proud of myself: I was to be a Raven Carrier. In our lodge all were asleep when I entered it. I noiselessly got upon my couch and slept, too.

● 787 224 Daybreak was near when loud shouting awakened us. A man was shouting: "Get up! Get up, you people! Our *piskan* is burning! Hurry! Hurry! We must put out the fire."

Cried my mother: "Our man. He is out there. Where can he be?" We all rushed out. The *piskan* was a very large fire.

"Enemies are burning it," our head chief, Lone Walker, shouted. "You warriors, all of you get your weapons, get upon your horses and we will make those enemies to cry."

Again my mother cried: "Our man, oh where can he be? I know not when he got up, went out."

As our many warriors were hurrying to obey Lone Walker's order, lo! my father appeared. He was coming from the river, carrying his leggings and moccasins; and when he had come close he signed to the crowd of us: "Be quiet. Be quiet." And then said loudly: "Retie your horses, put away your weapons. I set fire to the *piskan*. You cannot save it."

"*Ha*, you set it afire. Why did you do it? Are you crazy?"

"No, not crazy. I did it because of my vision, my powerful vision," he answered.

"That vision—what was it?"

"I cannot tell you about it now. I am very tired. I must rest," he said, and turned, walked slowly to our lodge and into it, my mother, almost-mothers, and I following, hearing the people all about us angrily talking, saying that the fire-setter should be made to suffer. 787

My father sat down upon his couch, put on his leggings and moccasins. 224 My mother, building up the fire, asked what he would eat: pemmican, broiled ribs, berry soup, or what?

"Nothing. Nothing at all," he almost whispered, lay down, turning his back to us. And sadly, worriedly, we looked at him, and obeying my mother's signs to us went outside and sat at one side of the doorway of the lodge. Foodless, silent, long we sat there. From afar the people stared at us, came not near us. We were very sad.

Sun was near the middle of the blue when my father came out to us. He had not washed, rebraided his hair, nor painted his face with [302] sacred red. Very poor looking he was. "I am going to Lone Walker's [822] lodge to tell of my vision; you better come; sit outside," he said to us. We got up and followed him, sat down close outside the lodge where we could hear all that would be said within.

After a few words with my father, Lone Walker came out and shouted to this and that one of our chiefs and Sun's men to come to him. They soon entered the lodge, and a big crowd of our people surrounded it, also sat down to listen.

Then soon my father began, loudly speaking: "My friends, my [774] vision was powerful. As I slept I, my shadow, went forth upon discovery [513] of whatever I might see. It was that, as I was walking in a valley strange to me, a buffalo bull came out from a grove, came toward me, stopped and raised high a right forefoot, making as it were, the sign for peace. So, peace I also signed, and he came on. Soon we met and he said to me: 'I have been looking for you. It is that I must give you warning about something you and your kind are doing that is very wrong. It is that with your *piskans* you are rapidly killing off us buffalo. If you keep on doing it you will soon put an end to the very last ones of us. So this I say: stop using your *piskans* if you would prevent something dreadful happening to all of your kind.'

" 'What would it be, that dreadful thing?' I asked.

" 'I have warned you; I will say no more,' he answered and turned and walked back the way he had come. With that I awoke, my body wet with sweat. I felt that I must at once prove to my vision buffalo

787 that I accepted his warning, accepted it not only for myself but for
224 all of us. So was it that I hurried across to the *piskan* and set it afire."

Said Lone Walker low heartedly—we outside could barely hear him: "My friend, you did right; you had to do it. As our Sun-given visions tell us to do, so must we do if we are to survive the dangers that beset us."

"Yes. Yes. Yes. True. So ends our *piskan* killings," cried the others there within. And with that we all arose and strolled off our various ways.

Visiting us at the time were several members of our brother tribes, the Blackfeet and the Bloods. At once they hurried home to tell of my father's vision. So was it that they too ceased using *piskans* for obtaining food. *Ha!* Of all those present at that last killing of buffalo in Old Man Lying *piskan*, Mountain Chief and I are the only ones now alive.

So ended my old friend Many-Tail-Feathers' tale of the *piskans* in the long-ago.

172 In recent years a few Montanans have been digging into the sites
224 of some of the *piskans* and finding quantities of flint and obsidian
[411] arrow and spear points, flint knives, stone mauls and axes, bone flesh-
[412] ers and scrapers, and other prehistoric artifacts in layer upon layer
of buffalo bones and even buffalo fur. There are *piskan* sites near all
of the Montana towns east of the Rockies. A favorite one of the
Blackfoot tribes was that on Wolf Creek, two miles above Wolf
[103] Creek Town, called Wolf-Also-Jumped *piskan*. It was so named
because a wolf, close following a buffalo herd that was being decoyed, also went off the cliff. On the Blackfoot Indian Reservation, Montana, north side of Two Medicine River Valley, and two miles down a branch road from U.S. Highway 89 is a *piskan* site that near-by Indians will gladly point out to the tourist. It lies at the foot of a very high cliff, and its layers of buffalo bones are all of two hundred feet in circumference. It was that, after decoying and killing of a herd, the bones and offal left by the butchers would be covered by a wash of earth from the plain before another decoying would occur; hence the layers of them. A very interesting *piskan*

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CHAPTER TWENTY-TWO

Bison Skulls on Chief Mountain[1]

(Told by *Ahko Pitsu*)

237 It was in 1902, if I rightly remember, that Henry L. Stimson and William H. Seward III decided to climb Chief Mountain at the east edge of the region which was in 1910 to become Glacier National Park. But disdaining the easy ascent to its summit from the west, they chose to climb its south, precipitous side. Accompanied by their guide, *Paiota Satsiko* ("Comes-with-Rattles"), they set out early of an autumn morning and with great risk of their lives made the ascent, arriving at the summit at noon. There, to their great surprise, where buffalo could not possibly come, owing to a last, clifflike rise of the ridge on the west, they found three buffalo skulls: two of them very old and weather worn, the other one still in a good state of preservation.

Stimson mused: "It is strange that these buffalo skulls should be here. Long-ago Indians must have brought them up, but why? What reason could they have had for doing it?"

787 Said Comes-with-Rattles: "They came here to fast, to pray for
782 visions as they slept, and brought these buffalo skulls for pillows.
237 That much I know about it."

785 But though Stimson and Seward questioned him, he could tell them no more. When of but few years, his father had been killed in the Baker Massacre of 1870, and his brothers-in-law, Kipp and Upham, had raised him, kept him with them, so he knew but little of the lore of his Pikuni people.

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[1] Published in *The Great Falls Tribune* (January 23, 1938).

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Bison Skulls on Chief Mountain

At the time I was camped at St. Mary lakes with George Bird Grin- 237
nell, and when the climbers returned and told of their find of the
skulls on top of the mountain, I determined to learn if possible who
the men were that had carried them there, and what had been the
result of their fasts. I felt sure that *Ahko Pitsu*, my close friend and [115]
a notable historian of the three Blackfoot tribes, would have the
answers for me. Come winter, I would ask him about it.

In our cabin on Two Medicine Lodges River, *Ahko Pitsu* ("Re- 124
turns-with-Plenty") was a frequent visitor. So one evening after 237
my wife, Fine Shield Woman, had served us a good meal of beef 115
stew, bread, and coffee, and we were enjoying a smoke of *l'herbe* and tobacco in front of our fire, I mentioned the climb of the two white men led by Comes-with-Rattles, how they had found three buffalo skulls on top of Chief Mountain and were wondering how they got there. Two of the skulls were so very old that the black sheaths of their horns had been worn away by winds and storms, and the sheaths of the other horns had turned from black to yellowish white.

"Long, long ago, one of those skulls was taken up there," *Ahko Pitsu* said. "Strange you should ask me about it now. Last night I had a dream, and in it my old friend *Miah* came to me. That is all I remember of my dream. I have been thinking about *Miah* (obsolete word) all day. He was my close friend and adviser in my youthful days. No doubt you remember him. He died in that last summer that many of us Pikunis were camping at Raven Quiver's trading house on Bear River."

"Yes, I remember *Miah*. Tell me something about him, about his stories of his youthful adventures. I remember he was a very old man when he died."

He drew several lengthy, satisfied whiffs from the pipe which I had filled for him and said: "Now, I begin."

This is the story he told:

Never was there a man of our tribes who endured so much bad 787
luck as he did for many winters. Then, because of a vision he ob- [777]
tained upon the top of Chief Mountain, with a buffalo skull that he [237]

787 777 carried up there for a pillow, he thereafter had great success in all of
237 his undertakings.

237 *Miah* told of finding two buffalo skulls when he arrived at the top of Chief Mountain. One of them, he said, had been the fasting pillow of that powerful, long-ago warrior, Eagle Head; but none knew who had carried the other skull up there. He had been, of course, some very, very long-ago warrior of our people.

777 *Miah* in his old age loved to tell of his many terrible experiences,
[787] how he failed in everything that he attempted to do, and how, at
last, he obtained the power to overcome his continuous bad luck. I well remember the last time I heard him tell of it. A number of us were gathered in Heavy Runner's lodge, *Miah* one of our circle, and Heavy Runner, who had just returned with some of his friends from an unsuccessful raid upon the herds of the Cutthroats, was telling of their bad luck.

152 Said *Miah*, when Heavy Runner had finished his sorrowful tale:
777 "Friend, your bad luck was as nothing compared with the continuous
failures of my undertakings for many winters, the last one worst of all. I had become so talked about for my failures in all that I did that the leaders of our war parties would not let me join them from fear that I would cause them trouble. My closest friends would not go hunting with me. Even my two wives ceased liking me. They did not smile when I was with them. Silently, cold eyed with set lips, they cared for our lodge, placed food before me. Oh, how unhappy, how sad I was.

721 "At last on a day of early summer I said to my wives: 'At once
154 make for me two pairs of moccasins, plain ones. Put them, an awl,
[714] sinew thread, sacred paint, flint and steel, some pemmican in my war
sack. I am going to try to take Cutthroat scalps and horses.'

"Said my sits-beside-me-wife, Mink Woman: 'What a thoughtless one you are, leaving us with barely enough meat for two more days. Before starting off to war, you bring in the meat of a fat buffalo cow for us to cut up and dry for future use.'

" 'Should I go hunting, my horse would probably stumble, fall, and kill or cripple me. I leave it to your brothers to keep you supplied

with meat,' I answered, and tearfully, with never another word to 721
me, they set about their work. 154

"I did not ask a sacred-pipe man to give me a going-away sweat- [515]
lodge bath. No use of that. Time and time again they had done it for [782]
me, and always had Sun and his Above Ones failed to heed their
fervent prayers for my success against the enemy.

"Night came. Silently my wives watched me sling on my war sack [714]
and my shield, take up my gun, and leave them. We were camped,
our whole tribe of Pikuni Blackfeet, where Bear (Marias) River joins
Big (Missouri) River. Taking up onto the plain, I traveled on east-
ward, heading the long, deep, and timbered coulees running down
into Big River. Old Woman (Night Red Light) came up big and [805]
round. The Seven Persons (constellation Ursa Major) were brightly [821]
shining and turning in the northern sky, marking the passing of
the night.

"Well, one did not need to pray to them for help, I thought. Dif- [782]
ferent from Sun and the other Above Ones, there they were, always
helpful when not cloud hidden, plainly telling how long it was since
night had come and how far off was the coming of a new day. I was
feeling so sad that I had to force myself to walk. What was the
trouble with me, what had I done that the Above Ones had failed to
hear my prayers to them for success against the enemy, for success
in all my activities? They heeded the prayers and the offerings of
other men, helped them to be successful in their raids upon our
enemies, to become rich from their takings of enemy horses. In all
I had been upon eleven raids against the Crows, Cutthroats, Parted
Hairs (Sioux), and other enemies, and never yet had I taken an
enemy scalp, or even an enemy horse. No wonder that our warriors
and hunters shunned me, that my wives lived with me only because
they had to. Well, upon this, my twelfth war trail, I would make a
successful raid upon the enemy, or die trying, I said to myself, and
with that went on more forcefully.

"Herds of buffalo, bands of antelope fled as I approached them. 787
Wolves and coyotes howled and shrilly yelped. A kit fox began fol- 777
lowing me and I was pleased, thinking it might be a sign of coming 825
721
154

787 good luck. I turned about and stopped. It stopped, sat on its haunches,
777 and I spoke to it. '*Sinopah,*' I said, 'you, your whole kind are wise.
825 When you are hungry you never fail to catch and kill food, birds
721 and the various small animals; and you all are runners so swift that
154 you always escape from your many enemies who try to kill you.
Sinopah, pity me. Ask your far-back ancestors' shadows (spirits,
souls), they who lived in that long-ago time when all of the various
animals and men spoke together, to pity me, help me to be successful
in my undertakings. Keep on following me, *Sinopah*, and I will
do something for you. I shall presently kill an animal of some kind,
and you shall have all that you can eat of it.'

"With that I went on, and seeing that *Sinopah* still followed me I was more than ever pleased. He is going to help me, give me of his power, I thought.

721 "I felt stronger, walked faster, on and on along the rim of the
154 plain, often looking up at the Seven Persons[A], constantly turning in
787 the northern sky. At last they gave me to know that the new day
777 [805] was near. The eastern sky began to whiten, then to redden. *Sinopah*
[820] was still following me. Oh, what a good-luck sign. *Haiya!* Just as
Sun was coming up I heard a sudden tearing sound like that of a dead,
loose-barked tree in fierce wind, and looking back, I saw a big eagle
swoop down upon *Sinopah* and with one claw in the back of his
neck, the other in his loin, rise and fly off with him, *Sinopah* shrilly
crying. *Haiya! Haiya!* Even he, his kind, wise and swift though they
were, had enemies still more wise and swift, big birds that seized and
carried them off for food for their young. Gone my hope for help
from *Sinopah*. Sad, feeling weak, I turned off the plain, sped down
the long slope to Big River, and drank thirstily of its muddy water.

721 "I was hungry. My pemmican was for a time when I would be
154 close to an enemy camp. Some whitetail deer came to the shore to
drink. Should I shoot one, enemies somewhere about might hear
the boom of my gun and come searching for me. But I must take that
risk. I killed a yearling doe, built a fire, broiled and ate my fill of its
meat, broiled more, enough to last several days, then crept into thick
brush and slept until night came again.

"Again I took up onto the plain and traveled eastward, heading

A, [i.e., Ursa Major--Analyst]

of the butte as fast as I could go without making any noise, and in 721 the lower edge of the timber forced my way into a thick growth 154 of berry brush and sat down. I was sweating, breathing hard from my run. My heart was fast beating. For a long time I kept looking up at the way I had come, but the enemy did not appear, nor could I hear anything of them. Without doubt they did not know of my presence there on the butte. But for the excited, croaking ravens they would have come upon me, killed me as I slept. This, I felt, was a [787] sign that my luck had turned, that my bad luck was ended. 'Oh, you [777] Ravens,' I said. 'You saved me from those Parted Hairs. Give me [825] of your power. Continue to help me. I will help you. Yes, I will leave always some of the meat of my killings for you and your raven kind to eat.'

"From Hairy Cap it had been my intention to go north to Little River and follow it down in quest of the camp of the Cutthroats. But now as I sat there on the slope of the butte I saw, well to the south from me, a herd of buffalo suddenly bunch up and then run swiftly toward the breaks of Big River. Soon appeared the cause of their flight: thirty or forty sitting-on-tops (horsemen) riding eastward, now at a trot, again at a lope—another homeward-bound war party, probably Cutthroats. I decided that, come night, I would take to their trail.

"I did so and three mornings later, from the edge of a grove on Big River, I discovered the enemy camp. It was in a big, open bottom where Little River joins Big River; and its three hundred and more lodges were set in a circle just above the mouth of Little River. *Ha!* At last I had come upon that which I sought. I was glad. Sun was just rising and already the people were building their early fires and stirring about, men turning loose their fast buffalo horses to graze, women going for water, for wood, children running hither and thither and happily yelling. And out from the camp, all over the big bottom, band after band of horses were grazing. How easy, come night, for me to drive off many of them. But no. Those common ones I did not want. For me, only the fast, valuable ones that the hunters and warriors tied before their lodges for better safety during the night.

"Said my younger woman, 'Oh, how thin you are. Rest here upon 154
your couch and I will feed you.'

" 'I have meat of my own. The Cutthroats provided me with meat,' I answered, and took from my war sack several pieces of it.

" 'So! You have become friendly with our worst enemies. Yet you come without your gun and without horses. Your new friends must be stingy.'

"I did not reply to that for just then came crowding in my brothers-in-law and others to smoke with me and hear what I would tell of my experiences during my long absence from them. I told it all, and they had great pity for me because of my bad luck. When I told of my flight into the river and there losing my gun, both of my women wept.

"My brothers-in-law had kept my women well supplied with meat 224
and had taken good care of my horses. I rested, did nothing for sev- 154
eral days, then rode out to hunt, alone as always, and with a gun that that powerful medicine man, Talks-with-the-Buffalo, loaned me. With it, I soon killed an antelope. Then, on my homeward way with the meat and hide, I sighted a big real-bear (grizzly). He was in a little grassy clear place in the timber, eating of the carcass of a deer that had somehow died there. Should I attempt to kill him? With the guns of that time, the one of them that I had, a powder-and-balls-and-cap gun, shooting at real-bears was very dangerous. If I only wounded him, he would probably kill me.

"I got down from my horse and considered what to do about it, and at last this was my thought: I had survived the loss of my gun in the river, my enemies had fed me. And just now, and easily, I had
killed an antelope. These, perhaps, were good signs. Well, anyhow, [787]
I would chance it.

"Down into the timber I slid, slowly, noiselessly, walked on toward the grassy place and soon sighted the bear. He was sideways to me, tearing ribs from the carcass and crunching them, meat, bones, and all, in his powerful jaws. I crept on through the brush until I was no more than thirty steps from him, and, oh, how big he looked! Almost as big as a buffalo bull.

"I put my gun to my shoulder, carefully aimed it at his side, where

224 the ball would go into his heart, and fired. With terrible, thundering roaring, real-bear swung his head around, attempted to bite at his wound, and I saw that it was almost at the top of his back. And then, as I was putting powder into the muzzle of the gun, he saw my movements and came for me.

"Close at my back was a small cottonwood tree. I dropped the gun and began climbing it. Came real-bear and sprang up, tried to grab me. One of his long-clawed paws raked the calf of my right leg, tearing open my blanket legging, tearing deep gashes in my flesh, almost pulled me down from the tree. I managed to climb higher, out of his reach. He ran round and round the tree, looking up at me, woof-woofing, and now and then attempting to bite at the wound in the top of his back. Was it the fault of my aim or the fault of the gun that the ball had not gone in where I intended it to go, straight into his heart?

"The tree that I was clinging to was very slender. My weight made it bend and sway. I feared that it would break and drop me down on the real-bear. My claw-torn leg was bleeding and very painful. I was becoming weak. I was thinking this was to be the end for me when, with a last look up at me and a snort, real-bear walked off, head down, and fast. I watched him go into the willows bordering the river, and then slid to the ground, took up the gun, limped up the slope to my horse, and rode back to camp.

[752] "By that time I was so weak that my women had to help me into the lodge and to my couch. But when they had washed my torn leg and greased it, I felt better. I half slept. After a time I heard my woman outside talking. Said Spear Woman, my younger wife: 'Well, anyhow, he brought us meat.' And said my sits-beside-me-wife, Mink Woman: 'He just happened to kill the antelope and then had more bad luck. Poor man. Poor you and me. Never will he be the great warrior, the great meat-getter that we thought he would be when we married him.'

●787 "That they said of me was true and it hurt. I lay there thinking of
154 it and at last decided to make one more effort to be rid of my continuous bad luck. Came evening and I limped to the lodge of Talks-with-the-Buffalo, handed him his gun, told of my bad luck with the

real-bear, besought him as he loved his women and children, for 787●
help. Said he: 'I have been thinking about your troubles, your failures 154
in hunting and in your raids upon our enemies. Now, tell me
something that you will not like to tell, but that I must know if I
am to help you. It is this. In your youth—your before-marriage time
—you endured your sacred fast. Well, what was the helpful vision
that you then had?'

"His request surprised me. It is between the gods and the sacred [776]
faster, the vision that they give him. But this was different. Talks-with-the-Buffalo
was a very powerful sacred-pipe man, close to the gods. He would not ask of me anything that would do me harm. Anyhow, I would risk it. So I gave him the name of the animal that had come to me in my vision and promised to help me in all that I should do. 'What did that animal tell you that you should do in return for his help?'

"When I had told him of that, and fully, he asked if I had always [782]
done as the animal had said I must do, and I had to confess that I had once failed. I had forgotten to make a certain sacrifice to the Above Ones, and a dog had eaten it.

"'*Ha!* And thereafter your bad-luck times began. You should have 787
told me of it long ago. And now it is that you will have to endure another 785
sacred fast, try to obtain another powerful helper. Yes, and I
know the very place for it. The top of Chief Mountain. There where 159
Eagle Head obtained the vision that enabled him to become the most
powerful warrior and successful hunter that our tribe ever had. Yes.
There you must fast, taking up there with you, as he did, a buffalo [23]
head for your pillow.'

"'I do not like to go so far from our people to fast,' I answered.

"'We will move up close to the mountain. I will advise Big Lake and our other chiefs to do it,' he said.

"The chiefs willingly granted his request, and three days later
we made camp on Many Chiefs' River (St. Mary) and not far from
the foot of Chief Mountain. On the following day Talks-with-the- [515]
Buffalo had a sweat lodge made, and in it, as we perspired, he prayed [782]
Sun and all the Above Ones, and his own sacred helper, too, to give [776]
me strength to endure a sacred fast and to give me a helpful vision.
And again he loaned me his gun.

785 "So on the next morning we mounted our horses and set out for
787 the mountain, Talks-with-the-Buffalo, my two women, and I. Upon
154 our way to it, I took up the whitened, dry head of a buffalo bull that
[237] had been killed in the run of a herd that our hunters had made three
summers back. Arrived at the mountain, we rode up the west slope of it as far as our horses could carry us and then, leaving them, climbed up to the summit, arriving there a little after Sun had passed the center of the blue. In a small, level place on the very top of the mountain, we found the buffalo head that Eagle Head had used for a pillow and another head brought up there by some far-back sacred faster of our people.

"My women had brought along my bedding, two buffalo robes and a blanket. They went back down the slope, got some pine branches and made a good bed for me, placing the buffalo head at the west end of it so that I could see Sun as he came every morning
[782] to travel across the blue. Then Talks-with-the-Buffalo again prayed
[533] for me, and, crying, my women joined him in singing some sacred
songs. And then they left me. For a little I stood, looking off at our great plain, at our Pine Needles Buttes (Sweetgrass Hills), at our Bear Paw Mountains, much farther to the east. Would I ever camp
[782] and hunt among them again? Earnestly I prayed Sun for help, for
a good vision, and stretched out upon my couch.

"I slept continuously, had no vision on that night. Awoke hungry and thirsty, became more so as the day wore on. For two more nights
782 I lay there, sleeping at times, becoming weak from want of food and
785 water, often praying the Above Ones for help. At last they took pity
787 on me. On my fourth night there they gave me a very sacred vision.
776 Came to me a certain animal that frequents the water, all but lives in
154 it, and said that he would help me in all of my undertakings; and
that in return for his help I should do certain things for him in the way of prayers and sacrifices. Oh, how pleased I was. Although so weak that I could hardly stand, still I felt that I had power to do great deeds.

787 "As they had agreed to do, next morning came Talks-with-the-
776 Buffalo and my women to learn how I was getting along, and pleased
154

24: Schultz F-3 (1877-1947) 1980 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

they were when I told them that, at last, on my fourth night, I had 787
obtained a powerful vision, that a certain water animal was to be 776
my helper. 154

"Then my sits-beside-me-wife asked: 'Tell us, was it one of the long-bodied, short-legged fish eaters, or was it one of the smaller, fluffy-furred kind that eats both fish and birds?'

" 'Oh, you woman,' Talks-with-the-Buffalo yelled at her, 'Are you crazy that you would have him name his vision animal and so break the power that it has given him?' And he went on scolding her until she cried.

"Well, they half carried me down to the horse that they had 787
brought for me to ride, and, oh, how I did drink of the water of the 154
first spring that we came to. And then, in my lodge, how good it was
to rest upon my soft couch and eat good meat, and smoke with the
many friends who came in to visit with me. I told them about the
powerful vision that the Above Ones had given me, there on top of
sacred Chief Mountain, and then that great warrior, Three Bears,
said that he was so sure of it that he wanted me to join a war party
that he was about to lead against the Crows. *Ha!* How glad I was to
know that he was sure that my bad-luck times were ended. How [777]
strong to go I felt.

"There were thirty in our party, Three Bears our leader, and 726
Talks-with-the-Buffalo our sacred-pipe man. I carried a gun and a 154
pistol that my brothers-in-law loaned me. Many nights we traveled 701
southward, rafting across Big River, fording Yellow (Judith) River
and Other-Side Bear (Musselshell) River, at last rafting across Elk
(Yellowstone) River and following up Bighorn River. As with every [782]
war party, our sacred-pipe man rested and slept away from us, pray- [787]
ing the Above Ones and his own sacred helper for a revealing vision
of what was ahead of good or bad for us.

"Came the evening of our second day of rest up in Bighorn River 787
Valley, and when Talks-with-the-Buffalo joined us to eat the meat 726
that I had broiled for him, he said that enemies were not far ahead of 154
us, that we must proceed very cautiously for the Above Ones had
given him a vision. In his sleep he had seen two parties of men fight-

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726 ing one another and one of the parties had turned and run, the other
154 party pursuing them. They had been far from him, but the pursuing
[787] party had appeared to have been of our own Pikuni tribe.

"So was it that all through the night we went on more watchfully than ever, and with the first faint white light of morning, went into hiding in the upper end of a grove on the west side of the valley, our leader sending two scouts to the top of its slope to watch any movements of enemies. As we ate some meat that we had broiled on the previous day, Talks-with-the-Buffalo said that he would not rest and sleep off by himself for he had the feeling that danger threat-
[787] ened us, was near. Yes, and his vision had warned him of it. He was right.

"Sun was not halfway up in the blue when our scouts came running in, awakened us, and said that a war party of more than twenty men, afoot, was coming down the valley. We hurried to the upper end of the grove in which we had stopped, and, sure enough, there the enemy were, out in the open bottom and coming straight toward us. We stood still until they were within close gunshot of us, and then began shooting at them. A few fell. The others ran to the willows bordering the river, jumping from a cut bank down into them.

"We reloaded our guns, went to the cut bank, and, cautiously looking down from its rim, could see some of the enemy and were able to shoot more of them. At last we could see no living ones but were sure that a few, unhurt, remained there in hiding. So our leader divided us into two parties, one to start at the lower end of the willows, the other one at their upper end, and so go in and hunt for
[782] the living. I was with the upper party. As we moved in, I, the one
[776] of us closest to the river, kept praying, '*Haiya*, Sun! *Haiya*, Sun!
[787] *Haiya*, you powerful water animal of my vision! Pity me. Keep me safe. Help me to make to cry these our enemies.'

"Suddenly there was shooting and yelling ahead of us, and then seven of the enemy came running and shooting at us. I shot down one of them; another one, tall and heavy bodied, turned and ran
[727] for the river, I after him. He dropped his empty gun as he took to
[777] the water. I dropped mine, swam, took after him, overtook him, and we slashed at one another with our knives. I stabbed him in the breast,

in his heart, drew him ashore, scalped him, then scalped the other 726
one I had killed. And then I knew, oh, I knew that my luck had 154
turned, that my bad-luck times were over. And so said Talks-with- [727]
the-Buffalo and others. [771]

"Thereafter all war leaders were eager for me to join their war parties, and after a time I myself became a leader and had great success against our enemies. As you all know, eleven enemies I have killed, and more than one hundred enemy horses, taken. All that because of my vision on top of Chief Mountain."

"And so, *Apikuni,* friend, you now know how and why two of 787
the buffalo skulls on top of Chief Mountain were placed there. [237]
Haiya! How powerful, how they were helped by the Above Ones, [776]
our Pikuni warriors of the long-ago," ended my friend, Returns-with-Plenty, and signed me to fill another pipe.

726 a brave warrior of twenty-five, and his eighteen-year-old, beautiful
sister, Lance Woman, and said that they wanted to join the party.

701 Said *Pinukwiim:* "Lance Woman, my almost-daughter—I call you
726 that because Three Bears, your father, is my very close friend—the
long and dangerous war trail that we are to follow is not for such as
you, but glad I am to have your brother join us.

Said the girl: "In the very long-age there was a woman warrior, a leader of warriors, to whom, because of her bravery and success, the chiefs gave a man's name, 'Running Eagle' . . . ."

"Yes. And what became of her?" *Pinukwiim* interrupted.

"Raiding a camp of the Kutenais, she was killed. No, almost-daughter not for you the war trail, you so soon to marry brave, good-hearted Young Bull."

787 At mention of that name, Lance Woman drooped, sighed; then
821 straightening up, she loudly said: "I cannot marry him because of a
776 vision that I have had—a vision that I belong to Morning Star, and
701 must go to war."

726 At that all stared at her, and said *Pinukwiim:* "What? A vision,
do you say?"

"Yes. In my sleep last night, came to me a tall, beautiful war-clothed man, light shining from him, and said: 'I am Morning Star. I have long watched you. You are mine. You must not marry unless I in my own way give you consent. I want you to paint your forehead as mine is painted and go to war, take many horses.' Then as suddenly as he appeared he was gone."

Loud were the exclamations of her hearers when she finished. How wonderful, how very powerful was her vision. Surely that great sky god, chief of warriors, favored her, favored the Pikunis. Said *Pinukwiim* to her: "Morning Star, next to Sun, is the most powerful of the sky gods. So. He vanished. You awoke. What then?"

"I felt very strange. I thought and thought about my vision, kept it to myself until, my brother saying he would join your war party, I told him of it and that I, too, must go."

"So you shall," *Pinukwiim* assured her. "Yes, and we will do our best to teach you the ways of war. For as the gods direct, so must we do."

24: Schultz F-3 (1877-1947) 1980 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

A Bride for Morning Star

Tall, handsome, proud Young Bull had entered and stood just 781 ●
within the doorway listening. Lance Woman turned and saw him, 701
sadly said: "Oh, my sweetheart! You heard then. *Kyaiyo! Kyaiyo!* 726
We are not to set up a lodge together."

"Yes, I heard. It is true that, as the gods direct, so must we do. [776]
Well, though we cannot marry, I shall be ever with you on your war trails," he answered, and that, too, had the loud approval of our circle.

Proud, pleased was Lance Woman's crippled father when, returning home, she told him of her vision and that she was to follow
Pinukwiim to war. Chiefs, medicine men, staid old warriors hurried [533]
to Three Bears' lodge to be told in full the vision and recount the brave deeds and sing the songs of that long-ago woman warrior, Running Eagle; and tell Lance Woman that she must be such another virgin leader of Pikuni warriors.

(As you well know, dreams—visions, as they call them—powerfully influence the lives of Blackfoot people. To them, dreams are actual experiences that enable them to learn what the future has in store for them of good or ill. For instance, if one dreams of green grass, it is that he will live to see the new-growing grass of another summer.)

Came the day for us to go, and we were ten men and one woman 701
busily preparing to follow *Pinukwiim* into the far-south land. Of 726
these there was one, White Antelope, whom the chiefs hesitated to accept, for he had long been a persistent and unsuccessful suitor of Lance Woman. However, because of his well-known bravery,
Pinukwiim finally told him that he could go. He was tall, eagle-beak 000
nosed, fierce appearing, of some twenty-five winters. My main preparation for the long trail was to go to the fort, where I had a good sum to my credit, and draw out two hundred dollars in gold for possible emergencies. The bourgeois, forceful, friendly Alexander Culbertson, head of the American Fur Company in the Upper Missouri River country, advised me not to go. His good wife, Sacred Snake Woman, said that she was glad that I was going, as I could do much to protect her good young friend, Lance Woman.

Sun was near setting when with our saddled and pouches-laden 726

701

533

she was as she waited on him. She was of goodly height; slender, 726
rounded figure; beautiful, womanly face. To us all, oldsters and
youngsters alike, she was very dear. The meal ended, *Pinukwiim*
named one of our number to go back up onto the rim of the plain,
to watch that no enemy war party surprise us; named another to
herd our grazing horses. Both herder and watcher were to be relieved
at noon. We then spread our meager bedding and lay down for a [787] ●
good rest and sleep—Lance Woman on one side and I on the other
side of her brother; *Pinukwiim* going to some little distance from us,
where undisturbed he would pray for a vision that would reveal
what the future had in store for us.

Such was our daily and nightly procedure upon this southward [721]
trail—a trail that had been followed for more than a hundred years
by war parties of the Blackfoot tribes in quest of Spanish horses,
shirts of mail, and big-knives (swords). Twice had *Pinukwiim* and
another member of our party, Talks-with-the-Buffalo, followed it
and with great success. And the Tewa, Far Pine, knew it well. He 000
knew practically all of the great West from Mexico north to the
Saskatchewan; was at home with many of its Indian tribes, and spoke
their various languages, as well as English and Spanish. He had
trapped with Kit Carson and Jim Bridger, and told me many tales
of those two mighty men. We would, he said, meet Carson at a Spanish town named Taos in the far-south land.

We were soon sorry that *Pinukwiim* had allowed White Antelope to join our party. At our first stop on Arrow Creek he began paying unwanted attention to Lance Woman, sitting beside her, trying to get her to talk with him, boasting of his success in war. We arranged for her to sit within the row of Red Wolf, Young Bull, and me, so that he could not get close to her. But still he kept on staring at her, advising her about this and that, though she made no reply. It made us all nervous. Privately, *Pinukwiim* told Red Wolf and Young Bull that they must endure it so long as White Antelope did no more than talk. I often saw Lance Woman and Young Bull look lovingly, sadly, at one another. At one of our day-stops I heard her say to him, in answer to something that he had said: "No, we can never marry, but I shall always dearly love you." And then he: "I want no other woman. I shall live only to be of help to you."

28: Goldfrank E-4,5 (1939) 1967 NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Blood

a grandmother, aunt, or older sister "because a stepfather might not 855
treat him right." 155

To some degree the extended family structure, the close camp liv- [586
ing, and the satisfactions found in agemates (the age grades were the 587
strongest expression of solidarity in Blood society) cushioned the threat. 182]
But, however viewed, the emotional and even at times physical support
that a child could expect from his parents or any other adult was limited
indeed.

And the supernaturals were hardly more reliable—at least not 776
those to whom one might appeal for personal aid. When a young man 787●
went out alone at night to some far-off place to seek a guardian spirit— 155
in almost all instances, a male being, Old Man Sun, Morning-star, Rock
Man or some animal—he did not feel that "strong" medicine would be
his if only he followed a prescribed ritual, as was the case in the
pueblos of the Southwest. Instead, the Blood youth appealed for "pity."
And the supernaturals, like his nearest of kin, were unpredictable.
True, if the quest succeeded, prestige would be enhanced, and after [555]
some years, material advantage also. But many a supplicant, even after
repeated effort, failed to get a "vision" and the power that depended
on it.

In this insecure and competitive setting, the institution of "the 858
favorite" emerged, not as an expression of fatherly love but, as the 556
Blackfoot word, *minipoka*, "child of plenty," makes explicit, first and 554
essentially as a way of demonstrating wealth—a way no different from 155
the taking of a second, third, or fourth wife, the owning of expensive
pipes or bundles, the possession of a tipi made of eighteen or twenty
skins.

There was only one accepted criterion for having a "favorite"—enough wealth to make continual validations in his name. Thus neither the number of the child nor its sex was a consideration, but while a girl could be a *minipoka*, more often it was a boy who was so honored. And the rich man had as many favorites as he could afford. Some said they wanted to treat their children alike, some that they wanted to show how rich they were.

The process began at birth. The favorite was placed on a weasel or
otter skin—the poor man's child slept in a buckskin bag. The favorite
was "initiated" to many ceremonial privileges—protective paintings,
forelocks, charms, pipes, partnerships in a society like the Horns while
he was still in his teens. Give-aways were held in his name, and any gift [431]
made to him was quickly repaid and usually with interest.

The favorite was fed first and with the choicest morsels. He was

778 only one example exists among the Blackfeet, as
[648] the other was captured years ago by the Flatheads, and whether it has been preserved in that tribe is not known.

• 787 Northern Chief went out one day in the hope
778 of having a vision, and was successful in his quest. In the dream a person appeared and told Northern Chief that he would give him a pipe, warning him, however, to be careful never to allow the pipe to touch the earth nor to permit any woman to touch it. The outer wrapper of the pipe bundle was of albino wolf-skin, while the inner one was black. Northern Chief learned the songs belonging to the bundle, and in his dream it was given to him to carry home. On his way he stopped to drink at a spring and thoughtlessly laid the pipe on the ground. His thirst quenched, he turned to pick up the pipe only to find that it had become a piece of rotten wood. He then awoke.

When Northern Chief returned home he made a pipe exactly like the one seen in the vision. He had been instructed that his pipe should belong only to brave warriors, preferably young and
726 unmarried. The pipe always gave success in war
778 and was used in the capture of the horses of the
[825] enemy. When on the warpath the bundle was
[787] unwrapped, and if a spider should chance to fall

out of it, this was regarded as an omen of success. 778
If, on the warpath, anyone requested the 726
[825]
[787]
778
575

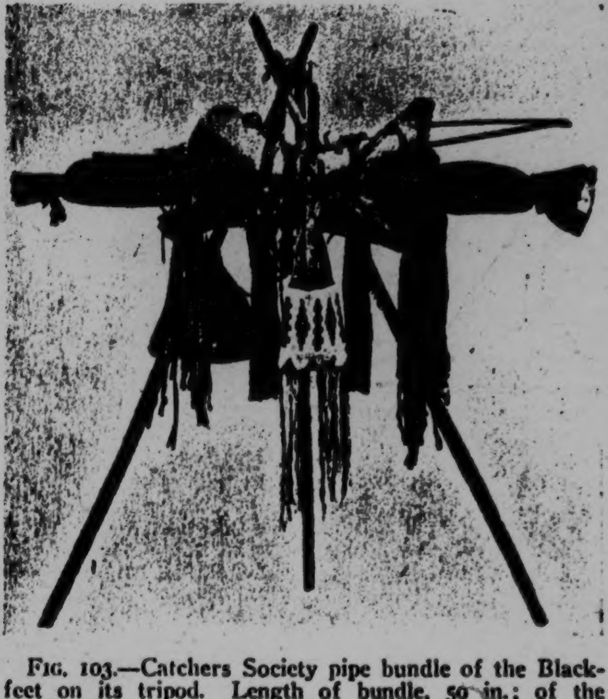

FIG. 103.—Catchers Society pipe bundle of the Blackfeet on its tripod. Length of bundle, 50 in.; of the tripod, 82 in. (12/512)

loan of the bundle, the owner painted the bor- 778
rower and gave him some feathers belonging to 726
the pipe.

726 778 821 789 [533] When a war-party of Blackfeet was surrounded by enemies, and the owner of the pipe happened to be one of their number, his tribesmen always believed that they would be safe. If this happened in winter, the pipe-owner unwrapped the pipe, sang his medicine-songs, pointed the pipe backward and forward, and placed it under some earth.[1] A severe snowstorm followed almost immediately, it is said, thus giving the party an opportunity to escape.

Should a war-party have a similar experience in summer, the same ceremony was performed, except that in this case the stem of the pipe was wetted, when a cloudburst was bound to follow, again giving the party a chance to escape.

If a party bent on capturing horses approached an enemy camp on a very clear night, the pipe was unwrapped, whereupon the weather would change, thus giving the Blackfeet an opportunity to enter and leave the camp unseen.

778 821 The pipe is kept outside and taken round the lodge, always facing the sun. At sunset it is taken inside, but before doing so incense is made in the lodge.

787 778 When Little Dog was a young man, about 1835, and owned the Black Wrapped pipe, the

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[1] The contact of the pipe with the earth, contrary to the injunction received in the dream, is not explained.

same dream spirit that appeared to Northern 787
Chief appeared also to him. This spirit told 778
Little Dog that he would capture seven guns, and
at some time would become head chief of his
tribe. This actually occurred, Little Dog being [648]
one of the signers, in behalf of the Piegan, of [175]
the treaty between the Blackfeet and the United
States on the upper Missouri, near the mouth of
Judith river, in 1855.

The first owner was authorized to make two
pipes, but no more ever existed among the Black-
feet. The only remaining one, above referred to, [562]
is now owned by a daughter of Mountain Chief;
but as no woman is allowed to handle the bundle,
her father is the actual custodian.

As stated, the Catchers Society pipe bundle is
an entirely different palladium and is much more
elaborate than the Black Wrapped pipe. As [126]
only two specimens of this bundle ever existed
among the Blackfeet, the writer was fortunate in
obtaining one. The following information re- [115]
garding this bundle was given by Split Ears (its
last Blackfoot owner, from whom it was ob-
tained) and from Mountain Chief. The pipe
had its origin so long ago that the name of the
first owner has been lost.

When the first owner of the Catchers Society 787
pipe bundle dreamed about it, the Blackfeet camp 778

575
361

787 778 575 [361] was situated about five miles above the site of the present town of McLeod, Alberta, and along Old Man river, at a place called Where They Paint The Raven Lodge. Near this camp was a buffalo fall, called *piskun,* at the foot of which the chief of the camp had a corral built. He was to direct the ceremony of "calling the buffalo" over the fall, being a buffalo-caller himself.[1] This man dreamed that a little boy came and invited him to his father's lodge. When he went there, he found that the lodge was in reality the *piskun.* As he entered, he was invited to sit in the rear of the lodge. Many buffalo-people were assembled, and he was informed that they formed the Catchers Society. Each member carried a warclub, at the end of each of which was tied a buffalo-hoof. The leader invited the chief to look up at the top of the lodge, where he saw two pipes hanging; these, he was told, belonged to the leaders of the society.

On the first night he was not permitted to witness the entire ceremony; but during the next night he again dreamed that the boy invited him to go to his father's lodge, and this time the pipes

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[1] In this connection see Gilmore, Old Assiniboin Buffalo-drive in North Dakota, *Indian Notes,* vol. I, no. 4, Oct. 1924, and an account of the Cheyenne Stone Buffalo-horn presented to the Museum by Dr. George Bird Grinnell, ibid., vol. IV, p. 150, Apr. 1927.

32: Wildschut E-5 (1923) 1928
NF6 Blackfoot NF6
Piegan
Montana

were unwrapped and the transfer ceremony was performed. Four times he thus dreamed, and on each occasion was taught the ceremony and the songs. The buffalo-stones are placed in the pipe bundle because the first owner was a caller of buffalo; and for the same reason a buffalo-tail is fastened to the pipe. 787 778 575

The pipe bundles, therefore, as well as the Catchers Society itself, had their origin in the dreams of the original pipe-owner.

The following song belongs to the bundle: 533 778 575

This is my pipe; it is powerful.

This is sung while dancing with the pipe, which is held first in the crook of the right elbow, and then transferred to the left. [539] [535]

The following buffalo song also belongs to the pipe:

This man chief, he says he wants to eat rump fat. [539]
This woman, she says she wants to eat rump fat.
This is the piskun; leader do not turn.

While singing this song the left arm is held in a half-circle, indicating the rim of the *piskun,* while the right hand is moved edgewise over the curve of the left arm, representing the buffalo going over the edge.

The leader is powerful; I want to eat. [539]

detail the complex and prolonged ritual of the Blackfoot medicine-pipe 796
ceremony, based upon his field investigations of more than sixty years ago
(Wissler 1912: 136-165).

At the top center of this plate is pictured an elaborately painted shield. 532
Shields were the major defensive weapons of the Blackfoot. They were 714
commonly carried in large-scale battles, but were not carried by members of 778
small horse raiding parties against the enemy. They were sacred objects. Warriors
placed greater faith in the protective powers of the paintings on their front [237]
surfaces than in the thickness of the buffalo rawhide from which they were
made. These designs originally were given to Indians in dreams or visions by [787]
supernatural powers who took pity upon them. But the shields could be [425]
transferred later from one Indian to another.

Interestingly enough the shield depicted by that unnamed Blackfoot Indian [127]
artist in 1847 bears so close a resemblance to a shield preserved in the collections
of the American Museum of Natural History in New York (Cat. No. 50-5760)
that it seems probable the artist attempted to picture that same shield. The
central figure of the standing buffalo is more realistically rendered on the
specimen than in the drawing. But the flanking arcs – painted black with white
dots – are very similar. Perhaps the early artist's rendering of this shield is not
precisely accurate in every detail, or this specimen may be a remade or repainted
version of the shield the artist pictured. Wissler stated that the museum specimen
was obtained from a North Blackfoot "who had failed to learn the ritual after its
transfer to him." Wissler also reported that the Blackfoot believed this was one 773
of the three medicine shields referred to in their myth accounting for the origin 714
of shields. According to that myth, an Indian named Always Talking killed his 778
wife for infidelity. The buffalo revived her, and before sending her back to her
remorseful husband, gave her her choice of any three shields owned by the
buffalo. Wissler first pictured this shield in 1912 (Wissler 1912: 122, fig. 16;
Wissler and Duvall 1908: 99-102). Since then it has been illustrated in numerous
popular publications on the Plains Indians (see especially Lowie 1954: fig. 62).

The drawing at the upper right may be the earliest known colored illustration 532
of an identified Blackfoot painted tipi. In 1809 Alexander Henry observed that 342
the Blackfoot painted both birds and beasts "in a rude uncouth manner" on the [175]
covers of their tipis. He apparently did not recognize the religious significance of
those paintings (Henry 1897: II: 527).

The unnamed Blackfoot artist portrayed to the best of his ability the snake-painted tipi. Undoubtedly, he pictured what he knew about this tipi rather than what he saw when viewing it from the south side. For there was but one snake painted on each side of the cover. He lets us know that there was a pair of snakes on this tipi by showing both on the same side, one above the other.

The snake-painted tipi was regarded by my Blackfoot informants as one of [773]
the oldest of the tipis of the tribe, because it was said to have been taken from
the snakes by the mythological tribal hero, Blood Clot. Wissler and Duvall
(1908: 53-58) recorded the Blood Clot myth. Wissler also learned that there

37: Ewers E,G-4,5 (1941-1944) 1972 NF6 Blackfoot NF6

of these Indians were full-bloods. A goodly number had more than one white 178
grandparent. These Indians, with few exceptions, had become Christians – the 797
great majority of them Roman Catholics. Even the oldest of the full-bloods who [144]
died during those years received Christian funerals at which a priest or minister
officiated in the services in the church and at the cemetery. I served as a [764]
pallbearer in several of those services. Yet I noticed that after the white [123]
clergyman formally entrusted the body to the earth, it was customary for an [782]
aged Indian to step forward and deliver a fervent prayer in his own language,
before the assembled mourners dispersed.

During those years no young men fasted and sought visions in isolated 178
localities. There were no painted shields among these Indians, who had not gone [785]
to war against enemy tribes for more than a half century. Yet more than a score [787] ●
of veterans of the intertribal wars, their wives, or widows, were still living. They [778]
formed the nucleus of that portion of the tribe who gathered each summer to [714]
participate in the sun dance. There were nearly a score of painted lodges in the [728]
sun dance encampment behind the museum near Browning in 1942. Owners of
medicine-pipe bundles still opened them in a ritual manner after the first [796]
thunder in spring; and the sacred horse medicine cult was still active. Older [773]
full-bloods still recited in fascinating detail the beautiful myths which told of the
origins of the medicine bundles and religious rituals of the Blackfoot. Nearly a
century after Father Point's pioneer Christian missionary endeavors among these
Indians, traditional Blackfoot religion, such as was interpreted by that unnamed
artist in 1847, was still very much alive.

NOTES

1. I am indebted to Holt, Rinehart and Winston of New York and to Loyola University Press, Chicago, for permission to reprint this plate. 000
2. This letter, as quoted by Father De Smet, is not dated. Presumably it was written in 1847 (Smet 1905: III: 953-54).

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sides, thinned toward the ends but not sharp- 796
ened, and about this long. [Scraping White
indicated a distance of about 2 inches between 785
his thumb and forefinger.] Then sinew was
wrapped around the ends of the skewers and
they were tied, each skewer to a 4-strand
plaited rawhide rope. The two ropes were
fastened at their far ends to the center pole at
its forks.

I stood up and Yellow Horn told me, "Now 796
you walk up, put your arms around the center
pole and pray. Tell sun, now your vow is being 785
fulfilled." I did just as he told me. Then I
stepped back. Yellow Horn pulled hard on the 782
rawhide ropes attached to the skewers. Then I [535]
danced. I didn't dance long before my flesh
gave way and the skewers pulled out. Yellow
Horn came to me and cut the skin that had
broken. He trimmed it off even. Then he gave
me the pieces of skin he had cut away and told
me to take them and stick them in the ground
at the base of the center pole, saying, "Now
sun, I have completed my vow."

Heavy Head's narrative of his torture 785
experience was still more detailed:

There were only two of us, Buffalo Teeth, 726
my partner, and I. We went to war together to
take horses. At Medicine Hat we found a small 721
camp of Cree half-breeds. It was night when
we saw their camp. It was moonlight. I looked 785
up at the moon and prayed to it, "I shall be
tortured at the sun dance if I have good luck
and get home safely." Then I stole up to the
camp and got one bay that was tied in front of
a lodge without any of the enemy waking or
seeing me. Buffalo Teeth took a roan. We
started back to the Blood camp, traveled three
days and three nights with no food other than
a black rabbit. We got awfully weak and
hungry.

When I reached home I told my story to my 785
father, Water Bull. The old man got up and 554
sang his encouraging song. Then he told me,
"My son, you have done something worth [533]
doing. You have made a vow that you will be
tortured at the sun dance. You must do it this [796]
coming sun dance."

A few days later I went out to the east point 787
of Belly Butte to fast. While I fasted I dreamed
that a sacred person came to me and gave me a 752
drum and certain herbs to use for doctoring.
Then I returned home.

A short time after that the bands began to 785
come together for the sun dance encampment.
I prepared myself to go to an old man named 796
Little Bear, a relative of mine, who had been
through the torture himself, years before. I

The painted lodges of the Blackfeet were 532
first mentioned by Alexander Henry, the fur 531
trader, in 1809, who stated that both beasts
and birds were represented in the paintings [175]
and that buffalo and bear were frequently
delineated. Painted, canvas-covered lodges [178]
may still be seen in the circle camp at sun
dance time. Photographs of Blackfeet lodges
taken a half century ago suggest that
little or no change in these figures has taken
place in the last fifty years. It is possible
that some of the animal figures may be represented
today just as they were in Henry's
time or even earlier.

The paintings on Blackfeet lodges are no
mere decorations. To the Indian who is
versed in the traditions of his people, each
painting is as replete with religious symbolism
as is a madonna in a stained glass
church window to the pious Christian. For
each painted lodge there is a fascinating
legend of origin relating how its first human
owner obtained it. Many painted lodges, 787
according to these legends, were given to
their first Blackfeet owners in dreams or 531
visions. Such a dream was a stirring religious 776
experience. In it the original animal
owner of the lodge appeared to the sleeper
and promised to give him his own painted
lodge and other sacr[illegible] objects which were
the sources of his supernatural power. The
animal instructed the man how to paint the

[P.24-C]

lodge and to make up the other sacred ob- 53]
jects associated with it. When he awoke the [787]
man proceeded to follow these instructions.
Thus each painted lodge is not an entity in [776]
itself but part of a complex of religious ob-
jects belonging to its owner. The owner has [784]
certain rituals to perform and taboos to
recognize so long as he is in possession of
these sacred objects. When he sells his [432]
painted lodge to another an elaborate
transfer ritual must be performed. Painted
lodges have been and still are frequently
transferred from one owner to another with-
in or among the three Blackfeet tribes. Only [422]
the rightful owner is permitted to make use
of the animal figures that belong to his [424]
lodge. No other man would dare copy them.

When a painted lodge cover became old and worn the paintings on it were transferred to a new one. This was generally in

[P·25-A]

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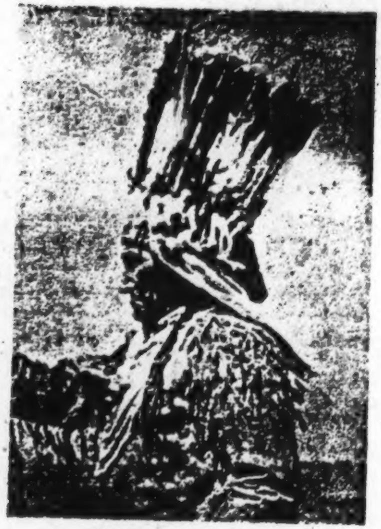
142



69. Straight up feather bonnet.

of the ceremonial paraphernalia of a so- 292
ciety of older men known as the Bulls. [575]
Other "straight-up bonnets" were known to [787]
have had their origin in the dreams of pow-
erful men who therein received instructions
to make them. They were worn in cere-
monies, on dress occasions, and in war. It [555]
took a very brave man to go into battle in
a "straight-up bonnet," for his conspicuous
headdress made him a marked man, a de-
sirable target for enemy fire.

In making the typical "straight-up bon- 294
net" a piece of thin rawhide was used for 237
the base of the headband, cut to a length
equal to that of the wearer's shoulders, and
several inches wide. The piece of rawhide
was folded on the long dimension. At
evenly spaced intervals holes were cut in
the rawhide along the fold for the insertion
of the feathers. The feathers were cleverly
attached to the headband so that the meth-
od of attachment was concealed from view
after the bonnet was finished. Each feather [824]

[P.60-A]

432
ervation period have not turned to quillworking 531
as a source of revenue.
Another informant, Mrs. Day River, said 425
that quillwork designs were sometimes the
result of dreams and could be used only by the 531
owners unless they wished to give them away.
If widespread, this custom could have been a [787]
factor in retarding the diffusion of quillwork
designs through the northern Plains and later [177]
may have affected the spread of beadwork designs. Rather than a mere tribal affinity for
certain designs, there may have been a reluctance on religious grounds for copying designs which came from other tribes.

Comparative data on quillworking from other 171
tribes is scanty, but Grinnell (1923) indicates
a complex quilling society among the Cheyenne. 531
There are a number of comparable features, particularly in its religious significance and restrictive features.

Footnote:

1. Interviews with Mrs. Victoria McHugh, 531
Blackfoot Reserve, Oct. 17 and Nov. 16, 1960. 115
These interviews were made during the production of a short motion picture film for the Glenbow Foundation, dealing with Blackfoot quillwork.

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Hugh A. Dempsey
Glenbow Foundation
Calgary, Alberta
October, 1962

[P53-B]

away from the white men, and they had a fight. One of the white men got a flesh-wound on his leg. The Peigans returned to their camp. ooo

After a few days, he was sleeping in the night, and a person appeared to him in a dream, and told him not to go on a raid, before the green grass had come up. So he stayed at home. Not long before he had had other dreams, when he was on the prairie, during one of his raids. A very fine-looking young man came to him, and said to him: A man far off on the hill invites you to come to his lodge. Bear-chief asked the young man: Who is he? The young man answered: His name is Dove (Kαkóa). Bear-chief did not go to the lodge, but woke up. Next night the same young man appeared to him, and gave him the same invitation. Bear-chief woke up, just as the night before. This happened every night. The fourth night he went with the young man. When they came to a high hill, he saw a very high round butte, far from where they were. They went to that high butte and to the top of it. Whilst they stood there, a part of the butte slipped down, and it seemed quite a while, that it was going down. It went in four different slides. When it stopped, it brought them to a place in the shape of a lodge. They entered, but Bear-chief found out, that it was solid rock. There were two men and one woman. They all were very fine-looking. The young man pointed out to Bear-chief: There is the Dove. He will help you, because you are poor. The young man pointed out to Bear-chief the other man: There is the Sun. That man was all painted up, from his head all over his body to his feet, with red paint. The same young man pointed out to Bear-chief: There is the mother of the Dove. Her name is the Old Woman (Kipitáke) [the Moon]. The young man told him: My name is the One-that-sets-in-the-west (Nímistsitaupi). The old man [the Sun] first spoke to his son [the Dove], saying: Now help your partner. And the Dove said: I put my partner to the trouble of coming to my lodge. The Dove told Bear-chief: All the people of the high, and all the people of the earth are my friends. And all the time Bear-chief was wondering, how he could get out. And when he looked up, he saw the sky. The Dove told his mother, the Old Woman: Paint my partner's face. And the Old Woman told Bear-chief to come to her. She painted his face by putting a strip across his forehead, and two small strips on each cheek. The paint, with which she painted his face, was red. After that he went back to his seat, and his partner, the Dove, got up and walked around him, and took an eagle-tail-feather, and tied it to the back of Bear-chief's hair. He told him: I give you

115
787

[302]

115 this, that all the people may be your friends. All the raids, you will
781 make, you will always have success. I shall give you one song. Then
the Dove walked around him four times, and then sang the song: All
[533] the people on high are my kindred, and all the people of this earth
are my kindred. All of a sudden the Dove and Bear-chief were
both standing on a high butte. When he woke up, he was inside
[177] his own lodge. Til this day he believes in that dream [which
has strongly been influenced by notions of Christianity, and by
[533] the story of Scar-face, though Bear-chief himself seems not to be
aware of it], and he uses the song of the Dove as a protection
for his family [the Dove has taught him some more songs, which
have been printed above]. That dream has given him good luck
[302] in everything, he has undertaken. And the reason, why he has
[533] confidence in paint, is that he was painted in his dream. Bear-chief
had some more dreams, in which the Sun, the Moon, and the
One-that-sets-in-the-west gave him songs [which are printed in this
volume]. He had all those dreams in the same lodge.

115 Early in the spring of 1880, Bear-chief and five others met
726 some Cree half-breeds, who were drinking whiskey. These half-breeds caught Bear-chief's horse, and he told one of his party, who was a boy: Run away, go back to the camp. You might be killed. His other companions came near. The Crees commenced to shoot at Bear-chief's companions. Those of the Crees, who had hold of his horse, tried to pull him down. They succeeded, and then they attempted to take his gun away from him. In the meantime he took his six-shooter out, and he shot four of them down. His companions were at the same time fighting with others. One of the Peigans was shot through the arm, and had that arm broken. They came safe back to the camp, and started afterwards for the Sioux. Bear-chief's vow to the Sun of not killing Sioux had expired.

The party consisted of three Peigans, and four Crows. When they got to the Sioux, they discovered one Sioux lodge, and they waited until dark. Then they stole all the horses, which were to be seen, and having done that, they waited there until daylight. Then they made a charge on the lodge, and they all shot. One man tried to run out with a gun, but Bear-chief standing at the door shot him right through the head. He took the gun, the man had had in his hand. One of his party jumped into the lodge, and killed two Sioux, whilst they were in bed. Bear-chief followed him into the lodge and took another gun, which he found there. They killed only the men, of whom one escaped. They left the women and the children unhurt. They came home allright.

115 727 other who had been captured came home after some time. Afterwards they found out, that the Indians, they had a fight with, were the same that had captured their companion. They were Flat-heads.

115 726 Afterwards there were six in a party, Bear-chief as leader. They went to the Bears's Paw mountains. They stole 22 horses from the Assiniboins. They travelled backwards, and on their way, 115 727 after having eaten a hearty meal, Many-guns had the diarrhoea. And that night he had not the time to get up soon enough, so that he dirted the stomach of his companion. So both of them had to get up. The same night all started, and they came to a creek with high banks, and Bear-chief told Many-guns to take the lead in crossing the creek. The horse was used to go. It was dark. Bear-chief whipped the horse for Many-guns. The horse made a jump, and threw Many-guns right into the creek. And in the water Many-guns lost his blanket. He followed the creek a short way without finding his blanket. Towards day-light, when they had crossed the creek, and it was getting cold, Many-guns was all wet. He shook hands with Bear-chief and said: Old man, give me your blanket for the rain. Bear-chief gave his blanket, and after that they got home allright.

115 726 Then there were seven in a party, and Bear-chief was the leader. They went to the Cypress hills. From the tops of those hills, they saw ten lodges and seven other tents in a valley. They went to the lodges, and there was a hill quite close to them, and not far from the camp was a lake where the horses stood. Bear-chief said: I shall go down to the horses, and you stay here. If they discover me, you must shoot at the lodges as fast as you can. Before Bear-chief reached the horses, they discovered him. He gave the signal, and his companions began to shoot. Then he ran back to the centre of the camp, and shot a few times himself at the lodges. In the meantime his companions went over to where the horses were, and took the whole band. They had 38 head. He never heard, if they injured the people by shooting at their lodges. When they got all together, they divided the horses, and they got home allright with them.

After a few days chief Little-plume (Kináksapop) and three others came to Bear-chief's lodge. Little-plume told him: We know, that you often go on a raid, and therefore we ask you to go now with us. He told Little-plume: I have just returned a few days ago, but I shall follow you. You must lead the party. Little-plume started off. Bear-chief and Many-guns followed him. So there were [787] now six in the party. Every night, when Little-plume slept, he

had the nightmare, which was a sign, that something serious 115
might happen to him. Bear-chief advised him to go home. He did 726
not follow this advice. When they came to the Cypress hills, they
slept in some cabins, built by the Cree half-breeds, and that night 187
Little-plume got again his nightmare. His companions threw water
on his face and body, but he did not wake up. Then they put
burnt buffalo-hair under his nose, but it was a long time before
he woke up. He awoke after all kinds of hides had been burnt
in the cabin. That day they went on, and saw two circle camps 115
of the Crees. In the evening, when they got close to the camps, 726
Little-plume said: A man has discovered us. Little-plume and his
three first companions ran away back to the hills. Bear-chief and
Many-guns went to the lodges, as close as they could get. Bear-chief
told Many-guns to hold his horse, and went up to one of
the lodges. A man and his wife came out. Bear-chief stood amongst
the horses, so that the man did not see him. He cut one horse
loose. It was a wonder, that they did not see him. He went to
another lodge, and cut another horse loose from its stake. After
that he had some trouble in getting out. The horses did not want
to go out. He managed it after a while. Then they started home.
He overtook Little-plume with his companions.

In the spring of 1883 there were five in a party. Bear-chief was the leader. They went to the Cypress hills. There were three lodges, and there were six head of horses standing by themselves. Bear-chief and Iron-necklace (Mìksk̀imekin) stole the six horses, and told their companions to start home with them. Bear-chief and Iron-necklace went to the main camp. When it was day-light, they could see the camp close by. They waited there, and thought, they would have to wait till night. But to their surprise they saw four young men driving a band of horses straight in their direction. Bear-chief and Iron-necklace hid deeper in the brush. The four young men drove the horses right to a grassy spot. Then they turned the horses loose, and went back to their camp. As soon as they went out of sight, Bear-chief and Iron-necklace drove the horses away. There were 21 head. They came home with them allright.

After this trip Bear-chief got his second wife. She was the widow 115
of a man who had been killed in 1882. He moved with his two
wives and Many-guns to the Sweetgrass hills, and wintered there.

In the spring of 1884 some cowboys came to his camp, and 115
reported that a band of Crees had come over and had stolen their 726
horses. The cowboys went back home from there. Bear-chief and [648]

539 nòkam nitáuanik: Mokákit. I´ka-
726 kaĩm ónokåmitàsina kítoχkot.
Mokákinik, ákaχsiu. Kinétoχ-
484 kauìstoχkot kiχ´tsípimiuaχk. Ki-
táksikaχkapitau. Akaiími otopó-
ksìmiks. Á´nnyaie áuaniu omá
pápaukau. Amóksi saχkúmapiks
539 iχ´tă´χkanaitamitakiiχ´k omíχ´k
726 opápaukau. Támaumatò. Sáki-
auàuaχkau. Omíksik íkástsìksik
787 itámisoksinoyiuaiks otáumaχkàni.
Itsőkaipiu. Itámisoksinoyiuàiks
otótzkaumaχkaniàiks, otáuχkum-
saiks: uwú +. Kénniksimàukiau,
áitsipùyiau. A´tànnimakàiau. Ki
omá itamó itsitápiposkòaiks. A´nis-
tsiuaiks: Káχkitsàpiχ´puaua? Otá-
nikaiks: Nínitsàpiχ´pinan. A´mi-
stomàuk sákiauanakimàu. Itápsa-
pìu atsóaskui.

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Run on ahead. After you have run a long time, then we shall go on [and follow up]. They did not make fire. And they ate the food that they carried. It [the food] was frozen hard. [When] they had done eating about, then they started. During the time of his sleep the leader was singing. He had a dream. He said [when he woke up]: The one that painted my face, told me: Be careful. I give you a great many horses. If you are careful, it will be good. I still give you a striped horse. You will cut him loose [from his stake]. His companions were many. This is what that one, that had a dream, said [to them]. These boys were all happy from that dream of his. Then they went on. They were still travelling. They suddenly saw the scouts running. Then they [the war-party] stopped. Then they saw them [the scouts] running in a circle, while they were yelling: uwú +. There they [the war-party] were, [there] they stopped. They made a pile of buffalo-chips, and the leader went back to meet them [the scouts, who would come up and run around those buffalo-chips and knock them over, so that the war-party immediately knew, that they had seen the enemy]. He said to them: Did you really see [the enemy]? They told him: We really saw [him]. He is close by still chasing buffalo. He [the leader] began to look about the forest.

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Medicine-men.

Natósiua. Omá nínau opápaukani, ki manístoχkoàitsiχ´piài.

1. Omá nínàua otsikímmok kyáiòiin. Otánikaie: Mátsitstsìpa náχksikimmai. Annóχk kinítuksk, kitsikím. Manistsíniχ´kaskakàii papáuχkyaiòi Suiå´χkyaiò. Otánikaie: Noχkoié, nostúmi kítoχkot. Ápssì imakoχtsiksókuiniki, kimátakoχtaistòkitòko. Minstúnnit ápssists. Minstúnnos noχkétsitapìkoàn. Iskunákataχki, mátakaistokitoàu. Ikámistokitòaχk, ákoχtsapunistàuaie omí kyáioii. A´ksikamotàu. I´kskùnatapsiuaie, otsikímmis. Otákstamatoχkokaie, maχkáisokìnaks áioχtoχkoχsiks. Máχkapistutoaχs, túkskàm okítsis otoχkókaie, måχtánistapaitapìiχ´-piai. Ikámsokinàkis, sapistútoaχk, ákoχtsitàkanistsiuaie. Ksáχkum omí okítsisi ánnimaie ki itstáutoyìuaie. Ánnimaie ákitoχkònimau apínimàtsi. Ánniaie ákoχtsokìnakiu. A´koχtoχkototoyìuaie, maχkoχtsókàsp. Ánnyaie omátanistoχkòkaie. Ánni nitoχkóaimiuaie omí otsikímmok kyáioi. Mátsitapikimmòkatsaie, maχkáinamaχkàni. Kánnyaie áuetoyi imitáiks.

A medicine-man. The dream of that man, and what he profited by it.

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1. A man was pitied by a bear. He was told by [the bear]: There is no one, whom I pity. Now you are the only one, I pity you. How the bear in [his] dream called himself, was „Water-bear". He was told by [the bear]: My son, I give my body to you. Even if an arrow touches you, it will not go in to your body. Do not be afraid of arrows. Do not be afraid of a man belonging to another tribe. If he was shot at, he would not be shot through [his body]. If he was shot through [the body], he would use the power of the bear [given to him by the bear]. He would be saved. He was very strong [having supernatural power], because he [the bear] pitied him. He would be given again by [the bear], that he could doctor the sick people. One [bear-]claw was given to him by [the bear], that he might fix it, that he might perform [his doctoring] with it. When he doctored, if he was satisfied [by things given to him in pay for it], he would act like [a bear] in doctoring [literally: he would doctor from him, i.e. from the bear]. He would stick the claw in the ground [after having taken it from his neck, or out of his medicine-

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791 2. Túkskæm nápiu, *A*´kai-Pekænikoàn, natósiu, kyáioiks omátsikimmok. A´nistau Kyáietapò. I´kstunnatàpsiiχ´k. Iχ´kyáiistoænniu. Mátainoàuats auaχkátseisini. Otánik omíisk kyáioiisk: Mátàksapænasìua kostúmi. Nitúyi annóm otsíχ´kauai otáistunuok. Nitúyi nitauáuaχkaiiχ´k kyáioi. A´nnamaie ikoχkóaimiu opæpàukan. Kyáiistoæn, auaχkátsioki, tukskæmin otoænni iχ´tauáuaχkautsìu. Matápiks ninoæsaiks,
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726 itáiχ´tsoχkitsìuaiks, imakóχksipotàuotsìnikaiks. A´isotæminiuaiks. Otokã´noauaists itáiiniuaiks. Itáumatapsimìuaiks. *A*´nni ákakχtsinitsìuaiks. Iχ´kitsíkæmi omoχtsínitaiks otoæn. Iχ´táisapunistàuaiks kyáioiks. Otómapìsini iχ´tsíniu. Annóχk sákiaiχ´tsìin otoænni. Opæpaukan ánnaχkaie sotæmitapoχkoàitsim. Opæpaukan íkakãχkoàitsinmaie. Amói opæpaukani, otsístapàpiχ´kaχtoχsaie, mátoχkoaitsimàie omíksisk otsi-

bag]. There [where he stuck the claw], he would find roots. With those he would doctor. With those he would cure [a sick person], that he [the sick one] might get stronger from it. In that way he was again given [power] by [the bear]. In that way he profited from the bear, he was pitied by. He was not pitied by him [in that way], that he might be able to take bows and arrows [nowadays it would mean: to take guns]. And now the dogs have separated [after having had their meal].

2. An old man, an ancient Peigan, a medicine-man, was also pitied by bears. He was called Went-to-the-bear. He was very dangerous. He had a bear-knife [a knife given by a bear]. He would not be seen [he was invisible] in the war. He was told by that bear: There will be no blood about your body. This his [own] tribe was afraid of him just the same [as his enemies]. He walked just the same way as the bear. That one profited much from his dream. When we were at war, the bear-knife was his only knife, he fought with in the war. When he saw persons [enemies], he made charges upon them, even if they were shooting back at him. He would just catch them. He would catch them by their hair. Then he began to stab them. He would just kill them with that [knife]. He killed seven

púmmoaiks. Ǽnnyaie áitsiniχ́kau.

3. Omá nínau omí pískan itsókau. Itsítoχkuipæpàukauaie. Otánik omí pæpáistæmik: Símis amó matápiua. Kitákoχtsitapì nostúmi. Otánikaie: Kitáiiksikìmm̄atsistutoau ánnæk nòkósæk. Amó pískan istokínisit. Nisámi ámoiauk, kítoχkot. Moáua ímakumaiskunatàpis, nitóaχpi, kitákoχkototoàu. Osókinistsis ǽnnyaie ótoχkokaie. Oχsoyísi, ksáχkuyi, mikapípiχ́kimikùi, ǽnni omátoχkokaie. Í'koχkoàitsim opǽpaukan. Iχ́tsístapapistutsìm saámists. Ksáχkumi omátsikimmok. Otánikaie: Pinauáuaχkàutsit, kakáisokinækit. Auaχkáutseinìki, mátaķitsitokìu, kitákaipàuoko. Kimátakåχtsèuiχ́pa, kítokùyi. Kitáksiksistuini. Opǽpaukani ináuksitaisitàuksiu auaχkáutsisists, anístoau, matáistokitoàuats. Kǽnnimaie nimátoχksksinoau.

persons with his knife. He used 539
the power of the bears [given to 791
him by the bears]. He died from [726]
his old age. To-day his knife is still here. That was one, that profited from his dream. He had many profits from his dream. When he gave it [the power] away, he had again profit from his dream, from those to whom he gave [the power]. That is the end.

3. A man slept by a buffalo- 539
corral. There he had a dream. 756
He was told by a bull in his
dream: Forbid these people. You 787
will profit from my body. He was told by [the bull]: You have done poorly to these my children [by chasing them over the cliff]. Burn up this buffalo-corral. Here is my medicine, I give it to you. [When] a person is wounded [literally: those that are wounded], even if it is a bad case, how he is shot, you can cure him. His elbow-hair was given to him by [the bull]. His tail, earth, [and] red earth were also given to him by [the bull]. He had much profit from his dream. From that [dream] he made medicines. He was also pitied by the earth. He was told by [the earth]: Do not go to war, only doctor. If you go to war, it will never fail, you will be shot. You will not die from it, when you are shot. You will die from old age. From his dream he never failed in times of war, he was shot every time, he would not be shot through

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the body. That is what I know about it.

[Cf. in general GRINNELL blt 191 sq., and for N°. 2 WISSLER-DUVALL mbi 95 sqq.]

Snowblindness.

539 Paχtóχpiks itsitáiχ'tsiau au-
821 túsi nistsáuòmæχkoχpotaii. Mat-
753 áinoàuaiksau. Kónskuyi ítsksìnai-
au. Iiksínàkimiau. Istápuiinàniki
kónskuyi, itsitáipstauaniàu noápsspinàniks. Nitsítàuakinàniau, nit-
áistæmiapstsìiχ'pinan. Asipísts
nitáutsikstsiχ'pinàni. Á'nnistsiaie
[757] nitsítaisapapìniχ'pinàni noápsspi-
nàniks. Á'nnistsiaie itáutsisksisìau.
Nitáisotæmiàpiχ'pinan. Amóksi paχtóχpiks, áitsiniχ'kàsi amóia kóniskùyi, itáχtsikatsìuasiau. Á'nniaie akóχtak Á'kai-Pekàniua manistáuakàiks. A'nnakaie nímoχksksìniχ'pinan, náχkanistapistutoaχpinàniau. Kénniaie nitsó.

The germs of the snow make their appearance in the spring with the last big snow. They cannot be seen. They are insects from the snow. They are very small. When we travel about in the snow, then they will fly in into our eyes. Then they eat us, then we are blind. We chew sinews [till they are] soft and wet. We put those in our eyes and pull them along. They [the insects] stick to them [the sinews]. Then we can see again. When the snow is all gone, then these snow-germs turn into grasshoppers. That is the way, the Peigans of long ago were eaten by them. From them [the ancient Peigans] we learned, how we are to cure them. And that is all.

Ghosts.

539 Itstsíi istæχpéksiks. Á'nniks-
775 kaie nitáistunnoanàniau. Natósiks
inísau, ánnikskaukiàu áukàpsiau.
Nitáipikokinàniau, nimátaipyßχ-
[753] kokinàuiau. A'iχtoχkòχsiks áis-

There are haunting spirits. That are those, we are afraid of. When medicine-men die, those are the ones, [that] are bad. We are shot at by them,

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sísts ákitapitstsimiàuaie. Amóiauk, isátsik, tsiáie motokă´n. Sitokóχtsim ǽnnimaie aχsoáyin. Stsíkiks ámoks auotánokitsìks iχ´tǽskunækiàu. Kokúsi itápauauaχkàiks. Isipyáuyisau, ǽnnikskaie mútsikskatsimanoàiauaie. A´ìàmoyìniauaiks. Kipitákeks ánno itâuă´χkænniau. Iχ´tapáisatapiksìmiau. Æ´nnikskaie otáinikoaiauaiks.

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Otsitáiikimmokòainauaiks. Itáipæpàukaiau. Otsítauaistamatsokòaiauaiks. Amáitsoàskuists itsitǽstsòkaiau. Tsíkaiistsistotokòaiauaiks. Itáiistapiskapatsiauaiks maiáiuauàiks. A´uauaiàkiauaiks. Mistsísts iχ´tauáuaiàkiauàiks. A´umaiistsistotutsìnikiauaiks, itápæsàm-

up, and takes off his shirt, when he is going to doctor.] Then the sick person will lie on his back. Then he [the medicine-man] will find out, what is the matter with him. Then he will feel the place [where the sick person has been shot]. [Then he will say:] It is right here, what is the cause that he cannot breathe. He has drummed already. Some [medicine-men] will lance with a grass. They are going to suck it [the grass]. They will throw it [the shot] out. They are going to spit it out in their hands. [They will say:] Here it is, look at it, which is hair [used by the ghosts to shoot with]. In the middle [of that hair] is a cockle-bur. Some other ghosts shoot with finger-nails. They [the ghosts] go around in the night. If people eat during the night, that is another thing, they [the ghosts] do not like. They pull their mouths [viz. of the people who eat during the night] crooked. Old women lance with a flint right there [where the mouth is crooked]. From there they pull it out [what the ghosts have done]. Those [the ghosts] are the ones that kill [the people].

[Sometimes] [the ghosts] pity them. Then they [the people] dream. [In their dream] they [the ghosts] show them [what to do]. They [the people] will sleep in thick forests. Then [the ghosts] bother them. Then they [the ghosts] will pull off their robes.

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miauàiks. Màtsitstsíp, nitáiiistsistotòki. Otáχkuiinnimànoauaists itsitáisapiχ´takìau. Itauánistsiauàiks: Kímmokit, ámoi autsisátot. Nitsikímmatàps, kímmokit. Matsitáiokaiau. Nitúyi ómatsitaumatapauaiàkiokoaiauaiks. Matsitáp*a*s*a*mìauaiks. Mátsitstsìp nitáiistsistotòki. A´ist*a*miksinoyìauaiks: Stáiau amóχk táuauaiàkiokaχk. Nitúyi otaχkúiinnimànoauaists áisapoχtomoyìau. Auatsímmoiχ´kamìau. Nánoauasàiniau, màχksikimmísaie. Otáiist*a*pskokòaiauaiks: Místaput. Nisoóyi, saiitáiistapòsi, *á*nniaie otsítaikimmokàie. O`kási, itáinoyiuàie. Otsítauanikàie: Kítoχkot, káχkaisokinàks, pikáksists kimátoχkot. K*í*nnoχk kitáisksiniχ´p, kítoχkòtaχp, káχkanistaisokìnaχpi matápiua.

Stsíkiks stáaiks áuχkumìau. A´ist*a*maioχtòaiau, áuχkumìsau. Ap*a*tóχt*a*k ánnakaie istúnnatàpsii stániks. Akáinitsìau áioχtoχkoχsiks. *A*nníksi tuksk*á*miks matsi-

They [the ghosts] hit them. They hit them with sticks. When they bother them too much, then [the people] look for them. There are none [that means: they cannot find them], that are bothering them. They put some tobacco in their pipes. Then they tell them: Pity me, take this and smoke it. I am very poor, pity me. Then [after having offered the pipe to the ghost] they go again to sleep. The same way they [the ghosts] start to hit them again. Then they look out for them again. There are none, that are bothering them. Then they know them: It is a ghost, that hits me. The same way they put some more tobacco in their pipes. They pray to them [to the ghosts]. Finally they start to cry, that he [the ghost] might pity them. Then they are ordered away by [the ghost]: Go away. If he [the person] does not go away [before], he will be pitied by [the ghost], [when the ghost says] the fourth time [the word: Go away]. When he sleeps, he sees him [the ghost]. He [the ghost] tells him: I give you, that you may doctor, [and] I give you also the ghost-shots [i. e. the power to inflict them]. And now you know it, that I give you, that you may doctor the people.

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Other ghosts will yell. Then they are heard, that they yell. It was in the olden times, [that] the ghosts were very dangerous. They would kill the sick. Of

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[753]

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nitátoiimænàuiau. Nitáχkuiïnnimaniaii nítoχtoietòχp. Nitsítoχkotaiau amóksi nitoχpokómiks. Otsistotóχsoauaists ki píaapists iχ´kanå´χkotsiauaiks amóksi óχkotokiks. Nistóa nisótæmauatsìmoiiχ`kamaiau. Apí'somaχkàn istómaχksim. Nitánik: A´nnomaie aχkúnatoχtskàuop, annóχk istúnnatapiu ki makápiu. Annóχk amóksim einíks ómoχtoχkòtokaspi, isóχtsik aistǽmatsotsp. Nisótæmskòtæχkaii. A´isæmepu nimátsitso. Nitsiíppitapìi, nitůiχ´k nímoχto. Nitáiastoχkìχ´p omím, amóksi stǽmikiks otsitóχkotokàsp. Omá Imitáikoåna nitánistau: A´χkunotæsæmaii ómiksim anníksikskaie einíau aióχkotokàsi. Otánik amóksi nitoχpokómiks: E´maniu, iksípisatapsiàiks. Nisótæmitotoχpinaniau. Æ´kaisauainakuimiau. Otsítopiχ´piau, káksipistanistsikiiau. Ksamátsisæm itsǽsksiau niuókskaiaists. Nisótæmatsokàtoχpiau. A´moχkaie nitsístsitoχkoisksiniχ´p pisǽtapiu nitsápsin nitsitapísin.

were black rocks. They were glittering [in the sun], they were 539 778 shaped like buffaloes. Those my companions got up, they came near [me], they got to [me]. We saw these rocks, we wondered at them, and we thought, they were holy. I filled my pipe. I 539 then gave it to these my companions. 778 They gave their clothes 782 and [different] things [they had] all to these rocks. I myself just prayed to them. Running-wolf 539 was the eldest. He said to me: 778 Let us go back from here, now [787] there is something dangerous and bad. The reason why these buffaloes now turned into rocks, was that we were shown a warning for the future. Then I turned back home. Late in the summer I went again to war. I was one of thirty in a party, I went in the same direction. I came near to that [place], where these bulls had turned into rocks. I told Little-dog: Let us look on those, that were buffaloes, and were turned into rocks. He [Little-dog] was told by these my companions: He [Bear-chief] was right, they are very wonderful. We just got there [where the buffaloes had been]. They were gone. Where they had been sitting, there were just only deep places. Three sun-flowers were growing there [in those deep places]. I just passed by [after having looked at them]. This is what I know [to be] the first wonderful thing, I have seen in my life-time.

539 787 2. A'uke, amóχk nitotómitsiniksini saiáinisoχtsi itstsíu, ki annóχk ámoχk mist*á*kists nitsitápauauatots. Nitsítaisàm. Náto-kaie nokúnanists, nokóai ki nit*á*kàua. A'nistau O`m*a*χkoχkínaii. Ksisk*a*niáutunii nitáiåχtsiχ'p amóχk å'χtako. Nitsítsksiniχ'p annó niét*a*χtai amítoχts itstsíu amóχk nitáiåχtsiχ'piχ'k. Nisót*a*mitap*a*mito. Nitsitót*a*misatsiχ'p, nitsitsínoau omá matápiua. Itsáipuyiu amóia åχké, inákstsim, mátsistotoχsiuats. Nisót*a*miksàs, nitsítoχsokotàtau, nitáut*a*miχ's*a*mmau, t*a*má óχkotok. Nisót*a*mitapo, nitáitoto. Nitánistaua: Annóχk kitákot, nokóai kitákitapìpio. Nótàsi nitsít*a*miapìksistau, ap*a*tóχts nitsítopi, nisót*a*m*a*χkai. Nitáuto nitoχkémaiks nátsitapì. Ki nit*á*kàu noχkútsistok*a*mi otoχkémaiks ki oksísts. Iχ'kanáipuχs*à*psaksiau. Nitsítoχkotaiau omí matápi óχkotoki. Itsípstsìpiiauaie nokóai. Omá nit*á*kàu oksísts *a*nist*á*psin amóksisk mok*á*kiapakèin. Otsísani iχ'tsitápaikotsinaiuaie ostoksísai ki ostúmi. Auatsímoiχ'kàmiuaie, istoχkáipistsi iχ'tsitápaumoniuaie. Nokóai itsípstsitukskauniu, ki apinákuyi nitsitápaiakapiopomo*a*nan. Nitsítopakiiχ'pinan, nisót*a*mitskit*a*nan. K*é*nnamauk nomápis. Nitánistau, máχkauakàtsis. Ki ámoχkaie iχ'tsistókau pis*á*tapi, nitsiníχ'pi nipúitapìsin.

2. Now, this my first story happened in the lower country, but now this time I was moving about in the mountains. I was hunting there. There were two of our lodges, my lodge and my partner's. He was called Big-top-knot. In the morning I heard, there was a sound. I knew, that this [sound], that I heard, was higher up the river. I just went up to it. When I looked over to it, I saw, there was a person. He was standing near the water, he was small, he had no clothes. I then hid myself, I went around him, I looked up at him, who [then] was a rock. I then went to him, I got there. I told him: Now I shall take you, I shall bring you to my lodge. I put him on my horse, I sat behind, then I went home. I came to my two wives. And my partner had also two wives and his mother. They all came out to [me]. I gave them that person, [that was] a rock. They took him in into my lodge. My partner's mother was such as these [that are] wise women. She began to paint him about with her paint on his face and his body. She prayed to him, she wrapped him in a piece of cloth. He was one night in my lodge, and next morning we began to make a shelter for him. We broke camp and moved, we left him. There he was on our old camp-ground. I told him, that he should keep watch. And this is the second wonderful

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3. A'uke, *á*nnik púχsapuχtsik óinoχtsòkskaχpi pis*á*tapists nitsápsists. Annó Natokyókasi niétæχtai, otsítsistsχtaχp, nitsítotoikàkima m*á*nistami. Nitoχpokómau nitoχkémana ki Sépistatòsiua. Nitáiksistsikakima. Omá nitoχkéman nítoχpokotoiskunakimau. Mist*á*ki spóχts nitsítæskunakataii ímæχkikìnoaiks nátokæmi, nitsínitaiks. Nitánistaua: O'miks nátokæmi ímæχkikinoaii nitsíniksini. Annóχk ninámaua nitáksâχkyau. Omám óχkotok nitsitótopiχ'pinan. Nitáiksistsoχkyau, nitsítapitsau omí óχkotoki, ki nitsítsinoain, otauátaupis. Nitsitókàsatàu ninámaua. Nit*á*sæmænan omám óχkotok. It*á*msokaisaitæmiu, nitsíksketsokinan. Nitsítanistau nitoχkéman: Nitáksinoaii oápsspiks. Nitsítaisìmok. Nimátoχtoàu. Nitst*á*χtsimàtsis nímoχtsitsiksìskaχkoau, ki itsíkæmaupiu. Mátsinoaiisæpìuuts. Nitsítonoænan ómæχkitsekapisàu. Nitsítskitænan. Omíksi nítæχkstàniks nitsítsitapoχpinàn. K*é*nnyaie nitsókskai pis*á*tapists nitsksíniχ'pists nipúitapìsini.

thing, that I saw in my life-time.

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3. Now, since then I saw wonderful things a third time. Here on Two-Medicine river, where it enters the forest, I went to chop my poles. I went with my wife and with Medicine-owl. I had done chopping. I went shooting with my wife. High in the mountains I shot two mountain-sheep [literally: big-horns], I killed them. I told her: Over there are two mountain-sheep, that I killed. Now I shall clean my gun. There was a rock, we came to it and sat by it. I had done cleaning [my gun], I put it up against that rock, and then I saw, that [the rock] moved about. I quickly took up my gun. We looked at that rock. It was then breathing aloud, it scared us very much. I told my wife: I shall see its eyes. She forbade me [to try]. I did not listen to her. I touched it with my ramrod, and then it moved faster. It never looked. We recognized it, [that it was] a big frog. We left it. Then we went over to those [mountain-sheep], I had killed. That are the only three wonderful things, I have seen in my life-time.

After having told these three short stories, Bear-chief said to me about Little-dog, whom he had mentioned in the first one:

Nitsítæmitstsiχ'pinan kaχtomínaiks, nistóa ki Imitáikoãn. Imitáikoãn únni okaχtómisini

We are the only [true] war-chiefs [living now], myself and Little-dog. Little-dog's father was

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53: Uhlenbeck L-5 (1910-1911) 1912 NF6 Blackfoot NF6
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539 622 177 648 iχ´tséksìnau, ki nápikoaiks otsístapakepotok; ǽnnamaie ítomaipinapo; napíinakiks itsitsáutsipi.

made a chief on account of his wars, and the whites made him a greater chief; he was the first [Indian of this tribe], that went east; he brought first the white soldiers to this country.

Wonderful experiences of Four-horns'.

539 787 1. Kyáiesisæχtài nitsitáukunaii áuyikàitsii. Kokúyi nitsístapu, nitsí'tsko. Nimátatsksìniχ´pa, nitsítapauauaχkaχpi. Nimátsàpiχ´pa, noápsspiks nimátoχtsàpiχ´pa, omá matápiu nímoχtsauatsàpiχ´pa. Iiksíkaksiu. Ki itsístapu. I´kaistapàumaχksim, itspáiχ´tsiu. Nimátsitsàpi. Nokóai nisótæmotaχkai. A´moχk áninitsiu pisátapi ki istúnnatapi. Kǽnnaie nitsíu ámoχk nitotómipisatàpsin.

1. I was camping on Maria's river [literally: Bear creek] in a shady place. In the night I went out, I went on the prairie. I did not know, where I was going to. I could not see, I could not see with my eyes, there was a person, that caused that I could not see [literally: from him I could not see]. He was very short. And he went away. He was getting larger, he rose up in the air. Then I could see again. I then came home to my lodge. In that way happened this wonderful and dangerous thing. And thus was this first wonderful experience of mine.

2. Omí Sékokinisisæχtài místapupæmoχtsi nitsítapauàuaχk. Nitáipuχsapaχkàiis, nitsítsiksistapo. Kokó omá mátápiu nitsítsinoau. Nitsítomàak: Nimátsksinoàuats, manistápitapìiχ´p. Amó niétæχtai nitáitoto. Immíu. Nimátsàpiχ´pa, nitsítæmsokitopæmaipuyi. Noχkátsis mátsipistsiun. Nimátsksiniχ´p, nanistópæmoχpi. Omá matápiu ǽnnimaiè itsístapu. Nimátatsinoàu. Iχ´pakúyisuyìu,

2. On the other side of Birch creek I was travelling about. When I started to go home, I lost my way. In the night I saw a person. He walked ahead of me. I did not know, what kind of person he was. I came to this river. It was deep. I could not see [how it had happened], [but] I was standing on the other side of the river. My leg was not wet [that means: my legs were not

53: Uhlenbeck L-5 (1910-1911) 1912 NF6 Blackfoot NF6
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otáistapuχs. Kénnimaie nímoχksìnoau. Nistóa nisótæmaχkai. Kénnaie nítsoò.

wet]. I did not know, how I 539
came ~~across the~~ river. That person 787
went away from there. I did not see him any more. He was burning in a blaze, when he went away. And that is all, I saw of him. I myself went home then. And that is all.

An adventure of Many-guns'.

Akáinamaχka nitánik: A´uto Nínoχkyàioa. Nìtsuiépiokinan. Nitsisóitapiiχ´pinan. Nitáiastoχkoanàn Asináua. Amóia asétæχtau, nitsitsoátåχpinan. Istúχtsikokùto. Nitsítamikinaiàists, nitópimi aiámistsiu. Ki omáie áuakàsiua naiáiua mátamìstsiu. Sótæmapitsisò. Nitsítàkaipiiχ´pinàn. Omá Nínoχkyàio ki Kyáiotokå`ni ǽkaiinimaiau. Itomátapskuyìau amó ónokå`mitàsin. Nistóa nimátopìmiχ´p. Amó ónokå`mitàsin kitáχts nisótæmiksistuyitùkskasatàu. Tsítæmsoksinoàu, otáiså̀χpauàns. Nitsítsksinoàu, maksískùminai amói otáisåχpauanskoχtoàie. Omáie túkskæm istsápinæm, tsítokskàsatau. Táitotàipi, nitsítsitamiå`χpauan. Sótæmiksistopì. Iχ´pítsakapistsipatakàyayiu. Nimátoχkoiàkoχkinàuats. Amói ónokå`mitasin ítspiàukskàsiu. Omá Nínoχkyàio nitánikiau: Tsá kanístsinimàχp? Nitánistaiau: Nitåχkænáistumì ǽnniaie nitópim, sótæmitamiå`χpauan. Ǽnuiaie nitsítoχkokiàu

Many-guns told me: Bear-chief 539
was going. He took us on a raid. 726
We were four. We got near the 492
Crees. There was a creek, we crossed it. It was frozen under [the surface]. My legs floated away [from under me]. My rope floated away. And there was an antelope-skin, it was my robe, it also floated away. I then went ashore. Then we started on the raid. Bear-chief and Bear-head had already caught [horses]. Then they began to drive these many horses. I myself had no rope. I then just ran into the middle of these many horses. I then suddenly saw, that they were just jumping out. I then knew, that it was a spring, they were jumping from. There was one light-coloured horse, I ran after him. I got up to him. I jumped on him. I then sat ready on him. He then ran out [on the prairie] with [me]. I had no means to rein him. He ran among these many horses. Bear-chief [and Bear-

Certainly the ordeal required both courage
796 and fortitude, but the Chief says, and he should know, that the
785 event represented the fulfilment of a vow which the participant
had made to the sun on the occasion of his requesting some special
[782] favor, such as protection in war or the recovery from illness of a
loved one. Of special interest is the fact that if the skewers did not tear loose after a reasonable term of sincere effort by the dancer, it was the prerogative of any respected warrior to step forth, recite his war honors by way of qualification, and sever with a knife the strips of flesh which bound the dancer to the thongs; whereupon the severed flesh was given as an offering to the sun. Such a brutal religious gesture!—almost as nutty as having yourself lashed and wearing a hair shirt over the open wounds. Those who fast at the
[178] Sun Dance for four days take no refreshment except a small drink of
water at sunrise and sunset, and since some of the old ladies and gentlemen are too frail to survive such an ordeal, it is now allowable for a surrogate faster to deny himself in their stead. There is nothing supposititious about this action; it is intended by the surrogate as a gesture of respect to the worthy old-timers and is done in the same spirit that the cutting of the flesh of the dancer formerly was conducted.

342 The Chief mentioned something about the Indian teepee or lodge
178 which came as a surprise to me but which I should have had sense
enough to know without being told. The old buffalo hide teepees were much smaller than their modern canvas counterparts. Hide weighs much more than canvas, and even though the Blackfoots used the lighter summer hides of the buffalo, or even split the hide to reduce its bulk, a teepee constructed of more than six or eight hides was simply too heavy for the nomadic Blackfoots to con-
[492] veniently pack around. Some wealthy families, who had many horses
and so could provide travois transportation for more worldly goods, had larger teepees, but these had to be divided into two or more parts because a single horse could not manage to pull the load.

342 The discussion moved on to the Blackfoot painted lodges, and
532 here we really struck paydirt. Even in the old days there were only
about four dozen painted lodges among all three tribes of the Black-
[619] foot Confederacy, and the lodges were not painted helter-skelter or
at the whim of the owner. The painted lodge was associated with a
[778] medicine bundle of some sort, and the designs painted on the lodges
● [787] were either inspired by a vision that the owner had had or were
[432] purchased (the exclusive privilege of using the design, that is)
[424] from the previous owner. The Chief related the traditional origin of

122 Tribal Office (I had had enough of the Council for one day), I went
out and looked through the museum. And upon returning to town,
whom should I encounter but the old Indian who was the model for
"War Bonnet" in "Horserace." We remembered each other, but I had
122 forgotten his real name. He wrote it out for me: "Plenty Treaty B.C."
551 Although this gentleman has jet-black braids, he has lived more
than seventy summers, and for a moment I toyed with the possibility
that "B.C." might be an appended reference to his age. But when
I asked him about it he told me that "B.C." stood for Bear Child,
and then I remembered his real name: "Louis Bear Child." Jimmy
later told me that "Plenty Treaty" was just another name that Louis
had decided to adopt, as Indians are wont to do. Jimmy's other
names are "Porcupine Bull" and "Eagle Plume." Louis Plenty Treaty
122 Bear Child said that he predicts a storm before the week end, and
821 since this is Thursday, I guess that must mean it will storm to-
787 morrow.

For some unexplained reason, the afternoon meeting of the Coun-
122 cil did not materialize, so I picked up the boys and we went home.
Jimmy says that he has invited some Indian singers to the house tonight, so that I can record them. Right now I smell steak and fried potatoes and I am starving. The Chief is playing with a large black puppy which suddenly appeared out of nowhere.

I noticed that when Earl speaks Blackfoot before a group he ges-
[20] tures with one hand—one, two, or three fingers extended—chopping
the air in vertical motions, à la Harry Truman. The Chief gestures the same way, and I wonder whether these gestures are an integral part of Blackfoot oratory. Chow time!

Later: At eight o'clock one of the singers arrived, bringing with him a woman and a small boy. He was sort of an old guy with no braids but with a stiff thatch of thick gray hair standing straight up on his head about four inches high. His name is Phillip Many Hides, and I like him, as I like most of the older Indians. Leaving the woman in the house, Phillip and the child and I went in search of the other singer, Phillip's brother. After driving about two miles west on the main road, I was directed to cut off onto a double-track which wound northward past the high aspen groves, leading finally to a small house hidden deep in the hills. I waited in the car while Phillip went inside. When he returned, a full five minutes later, he said, "He's not there. He's at his house. He lives down in the hill by the crick." It was pitch dark, and as I strove to turn the car around without backing into an outhouse or something, a kid's tricycle jumped underneath and tore the manifold loose. So we roared

watched, Yellow Wolf cast off the blanket and sat up. This is 539
the story he told: 764

"When I passed away, my spirit went to the Sand Hills. I 539
found myself sitting on a large hill, looking out upon a land 775
that was flat and desolate. I knew that my spirit had entered
the Sand Hills, and I started down the hill and across the barren 787
plain is search of my parents.

"I had not gone very far when I encountered an elderly gentleman. He asked me where I was going, and when I told him that I was searching for my father and mother, he said, *Yes, you will find them here.*

"So I continued onward, and shortly I met with another old gentleman. He, too, asked me where I was going, and I told him that I was going down to find my father and mother. *Yes,* he said, *they are here. You will find them camped not far from here. They are in a painted lodge.*

"So I found the painted lodge, and entered it, but instead of making me welcome as I had expected, my father just looked at me and then turned his face away. My mother would not even raise her eyes to look at me. I stayed in the lodge just a short while, and since it was apparent that I was not welcome there I decided that I might just as well return to where I had come from.

"So I started back, and soon I encountered again the second of the gentlemen I had met on the way down. He was carrying a log chain and a black handkerchief. He asked me where I was going, and when I told him that I was returning to the other world—the world where my body was—he would not at first believe me. But finally I convinced him that I meant what I said, and then he put the log chain on the ground and covered it with the black handkerchief and asked me to pick them up. So I picked them up, and I found that the log chain had broken apart into separate links. Then the old gentleman placed the links on the ground and covered them with the black handkerchief, and when he picked them up again I saw that all the links had joined together again into a single chain. The old gentleman gave me the log chain and the black handkerchief and told me to take them with me back to where I was going.

"So I continued onward, and before long I met again the first of the old men I had met on the way down. He asked me where I was going, and I told him that my father and mother had not made my spirit welcome in their lodge and so I was

539 taking my spirit back to where my body was. At first the old
775 man would not believe me, but when I told him that I meant
what I said, he was convinced. He was carrying with him a
787 hatchet and a red handkerchief, and he said, *I am sorry that I have not any better gifts for you than this hatchet and this handkerchief, but before you leave, I want to show you something.* Then he placed his arm on a log, and with the hatchet he severed the hand from the arm. And then he picked up the hand and placed it back on the wrist and covered it with the red handkerchief, and when he took the handkerchief away again you could see that the hand was joined to the arm again. Then the old gentleman handed me the hatchet and the red handkerchief, and at that moment my spirit entered once more into my body and I found myself here in my own lodge with my relatives and friends standing all around."

539 The Chief continued:

778 From that time on, Yellow Wolf had the *Power*. One of his
wives was named Pahták [Potato], and by her he had a son
789 who was the father of the Yellow Wolf that is still living on this reservation today. One day this son asked to borrow Yellow Wolf's log chain, and Yellow Wolf told him that it was right there on the ground, covered with that black handkerchief. The son picked up the chain and it fell to pieces in his hands, but when Yellow Wolf picked up the links and covered them with the black handkerchief again, the chain was back together in one piece.

Another time, Chief Coward, who had the power to cut off his finger and then put it back on again, was showing off his power to Yellow Wolf. Yellow Wolf, who was chopping wood at the time, cut off his hand at the wrist and the hand fell three or four feet away from the arm and blood poured out of the arm. "See what you made me do!" Yellow Wolf said. "You startled me so much with your power that you made me go and cut off my own hand." But Yellow Wolf was only teasing Chief Coward, because when he picked up the hand and placed it against his wrist and covered it with his red handkerchief, the hand was joined to the arm again.

156 The Chief concluded the tale by saying that Yellow Wolf, who had lived to a ripe old age and had died only recently, had two daughters that were still living. Brother Jim added that actually

159 796 756 there. I had a strange feeling about the man, but my father said that I had better go up and see what he wanted, so I filled a pipe with tobacco and climbed the hill. When I saw all the goods that were piled up there, I knew that the Thunder Medicine Man must indeed have painted many people.

I presented the pipe to the Thunder Medicine Man, and we smoked it together, and then the man spoke. He told me that it was not good that there should be more than one Medicine Lodge. He said that I should tell my father (he used the term, "our father") that he must use his influence as chief to convince the people that the Medicine Lodge at Old Agency should be taken down immediately and that all the people should come up and join in the Sun Dance at Starr School. I told him that he had better discuss such important matters directly with my father, and he agreed to accompany me down to my father's lodge.

In my father's lodge we smoked another pipe, and then the Thunder Medicine Man spoke to my father—but instead of addressing him as "father" he called him "mother." [I don't know why the Chief should have considered this point worthy of
[601] [197] mention. The North Blackfoots address both father and mother with the same term, *na-áh*. The Piegan word for father is *nín-nah*, the term for mother being *nik-tsis-tah*, and although the Piegans sometimes use the North Blackfoot word, *na-áh*, in reference to mother, they never use it in reference to father.]
[793] He said, "Mother, you must tell the Holy Woman down at Old Agency that there must be only one Medicine Lodge and only one encampment, and that the Medicine Lodge must be over here." My father said that he would do this immediately, and he sent Yellow Wolf to Old Agency to tell the people to move their encampment and to tell the Holy Woman to have the Medicine Lodge taken down.

But the people would not listen to Yellow Wolf, so my father went in person to talk to them. When my father had left, the Thunder Medicine Man said something that nearly caused me to lose consciousness. First he filled a pipe and smoked it with
[787] me, and then he said, "I have seen Thunder [Thunder had appeared to him in a dream in human form] and he looks exactly like you. I have promised to sell the Thunder Lodge to Iron Pipe, and for two weeks I have waited for Iron Pipe to appear. I will wait for another two weeks, and if Iron Pipe has not come to claim the lodge, the Thunder Lodge shall be yours."

159 under any circumstances, use red paint on your blanket." The
778 medicine articles which I purchased from the Thunder Medicine
796 Man included a drum, some medicine bells, and a small
[756] piece of metal.

[432] Later on [in the fall of the year 1901] I went through a
[432] ceremony with Flat Tail and Drags His Robe in order to purchase
a medicine pipe bundle. This bundle contained two
medicine pipes. One pipe came from Sun; the other pipe came
from Thunder.

159 During the Pipe Ceremony I used red paint on my blanket,
and that same night I had a dream in which two men came
796 to my house to visit me. They said that I had been warned not
● 787 to use red paint, and since I had ignored the warning they
763 were going to punish me by taking away my first child, my little
784 girl. They said that they would be back to let me know when
they were going to take my daughter away from me. The men
[776] did not tell me who they were, but I knew that they were
Thunder and Sun.

159 I went with my friend Many Guns to visit the Bloods over
in Canada [a customary response of the Plains Indian to an
484 emotional crisis was the paying of a visit to a distant relative
154 or close friend; this custom is adhered to by the Blackfoot Indian
763 even today], and while I was in Canada word reached me
that my daughter was very ill. I returned home immediately.

At that time I was still living near the main fork of Cut Bank
159 Creek. When I arrived at my house, my father was holding my
763 little girl in his lap. Earrings, who was an Indian doctor, was
[759] attempting to treat the child, but as soon as I entered my baby
ran to me and clung to me.

159 That night I dreamed that the same two men came to me and
told me that very soon now they would be coming for my child.
763 In the same dream I saw a rider coming. The two men pointed
787 to the rider and said, "We want your daughter, and we want
that rider too." The rider was Mad Wolf. My daughter died
the next day. Mad Wolf died four days later.

The drum that I had received from the Thunder Medicine
159 Man had been the favorite plaything of my little girl. After
778 my child's death I could no longer bear even to look at the
drum, so I threw it into the creek.

The following year I attended a Medicine Lodge above Browning. The Holy Woman was Snake Woman, the wife of Morning Gun. There had been a flood that spring, and when

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771 Christian dogma and his own spiritual inheritance. Joe told me
177 of the time that a sixteen-year-old Indian girl had seen a vision
of the Virgin Mary. The Virgin had asked the girl to sponsor a Sun
[787] Dance (an Indian religious ceremony) at a certain time and place,
[796] promising that Jesus would attend the ceremony. So the Sun Dance
was held, and afterward, in solid rock, were found the footprints of
Jesus, showing where he had stood during the ceremony.

122 Our religious discussion finally led into a discussion of Indian burials, and Joe Scabby Robe turned and pointed south, across the
764 creek, to a high pine bluff about two miles away. "You see that pine bluff?" he said. "Just below the ridge, in that open place among the pines? You see that little house up there?"

Now that he had pointed it out, I could see the house quite clearly.

"That's an Indian burial house. That's where old Earrings is buried." And Joe told me that a long time ago, before there was a road across this part of the Reservation, a man named Earrings had been returning from the Agency with supplies when he lost his way in a blizzard and froze to death. He was buried, in the Blackfoot
[775] tradition, in a small house constructed especially for that purpose, with his personal belongings left lying close about him in case he should need them in the other life.

I asked Joe whether it would be all right for me to visit the burial house, and he said sure. He even told me how to get there ("You could go that way there, or either go that other way").

122 Most of the Pipe Dance guests had arrived now, although an occasional late arriving car or truck would still appear. The house was
796 overflowing with people, and numerous children (Indian children invariably go where their parents go) raced in and out and around the house and visited the outhouse in two's and three's. Joe Scabby Robe went off to find his wife, and I set out to locate the Chief, entering the house by way of the back door which led directly into the big kitchen. The kitchen was crowded with women and children. Mary Ground was there, stirring a huge cauldron which boiled and bubbled on the large woodstove. Also on the stove-top was a two-gallon granite coffeepot. To the right of the kitchen was a small room containing a bed upon which several small children napped. Beyond the kitchen was the main room of the house. I could see the Chief and most of the other men in there, but since this was obviously the room in which the Pipe Dance was to be performed, I did not feel free to enter alone and without invitation.

As I stood uncertainly there in the kitchen, feeling rather like the

539 horse in trade for that gun." The gun wasn't worth looking at,
926 so its owner agreed to the trade.

411 Some of Magic Shoot's friends called him aside then and said, "That buffalo horse is the finest in our band—you were always the first one to kill your share of buffalo. Why did you trade that fine horse for that no-good old gun?"

Magic Shoot answered: "I traded for this gun because it is the gun for which I have been searching for such a long time.
● [989] This gun was showed to me in a dream. An old White man named Big Pemmican showed me the gun. He told me that I should search until I found the gun, and that when I did find it he would come to me in another dream and show me the ceremony of using the gun. Then he said that when I had learned the ceremony I would become a great warrior and a chief."

Shortly after Magic Shoot had obtained the gun, he went on a war path. He took the gun with him, but he did not take any bullets. But since the war party did not meet any enemy, he did not have occasion to use the gun anyway.

Then one day Magic Shoot and his partner went on a war party all by themselves. When they were out in the open they were attacked by a large number of Crows, and Magic Shoot's partner began to sing his medicine songs in preparation for dying. But Magic Shoot said, "Don't worry, Partner, and don't think about dying. I will kill every Crow that charges us."

"How can you do it?" his partner said. "You don't even have any bullets for your gun!"

"Don't worry!" Magic Shoot said. "I'll do it all right!"

Just then a Crow warrior charged the two Blackfoots. When the warrior got pretty close, Magic Shoot struck the butt of his rifle on the ground and yelled, "Haugh!" Then he raised the rifle and fired and knocked the Crow warrior from his horse. He did the same thing again and again, and after a while the Crows did not charge any more.

After that, Magic Shoot did the same thing on every war path. He never carried bullets with him—one time his father offered to give him some bullets, but he refused them—but he always killed more of the enemy than any of the other fellows did.

Finally Magic Shoot grew old, but before he passed away he gave the gun to his brother and told him how to pray for the power to use it. Then the brother was able to shoot the gun without bullets, just as Magic Shoot had done.

him there and go on their way.] We butchered the calf and 721
packed the meat back up onto the butte to smoke it, and upon
returning to our camp we found Lazy Boy seated upon a hill
singing medicine songs. We asked him why he was singing, and 721
he said that he had just awakened from a bad dream. He said, 787
"I dreamed that the enemy attacked us and that you fellows
ran off and left me. I managed to escape with my life, but the
enemy captured my blanket. This dream is bad medicine, so we
had better call off this war party and go back home."

Cross Guns and I told Lazy Boy that we would not accept his medicine dream. We told him that we had killed some fresh meat at our first camp and that that was good medicine. We told him that he could go back home if he wished, but that we intended to continue on the war party as soon as we had finished drying the meat.

We breakfasted on fresh beef and then smoked the remainder 721
of the meat over a fire in preparation for our journey. All the
while we ate, and all the while we smoked the meat, Lazy Boy [251]
attempted to talk Cross Guns and me out of going on a war
party. When we had packed our gear and started toward the
northeast, Lazy Boy tagged along for a while, still trying to
talk us into going back home, but eventually we convinced
him that we were determined to go to Canada to take some
Cree horses. Lazy Boy turned back then, and Cross Guns and
I continued onward and made our next camp at The Drummers [103]
[a point somewhere west of the Bear Paw Mountains, so called
because beaver were formerly so numerous here that the slapping
of their tails on the water was described as sounding like
drummers; apparently this place has some great religious significance
for the Chief because he refused to reveal its exact
location, saying that both Jim and I were "too young to know"].

The next day we camped at River Bend, and from there we
made it to the Bear Paw Mountains. About half way between [103]
the Bear Paws and the Wolf Mountains there is a small tributary
of the Missouri River which we called Middle Creek [Cow
Creek], and it was at Middle Creek that we discovered a Cree
camp. We lay high on a butte overlooking the camp, and although
we could view the camp clearly we could not see any
horses. There was a small horse corral near the camp, but since
there were no horses in the corral we knew that the Crees must
have hidden their horses out somewhere.

As we lay there upon the high butte, I spotted something on a

262 tion was stuffed not with meat but with pieces of rawhide. Re-
721 ceiving the "Rawhide guts," as this portion was called, was
626 akin to being handed the white feather and was notice of
ostracism.]

721 During the following night I had a dream, and upon waken-
ing I told my dream to the other men. I said, "I dreamed of a
787 log cabin that was caved in on one side. Near the cabin we
killed two animals. I think they were antelopes. Two of us were butchering one of the animals on the west side of a hill and two of us were butchering the other one on the east side of the hill. I do not know where the other two of us were. As we were cooking the meat near the cabin, the enemy attacked us . . ."

At this point, Calf Robe interrupted me and said, "Don't tell any more of your dream."

I said, "No, it is all right. Later on in my dream we were sitting on top of a high hill cleaning a scalp. All of us were there, and none of us was even wounded. In my dream, Young Pine asked me if he could have first choice of the scalp. I told him that he could."

When I said that, Young Pine filled his pipe and handed it to me and said, "I accept your dream. When your dream comes true, I ask you for first choice on the scalp." I agreed to give
[431] Young Pine first choice. [When you offer a Blackfoot a pipe
filled with tobacco, if he accepts the offering he cannot then
refuse whatever request you present to him.]

721 The next day the weather was somewhat clearer, so we pulled out, and we had not gone very far before coming upon a log cabin with one side caved in—exactly like the cabin I had seen in my dream. Near the cabin we found the tracks of two beeves. We tracked the beeves across a small ridge and killed them both. Young Pine, Wolf Sitting and I were skinning out one beef on the east side of the ridge and the others were skinning out the other beef just across the top of the ridge on the other side.

A brown horse had played out on us and we had left it in a patch of brush about three hundred yards from where we were. As I glanced back I saw two horses there instead of one, and I said to Young Pine, "How many horses did we leave over there?"

Young Pine said, "Only one."

I said, "Well, there are two there now." So we all looked toward the horses, and then we spotted a man in a white